2

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST NOVEMBER 16 • 1963 20c

Exclusive:

THE FISCHER QUINTUPLETS

Twenty pages of color photographs and text on the family, birth and nursery life of our first surviving quints. Andrew Fischer tells of his stunned reaction to the news... Mary Ann Fischer describes the birth... Post reporters relate the story of the doctor and the reaction in Aberdeen, S.D.

Mary Magdalene

Mary Catherine

James Andrew

Mary Ann

Mary Margaret

Also: John O'Hara · William Saroyan · John Updike · Reinhold Niebuhr · Juan Bosch

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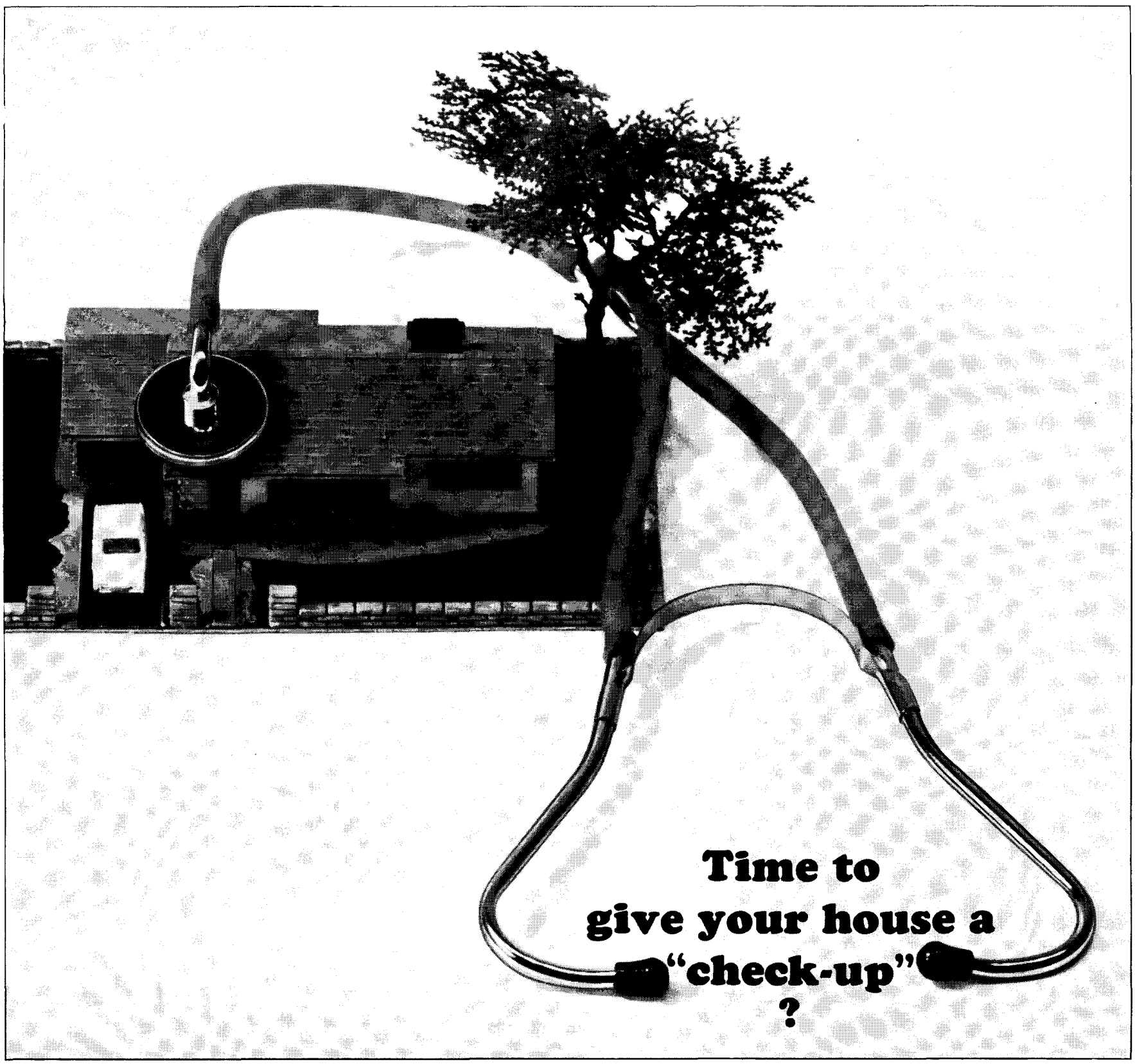

■ Most folks today realize that a periodic physical check-up can help keep them in shape, and hopefully ward off illness and big medical bills. "It's the same with houses," says home-planning authority, A. M. Watkins, author of "The Complete Book of Home Remodeling, Repair and Improvement," and other books and articles in his field. Mr. Watkins has now prepared a booklet especially for the New York Life Insurance Company entitled "How To Hold Down Home Maintenance Costs."

Avoid Unnecessary Repair Bills. "Certain stitch-in-time maintenance checks can pay off in handsome dividends," he points out. "They can sharply cut your annual house operating bills, as well as forestall a major repair bill." By keeping a home in tip-top shape, you preserve its resale value, and also reap the most living enjoyment.

In a detailed, easy-to-follow analysis, Mr. Watkins lists the key problem areas to look out for in plumbing, electricity, heating and such—and what to do about them.

When to "Do-it-yourself." Many major repairs and emergency service calls stem from a few basic causes, the booklet explains, and so a check-up plus preventive maintenance can often help you stave them off. The average person can take care of numerous small difficulties himself. Mr. Watkins tells you the type of repairs you generally should *not* attempt to handle yourself, and how to hold down costs when you do hire specialists for repairs and improvements.

A Booklet You'll Want to Keep. Anyone who owns a home, new or old, will find dozens of worthwhile tips in this booklet, including many ideas that can save the home owner money. For a free copy of this booklet, use coupon, or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

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**Journal of Dentistry for Children*, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25*

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POST

NOVEMBER 16, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 40

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The Fischer quintuplets
Our life will never be the same . . . *by Andrew J. Fischer with John Bird* **25**
The long hour of birth . . *by Mary Ann Fischer with Dorothy Cameron Disney* **31**
The medical team was ready . . . . . *by Steven M. Spencer* **37**
"Our town is on the map!" . . . . . *by Trevor Armbrister* **40**

On September 14, newspaper headlines throughout the world told of the birth of quintuplets to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Fischer of Aberdeen, S. Dak. Thousands, including President Kennedy, congratulated the proud parents and prayed for the health of the babies—the first quints ever to survive in U.S. history. Now, for the first time anywhere, Andy Fischer tells about his life and family and reveals his anxieties and his hopes from the moment he learned he would be the father of quints. Mary Ann Fischer, in her own exclusive story, tells of the joyous ordeal of birth. *Post* science editor Steven M. Spencer, who spent several days with the doctor, the nurses and the family, describes the medical drama behind the delivery. And contributing writer Trevor Armbrister reports on the impact of this event on a small prairie city that was catapulted from obscurity to fame overnight.

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The authors. **David L. Goodrich,** a free-lance writer, discovered the perfect mixture of politics and beer during his travels with the bubbly Miss Rheingold candidates on their campaign tour. . . . Contributor **Bill Davidson** takes a hard, realistic look at the turbulent world of actor George C. Scott. . . . Renowned novelist and poet **John Updike** presents his personal view of last summer's solar eclipse. . . . Pulitzer Prize-winning author **William Saroyan** recalls his various Hollywood encounters with the legendary Louis B. Mayer . . . . **Sir Fitzroy Hew Maclean,** a former British diplomat and now a Tory member of Parliament, recently revisited China's mainland . . . . Contributing writer **Stanley Karnow** reports on the disillusionment of turncoat Albert Belhomme.

The cover photographs of Aberdeen's famous quintet were taken by contributor **John Zimmerman.**

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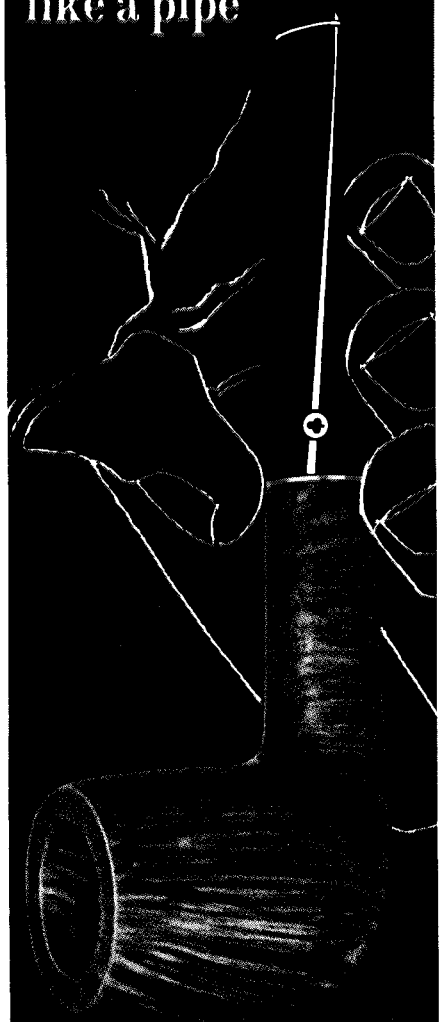

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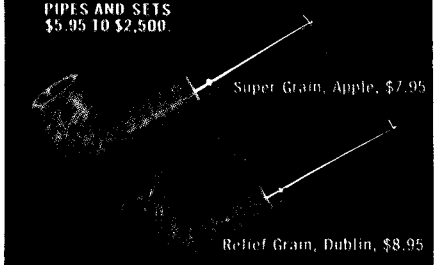

Large pipe above: Straight Grain, Billiard, $100.

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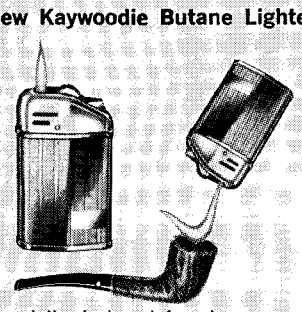

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LETTERS

The reluctant congress

I am particularly distressed by your lead editorial, THE GERMANENESS OF THE U.S. CONGRESS [Oct. 19]. You state that you are concerned about our unwieldy, slow-moving Congress. Yet it seems to me this century has been wasted unless it has taught us that with such men as Hitler, Lenin, Stalin, Castro and Tito abroad in the world, our time-wasting, deliberative, unyielding body of old fogies has been our greatest blessing.

NORMAN F. WYKOFF
Glendale, Ariz.

● In your editorial you suggest that the reluctance of Congress to pass meaningful social legislation is a crucial problem of our time. I submit that this very reluctance is one of the prime reasons our government has withstood the buffets of changing times and values through some seven generations. Social problems have too many nuances and facets to be solved by fiat.

RAY V. MCINTYRE
Kingfisher, Okla.

Say, pardner—

I couldn't get over your editorial [SAY NEIGH, SENATOR, SAY NEIGH, Oct. 19] stating that we have a meager supply of bronc-busters out here. When I opened my store this morning, three of them were standing there on the sidewalk, waiting patiently for me to serve them coffee. I personally can name 50 men and 50 women in our community of less than a thousand who can qualify.

SUMNER R. CLARK
Winnett, Mont.

● Trouble is these ranchers want us to come out to their place and work for $150 to $200 a month and all the beef we can eat while the people in town are making that much every week. It sure enough is a great life, but I like a little money for my efforts.

ANDY BORGESON
Santaquin, Utah.

Hospital costs

George R. Metcalf [HOSPITAL RIVALRY COSTS YOU MONEY, Oct. 19] is to be commended for informing the public of the many little hospital empires, zones of resistance to change and accompanying petty jealousies—all reflected in today's skyrocketing hospital bills. Next, you might tackle another main problem affecting costs—the idle facilities found in most hospitals on weekends.

EDWIN P. SCHROYER, *Regional Manager*
Brewer Pharmacal Engineering Corp.
Upper Darby, Pa.

Rio Rancho Estates

Your article relating to land developments [by Trevor Armbrister, April 27] was in several places inaccurate or incomplete and has resulted in misleading impressions of our Rio Rancho development at Albuquerque.

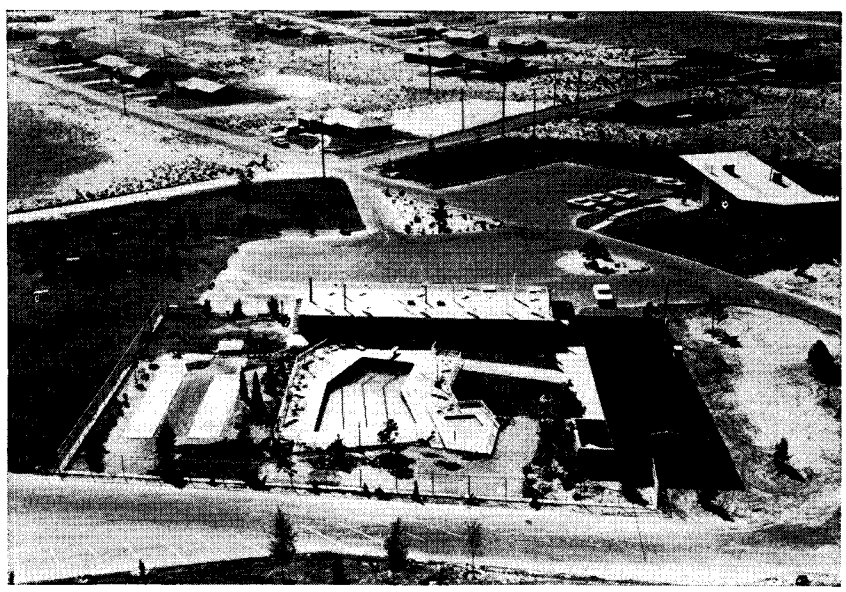
Your photograph of Rio Rancho Estates showed an undeveloped portion of the land but nowhere did you show or mention the developed area with underground piped water and natural gas utility systems, electric power and phones, a community center complex with club house, cabana and swimming pool facilities, meeting and social rooms, etc.—approximately 10 homes completed and dozens in the process of completion, and families enjoying our gracious Southwest living. The photograph below, showing some of the existing facilities, is a much fairer depiction of Rio Rancho Estates than the one you published.

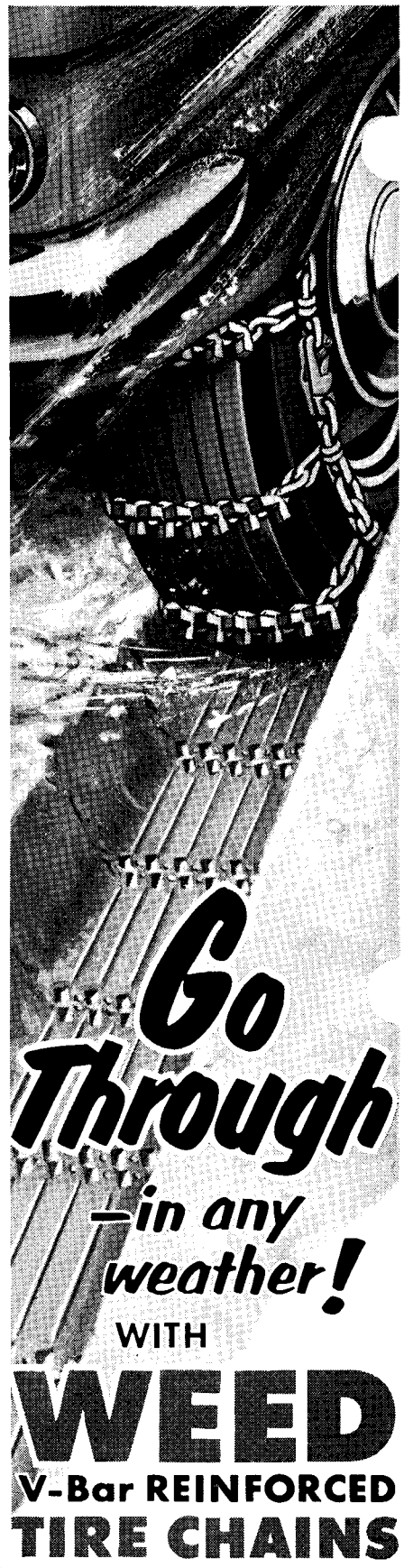
Your readers were also improperly informed as regards the water situation at Rio Rancho. As defined in official U.S. geological reports, the *entire* Rio Rancho development lies in the water-rich Rio Grande Basin area, and the reports further state that both water quality and quantity are excellent.

American Realty and Petroleum Corp. is a publicly held corporation, listed on the American Stock Exchange. I believe our 12,000 stockholders are entitled, in the name of fair play, to be reassured that they are the owners of a well-located, well-planned and rapidly growing development.

CHESTER CARITY, *Vice President*
American Realty & Petroleum Corp.
New York, N.Y.

(*The Post regrets any misleading impressions which may have been created about Rio Rancho Estates. Ed.*)





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Weed V-Bar Reinforced chains add the bite of at least 300 steel gripping points to your regular or snow tires. They increase traction for starting and hill climbing by more than 300% over regular tires on ice or snow... They also help you stop shorter, straighter and safer.

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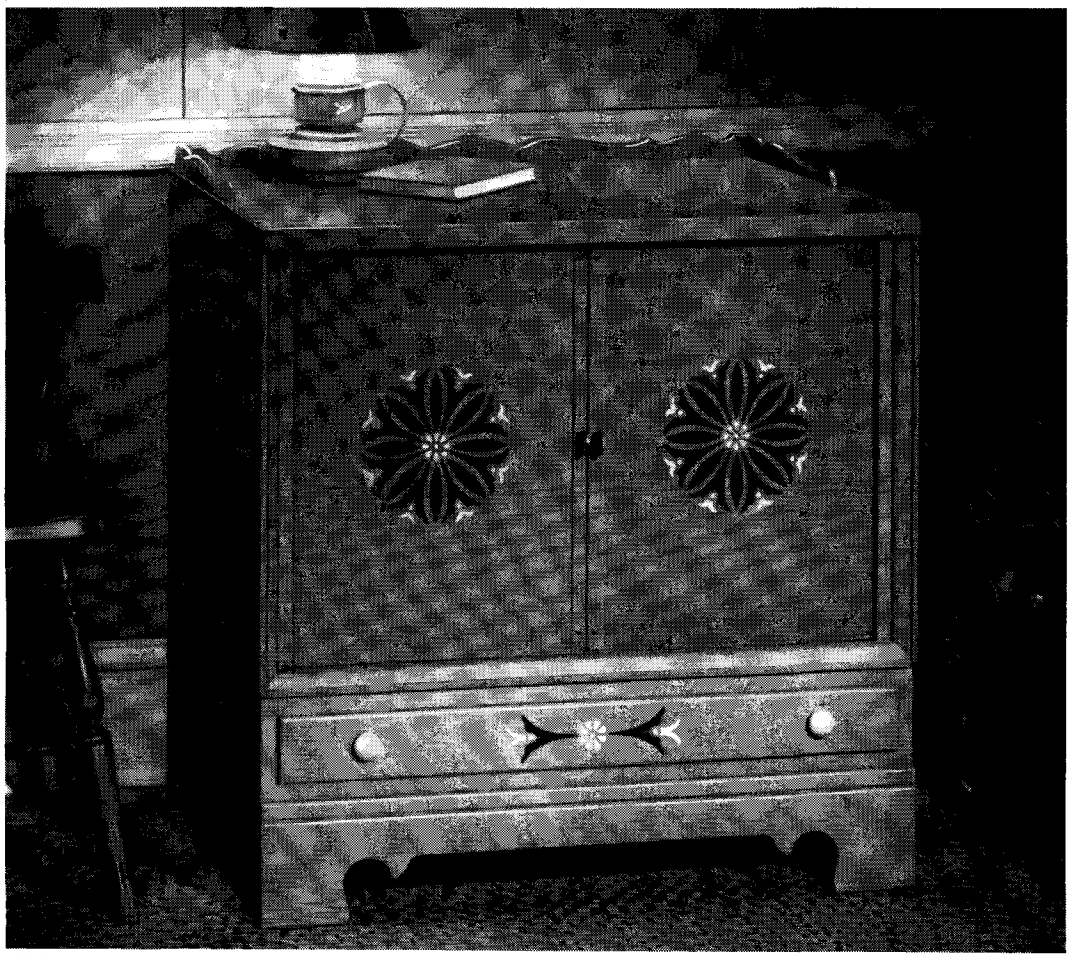

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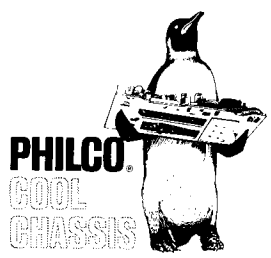

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LETTERS

Alaska's rough road

Eskimo Rep. Jacob Stalker is not amiss in seeking a paved road for his village [ALASKA: CAN IT SURVIVE AS A STATE? by Robert Schulman, Oct. 12]. I have visited Kotzebue and have seen the rough, graveled road the white man has built along the main beach where the natives bring in their fish and process them. They wear a foot-covering called "mukluks," which are made of skins with fur inside. It is no laughing matter what that gravel does to both mukluks and feet. Nine years ago we were there, and if their complaints have gone unheeded all this time, I hope they get that road promptly.

MRS. LEON E. DOUGHTY
Cortland, N.Y.

● Since the achievement of statehood, the gross volume of business in Alaska has increased by 65 percent, employment has risen, exports have grown from five to 25 million dollars annually, population growth has remained one of the nation's highest. For the first time Alaska's road, airport, school and harbor needs are being met. Teachers have had two salary increases, the University of Alaska a face-lifting.

We have a mental-health program, a court system, a massive program to rehabilitate and expand our fisheries, important growth features relative to oil and gas production and exploration, a steadily shrinking margin of difference in cost of living between Alaska and her sister states. During the five-year period of expansion we have had only one round of tax increases. The combined rate of state and local taxation for each thousand dollars of individual income is lower in Alaska than in any other state. Increased state-government employment reflects state takeover of many responsibilities which previously fell to the Federal Government.

Mr. Schulman is not the first visiting reporter to spend his few days in Alaska interviewing and reporting views of irreconcilable anti-statehooders. A continually increasing number of new and old Alaskans could have provided Mr. Schulman with evidence that Alaska will survive and thrive as a state.

GOV. WILLIAM A. EGAN
Juneau, Alaska

(The Post lauded Alaska for its progress since statehood, yet pointed out that much remains to be done. During three recent weeks spent in the state, author Schulman, who has made half a dozen protracted trips to Alaska in six years, interviewed many statehood supporters, including Governor Egan. Ed.)

● Alaska will survive. Her people are young, intelligent, hard-working and loyal. The deep ruts of bigotry and complacency do not exist there. It will take time, but the economic and governmental problems will be solved. My husband and I lived in Anchorage for five years and are yearning to return.

MRS. MARGARET R. POHJOLA
Lansing, Mich.

COMING SOON...in The Post

EXCLUSIVE:

The story behind the Valachi hearings

WHY DE GAULLE DEFIES US

The fight over funerals
by Jessica Mitford

First aid for the mentally ill

ROMY SCHNEIDER:
on love and success

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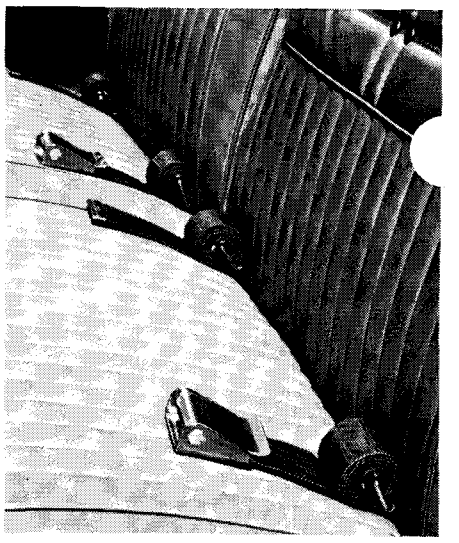

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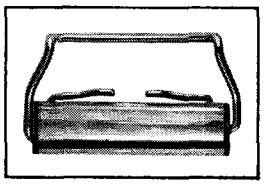

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B-W
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P. S. Roll-a-belt is the quality engineered seat belt reel approved and installed as original equipment on most 1964 cars. Look for the Borg-Warner Roll-a-belt trademark. Accept no imitations.

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Your LONGINES SYMPHONETTE high fidelity record album is ready now-- it's yours virtually as a gift!

Discover the unsurpassed quality and beauty of The World's Most Honored Watch... when you visit your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler to pick-up your Longines Symphonette Record Album!

Join in the Longines "Observatory Honor" celebration which marks a new era in timekeeping! Longines announces the all-new "Observatory Honor" watches to commemorate the Longines clean-sweep of all watch accuracy honors at Neuchatel Government Observatory. See for yourself why your Longines will be noticed and admired by those important to you. Your Longines "Observatory Honor" watch will serve you... and serve you well... for an adult lifetime with elegance, unsurpassed reliability and personal satisfaction. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer quality jeweler today.

LONGINES

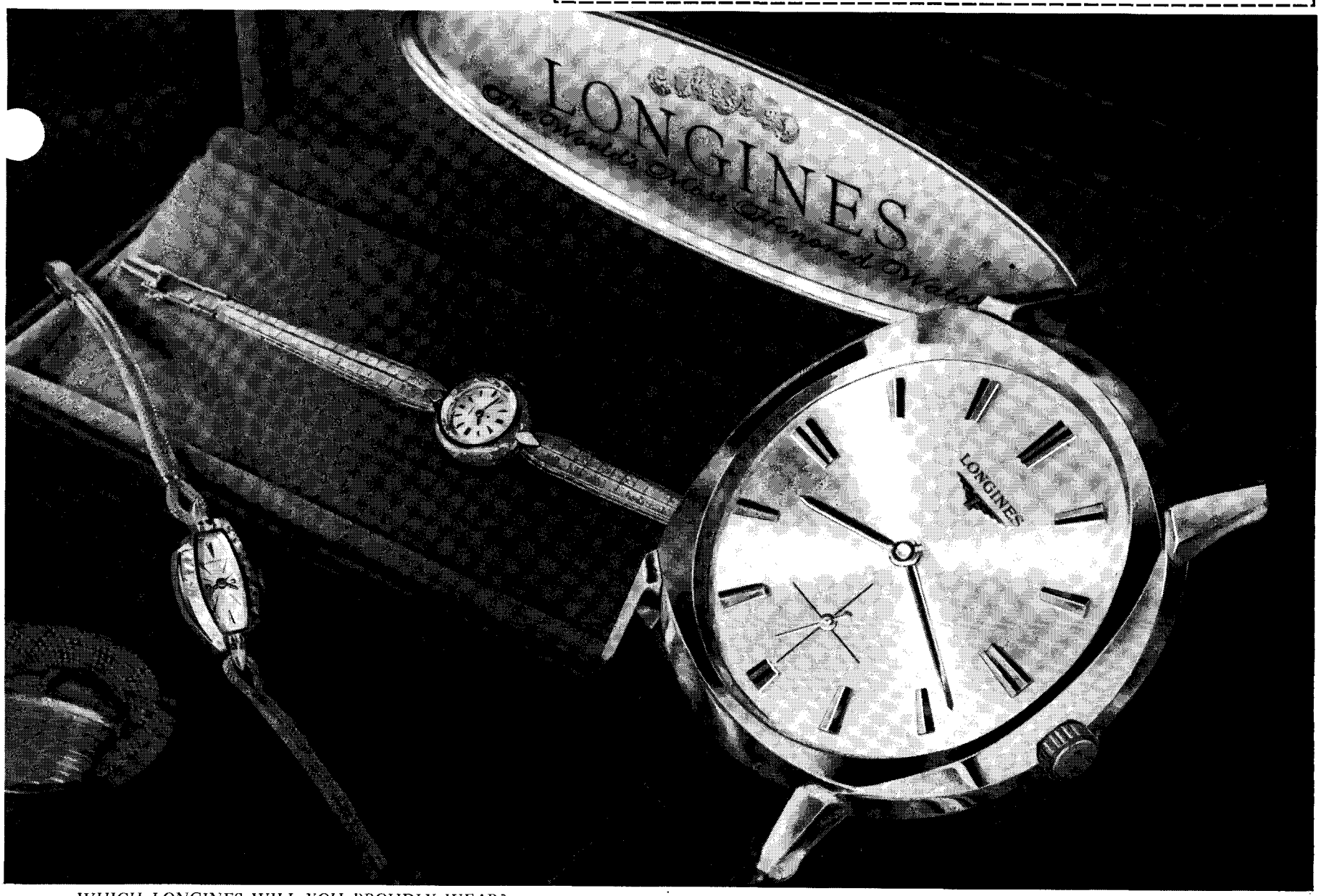
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

YOURS VIRTUALLY AS A GIFT!

The Longines Symphonette "Observatory Honor" Concert

Selections include "Overture to Romeo and Juliet," "The Swan," "Mikado" selections, "Polonaise" and many more. *You might expect to pay up to $4.95 for an album of this* superb quality. Tear out this coupon and take to your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler for your hi-fi record album.

All You Pay Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler is 50c TO COVER HANDLING-SHIPPING EXPENSE



WHICH LONGINES WILL YOU PROUDLY WEAR? "Observatory Honor" Watches—Model 5053 High Fashion Anywhere In The World • Model 5052 The Classic Round in Perfect Taste • Model 5001 (greatly enlarged) The Subtle Shape of Massive, Modern Elegance • Each a magnificent example of Longines world-honored precision craftsmanship.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

GENEVA • LONGINES-WITTNAUER BUILDING • FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 36 • NEW YORK • MONTREAL

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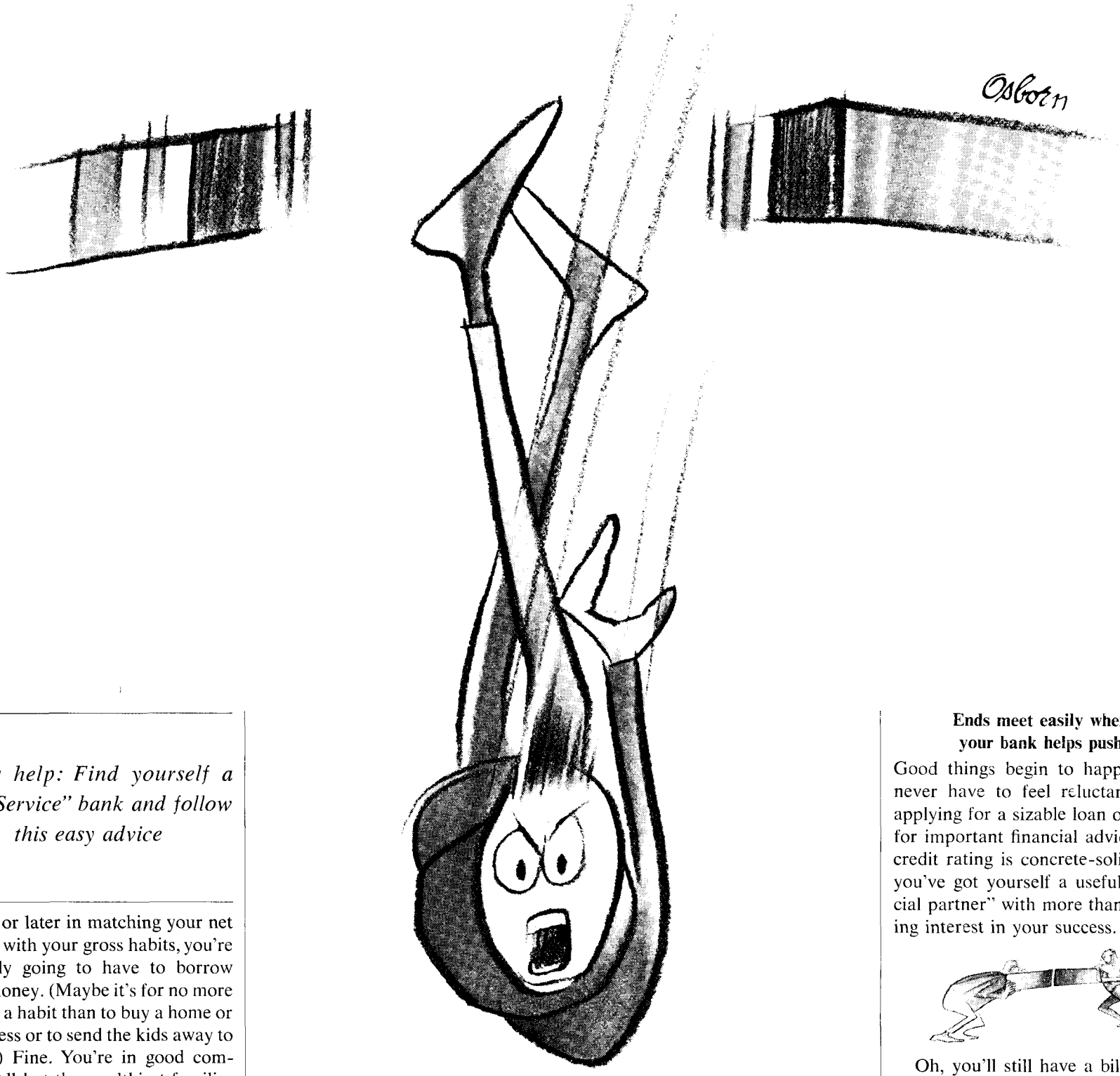
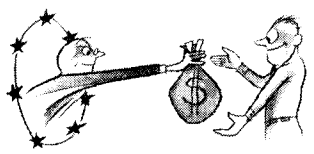
Just when you get both ends to meet, does somebody move the ends?



Here's help: Find yourself a "Full Service" bank and follow this easy advice

Sooner or later in matching your net income with your gross habits, you're probably going to have to borrow some money. (Maybe it's for no more "gross" a habit than to buy a home or a business or to send the kids away to school.) Fine. You're in good company. All but the wealthiest families have to borrow more in a lifetime than they're able to save.

Not to get personal, but who knows you well enough to lend you that kind of money without embarrassment *and* at a low rate of interest? A pertinent question. The answer is easy.



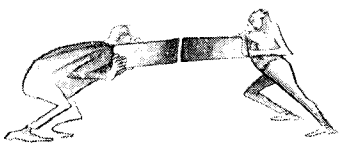
"Full Service" banks traditionally lend money at low interest rates – money for almost anything you can imagine. But since they'd prefer to lend it to regular customers, the trick is to convince them that you are. There is a simple 3-step plan that seldom fails if it's started early.

Do-it-yourself plan for staying solvent

1. If you haven't already, pick a nearby "Full Service" bank and give it *all* your banking business. This includes things you find around the house like checking accounts and savings accounts and suchlike.
2. Get to know one of the bankers by name. He, in turn, wants to know you and will gladly help determine how you stand financially. (Don't worry if you don't stand too tall at the moment – that's one of the things he's going to help you with.)
3. From time to time, take out one of the bank's easy low-cost loans instead of "borrowing" the money from your savings account. *Pay the loan back* – exactly as promised. (This act, repeated a few times, seldom fails to delight a banker.)

Ends meet easily when your bank helps push

Good things begin to happen. You never have to feel reluctant about applying for a sizable loan or asking for important financial advice. Your credit rating is concrete-solid. And, you've got yourself a useful "financial partner" with more than a passing interest in your success.



Oh, you'll still have a bill or two each month; everyone does. But you now have a good way to cope with the major family purchases. Your "ends" are a lot closer and you have the satisfaction of knowing that you've done something tangible for your family's financial future. Need we say, the race is to the swift?

FULL SERVICE BANK®

Your Full Service Commercial Bank

"Full Service" banks are financial "department stores" empowered by law to offer checking and savings accounts, loans, and every other banking service. There are thousands of these banks and one near you.

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SEE "WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS," ABC-TV, SATURDAY AFTERNOONS

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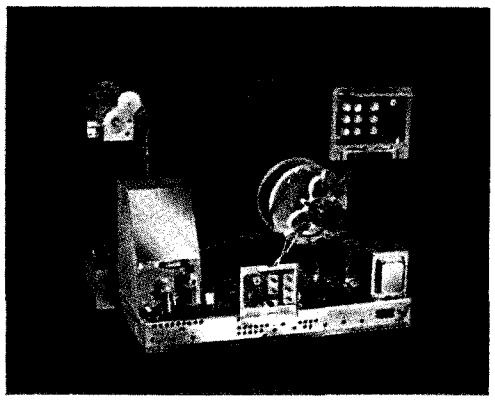
FROM 10 YEARS OF COLOR EXPERIENCE

Admiral brings three new major improvements to col r television

1. Greater Dependability—with Gold Precision Wiring in the most vital areas. This quality advance—like the precision jewels in a fine watch—assures long, trouble-free life. And only Admiral has it! Using electro-deposition, Admiral applies 5 micro-inches of pure 24-karat gold to precision-wiring for the greatest dependability ever in the most vital areas of a color tv set.

2. More Natural Color—with Electronic Color Balancer. Now, enjoy the same natural color the camera sees! This new Admiral development brings you true-to-life beauty—and does it for you automatically! Unlike other color tv, new Admiral precision circuitry actually increases the power of *each* color signal *individually* and balances them for more natural color reproduction.

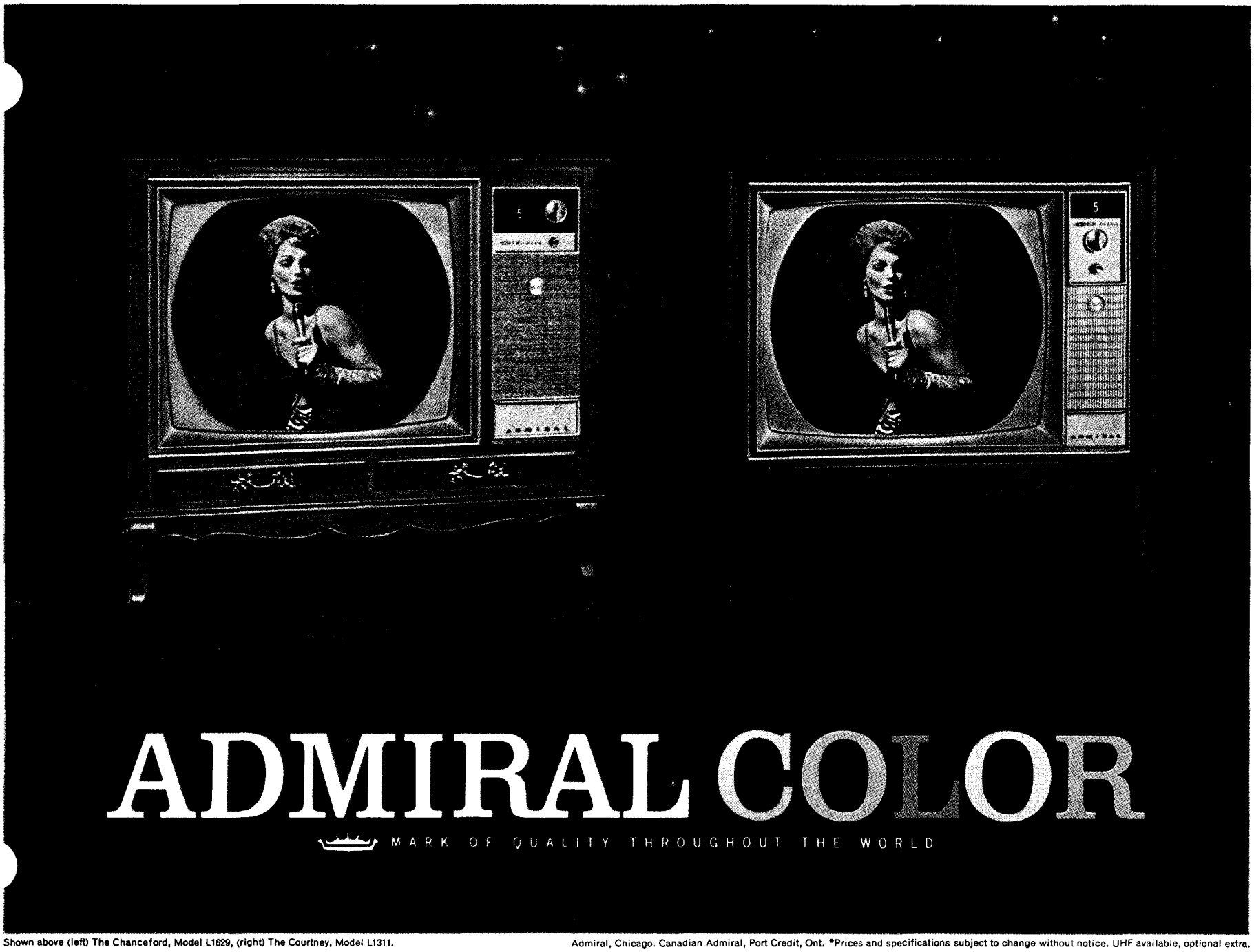


The all-new Admiral Color TV SP-26 Chassis... precision-crafted, 26,000 volts...24-hour life-tested for unmatched dependability

3. New Easier Tuning—with a new Color TV Contrast Control. No other color tv can be tuned as simply and as easily! Admiral ends unnecessary fumbling with controls. This Admiral "exclusive" automatically maintains eye-pleasing brightness as you adjust for proper contrast. It makes tuning simple and easy. And only Admiral Color tv has it!

See the complete selection of fine furniture—Contemporary, Danish Modern, Early American, French Provincial—handcrafted from genuine veneers and hardwood solids...at your quality Admiral Dealer.

*Admiral "Sonar" full-function, wireless remote control turns tv on...changes channels...adjusts and mutes sound...turns tv completely off. Enjoy easy-chair tuning with great savings! Just $30.00**



ADMIRAL COLOR

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Shown above (left) The Chanceford, Model L1629, (right) The Courtney, Model L1311.

Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ont. *Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. UHF available, optional extra.

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SPEAKING OUT

The voice of dissent

One of the greatest American religious thinkers, Doctor Niebuhr is professor emeritus of Christian ethics at Union Theological Seminary in New York City. He was born in Missouri, the son of an Evangelical pastor, and became a clergyman himself. In the years before Pearl Harbor he was vilified for stating the U.S. should enter the war against Nazism.

AMERICA THE SMUG

By Reinhold Niebuhr

There is danger, says this noted theologian, in our belief that God has made America the most virtuous of nations.

Perhaps our gravest fault as a nation is our exalted sense of American virtue. We see the United States as something unique in the world, a nation whose concerns soar above petty national ambitions, whose generosity and goodwill are unequaled. God, we assume, is invariably on our side, thanks to a special covenant with the Almighty.

In one of his books, Sen. Barry Goldwater gave voice to this feeling. "We are the bearers of Western civilization, the most noble product of the heart and mind of man. . . ." he said. "Providence has imposed upon us the task of leading the free world's fight to stay free." The Republican presidential contender was expressing not merely his own patriotism but also a notion deeply rooted in our history and national character.

This sense of special virtue—with its clear implication that disagreement with us is tantamount to godlessness—offends our allies and affronts the weaker peoples of the world. It tends to obscure the fact that we are actually a normal country, normally seeking our own interests. And it greatly impedes our legitimate and worthwhile endeavors as the world's most powerful nation.

The news of the day illustrates our moral pretensions and their consequences. When India, for example, asked our help in building a desperately needed steel mill, strong opposition arose in Congress. The mill, congressmen complained, was to be owned by the Indian government, and our aid, therefore, would serve to encourage socialism. The congressmen gave no weight to the Indian feeling that a measure of socialism is beneficial, given India's problems. In effect, the congressmen were saying that no matter how desperate the need, the Indians would have to follow the American economic pattern or do without its aid. The Indians chose to do without. Tactfully they withdrew their request. And the future prosperity of the Indian economy which is important to the free world, was correspondingly impaired.

Or consider our relations with the new Europe. In the years following World War II the United States stood as the sole protector of Western Europe against the Soviet threat. The Europeans then were weak and could not defend themselves. Today, thanks in part to U.S. assistance, Western Europe is strong and vigorous. It not only is able to assume a larger share of its own defense costs but wants to make its own defense decisions. To the United States, the idea is unthinkable. We have grown so accustomed to dominance in European affairs that we cannot bear to relinquish the role. We fume at our "uncooperative" allies. We paint General de Gaulle, who embodies the new European spirit of independence, as something close to sinister. To a large degree our reaction stems simply from violated self-esteem.

We were born with a sense of having a virtuous mission. Thomas Jefferson expressed it succinctly and admirably: "We exist and are quoted as standing proofs that a government, modeled to rest continually on the whole of society, is a practical government. As members of the universal society of mankind, and as standing high in our responsibility to them, it is our sacred duty not to blast the confidence that a government based in reason is better than one of force."

These sentiments, a typical expression of 18th-century liberal idealism, claimed more democratic uniqueness for our Government than it possessed. For the nations of Western Europe—including Britain, whose government we had mistakenly defined as an absolute monarchy—were slowly developing democratic institutions and changing into constitutional monarchies. Certainly this exaggeration was excusable in Jefferson's day. America was a weak infant, and to keep its self-esteem in a world of old and powerful empires, it had to believe that it was new, different and better than any other country ever founded. Jefferson the idealist was enough of a realist, however, to see the potential national domain in the wide open spaces of our virtually uninhabited continent. He engineered the purchase of the Louisiana territory from Napoleon and prompted the Lewis and Clark exploration of the northwest. Nor did Jefferson's idealism in any way cloud his practical sense of power. "We must marry ourselves," he said, "to the British fleet and nation." Already self-interest and virtue were thoroughly entangled in our national character.

The normal expansive impulses of a young nation and the land hunger of our pioneers began to press against all the vestigial European sovereignties on this continent. We risked war with Britain for the sake of Oregon and had a war with Mexico for the sake of Texas. Significantly, we veiled this expansive impulse under the concept of "Manifest Destiny." "It is our Manifest Destiny," said the diplomat John Louis O'Sullivan in 1845, "to overspread the continent allotted by Providence for the free development of our yearly multiplying millions." Our sense of virtue, in short, was both a spur and a veil for our sense of expanding power. Thus early in the 19th century we laid the foundation for a confusion about the relation of our power to our virtue. We have never quite overcome that confusion. It still troubles us in the days of our great power, and lies at the base of what the English scholar Denis Brogan has defined as "the illusion of American omnipotence."

The real conflict between our sense of virtue, power and responsibilities on the one hand, and our normal concern for the national interest on the other, did not begin until the First World War. The war was our first encounter with the forces which were to lead us to the pinnacle of global responsibility.

The encounter, fittingly, occurred under the last of our Jeffersonian idealists, Woodrow Wilson, who thought that America was "the most unselfish of the nations," and was elected for a second term with the slogan "He kept us out of the war." Idealism, however, had little to do with our entry into the war. Rather, it was in our national interest that Britain keep her influence in Europe; our peace depended on the power of the British navy. The nation was only dimly conscious of this fact, and Wilson never explicitly acknowledged it. Once embarked on the war, he defined it idealistically as a war "to make the world safe for democracy." His most cherished object was the League of Nations.

America reacted to this first venture in world politics in almost neurotic proportions. The idealists were naturally affronted with the harshness of the Treaty of Versailles. The nationalists scorned the peace and the League because our national interests were not sufficiently protected. The period between the two world wars proved only to be a long armistice; and in the long "interventionist" debate our nation tried desperately to escape its obvious role in the world and to crawl back into the now-impossible continental security. The nationalists and the idealists formed a coalition against involvement so strong that we might not have made the plunge into World War II had the Japanese not made the decision for us by attacking Pearl Harbor.

During the interventionist debate I was a member of a committee advocating an affirmative responsibility toward the war in Europe. The very name of the committee was an indication of our moral

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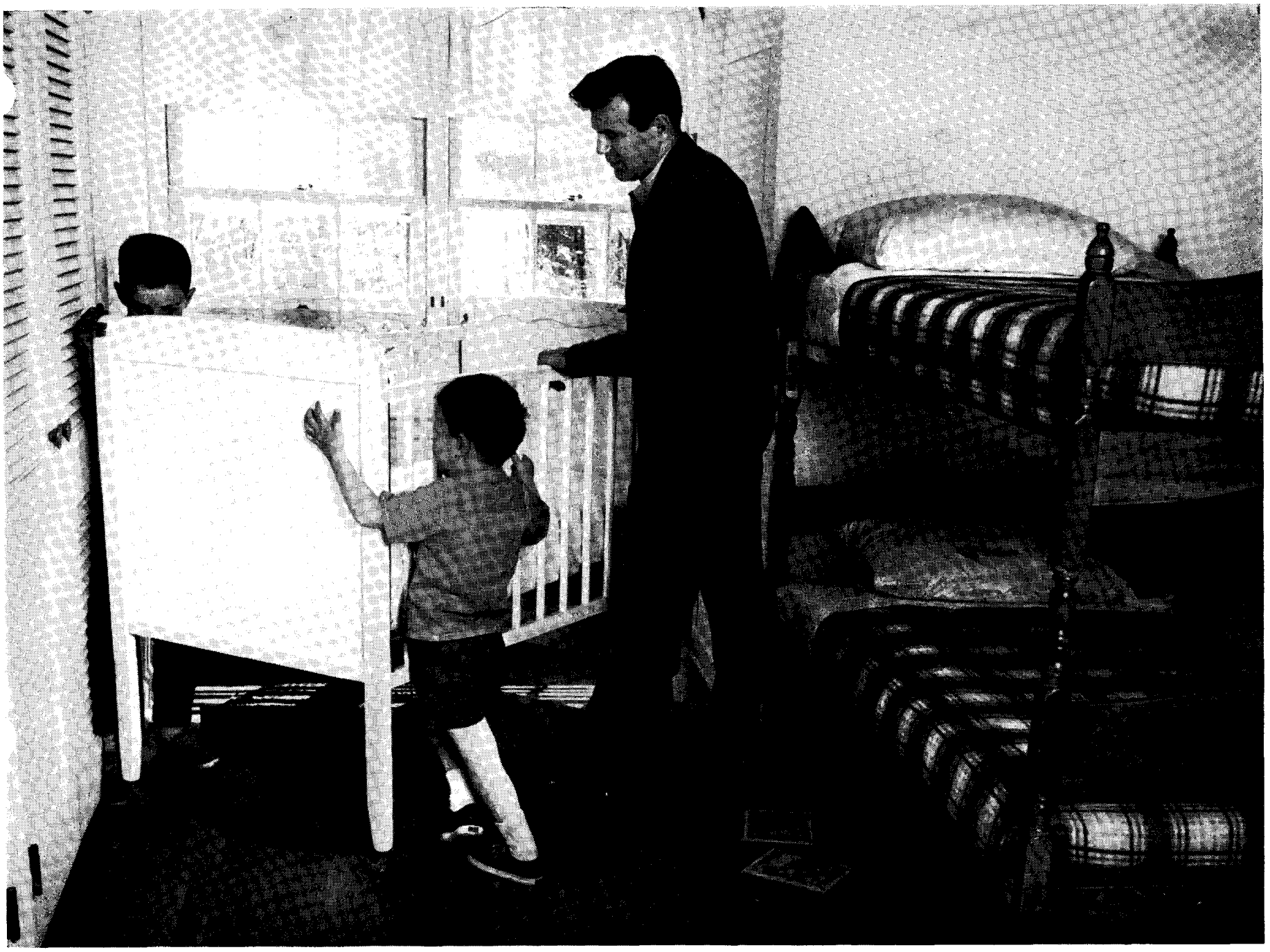

Are 1959 plans good enough for 1964?
Find out with this Metropolitan service:

Family Security Check-Up

✓ Gives you an up-to-the-minute picture of your family's financial health. ✓ Adds up and explains your true "life value". ✓ No obligation, except to those you love.

What can a Family Security Check-Up do for you? Many things. It can point out how you might have accidentally "disinherited" that newest member of your family. It can protect your wife against unwise "advice" which might waste money left for your family's protection. A Family Security Check-Up can show how to get as much as *20% more actual cash* from your present insurance, depending on the mode of payment selected.

Whether you need more insurance or not—whether or not your insurance is with Metropolitan—a Family Security Check-Up makes sense. Our representatives are trained to bring you this service. Remember, Metropolitan is as local as Main Street . . . as close as your phone. Call today. There is no obligation, *except to those you love.*

Metropolitan Life
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THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Family Security Check-Up

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU
With the help of your Metropolitan man—

1. You check the facts: your Social Security, your home, your life insurance, your pension plan, your savings and other assets. You may be surprised to learn how *much* you're worth.

2. You weigh your responsibilities: mortgage or rent payments, education, retirement, accident and sickness emergencies; how much your family would need to live without you.

3. You learn where you stand. You determine your weak and strong points . . . whether the provisions you have made for your family will do what you intend. You get the facts in front of you.

4. You plan for the future. Based on these facts, you decide what action, if any, may be needed to give you a family security plan, tailor-made to your own needs and ambitions—one which makes good sense for *you.*

A MUTUAL COMPANY · HOME OFFICE, NEW YORK, SINCE 1868 · HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, SINCE 1901 · HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, SINCE 1924 · OVER 1000 LOCAL OFFICES IN U.S.A. AND CANADA

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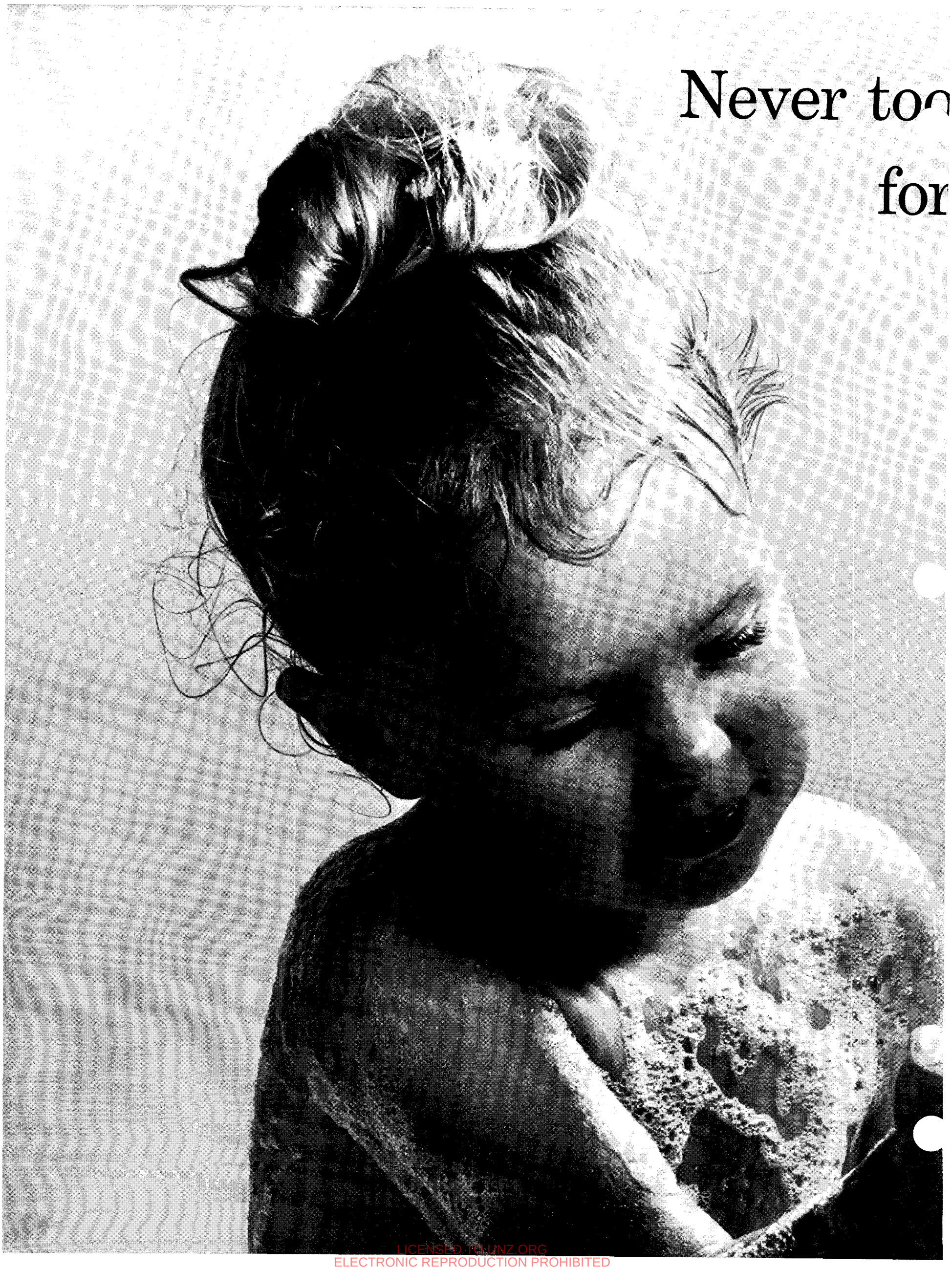

Never too
for

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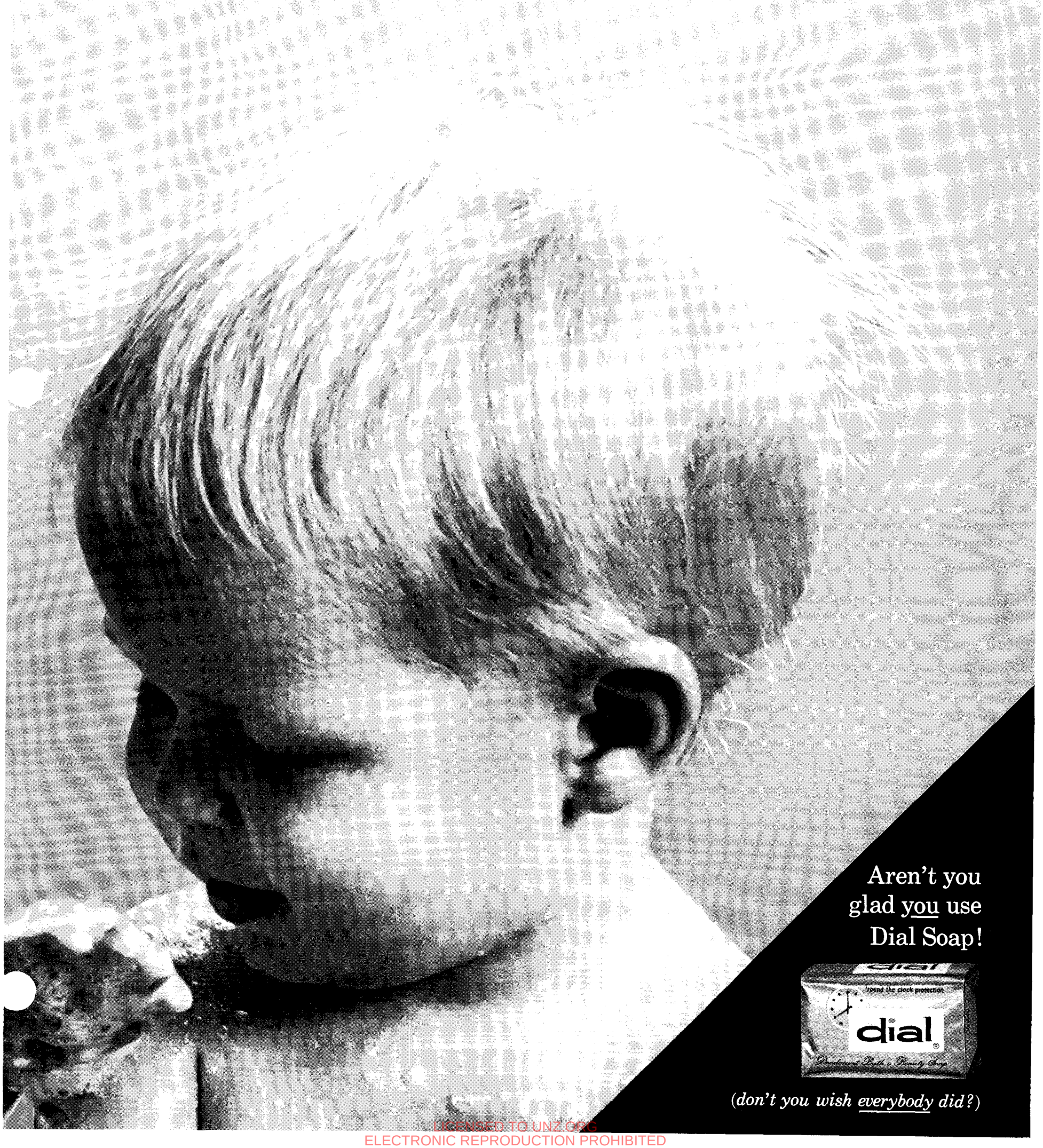
Young Dial!

Youngsters make friends with Dial mighty early these days. Many hospitals use Dial in the nursery to cleanse newborn babies. Which says a lot for Dial's gentleness. In fact, Dial is so pure and mild some people find it hard to believe that it's also America's most effective deodorant soap.



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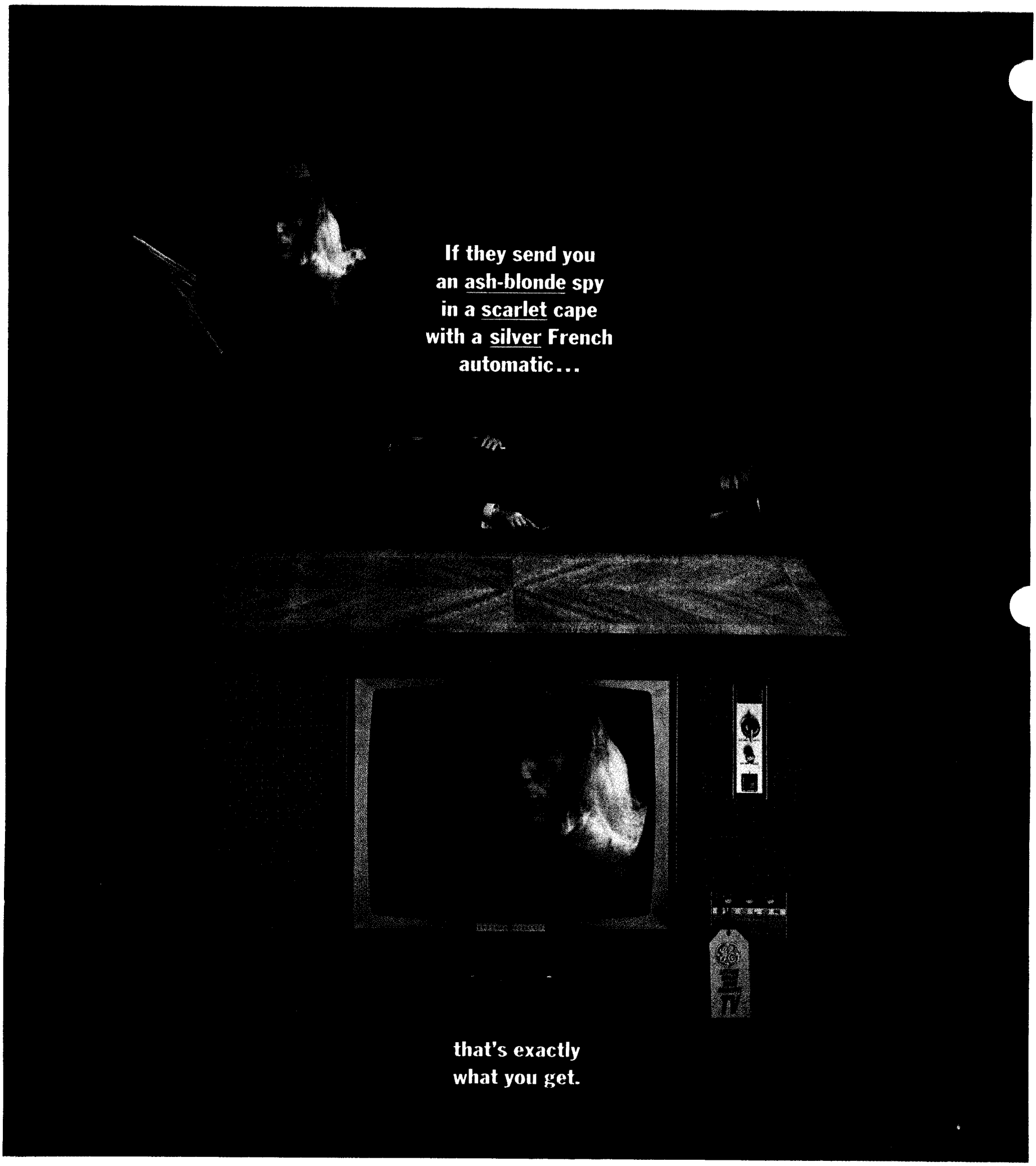

G.E.'s new high-fidelity color sets—So reliable their etched-circuit boards are guaranteed for life*. Maybe you're waiting for them to "perfect" Color TV. Your wait's over! Perfect Color TV is here right now from General Electric! The most vibrant hues, the subtlest tints—all reproduced with startling fidelity on the 21″ screen (diam. meas.). It comes from the new standard of reliability G-E engineering now brings to all television, including color. Because the heart of this set—the etched-circuit board—is *electronically wired,* G.E. backs it with a lifetime guarantee. Here's colorTVwithout trouble. (No more blue tomatoes. No more lavender trees. And no more green people—except maybe a few envious neighbors.) See perfect Color TV for the first time—at your G-E dealer's now.

*The General Electric Company guarantees the etched-circuit board to be free of manufacturing defects for the lifetime of the television receiver. The General Electric Company will, at its option, repair any defects or accept claims for such repairs provided repairs are made by one of the following: a. General Electric Distributor, b. Franchised General Electric Dealer, c. Authorized Independent Service Agency. The picture tube is warranted for one full year in all receivers. All other parts are warranted for 90 days in monochrome receivers and one year in color receivers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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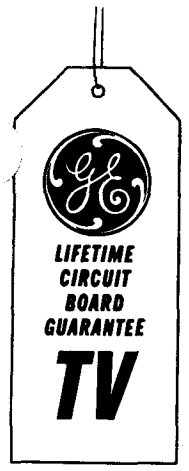

G-E Color TV with the lifetime circuit-board guarantee* now available at these stores:

CALIFORNIA

Alhambra — Butler Brothers
Altaville — Middletin's Calavaras Mercantile
Anaheim — Ballman's Appliance; Goodyear Service Store; Schaefer's TV Center; White Front Stores
Arcadia — Goodyear Service Store
Arcata — The White House
Auburn — Auburn Lumber Company
Bakersfield — Casa Moore Furniture Store; Urner's Appliance Center; Witham's Radio & Appliance Co.
Bell — Television Triangle
Bellflower — Goodyear Service Store
Belmont — Hi-Lo Co.
Berkeley — J. F. Hink & Son Appliance Store; Robert E. Lee TV
Buena Park — Goodyear Service Store
Burbank — Goodyear Service Store
Burney — Burney Furniture
Camarillo — Frank's Radio & TV
Canoga Park — White Front Stores
Carmichael — Proaps & Vincent Appliance
Caruthers — Clevenger Mercantile Co.
Chowchilla — Chowchilla Radio & Appliance
Chula Vista — Goodyear Service Store
Clovis — Clovis Appliance
Corning — Knapp's Appliance Center
Corona — Goodyear Service Store
Costa Mesa — Schaefer's TV Center; Dunlap's Appliance Co.
Covina — White Front Stores
Crescent City — Bob Ames Electric
Culver City — Leonard's Airport Village
Copertino — Allario Appliance & TV
Delano — E & J Electric
Dinuba — Mathis & Bolinger
Dixon — Farmer's Exchange
El Cerrito — Crawford's Television
Elk Grove — T. & H. Home Furnishers
El Monte — Goodyear Service Store
Escalon — Williams & Pack Gas Service, Inc.
San Segundo — Leonards-International
El Sereno — Dick's TV Company
Eureka — The White House
Fair Oaks — E-Z Appliance Service
Fairfield — Charlup Furniture Co.
Fremont — Connolly's Furn. & Appl. Inc.
Fontana — Goodyear Service Store
Fresno — Arams Furniture & Appliance; Audio Sales; Bill's Home & Appliance Center (California Ave.); Bill's Home & Appliance Center (Cedar Ave.); Fink & Skopp Home Furnishing; Goodyear Service Store; Josephine Furniture Company; Mallet's Television & Appliance; Tharpes
Fullerton — B & G Appliance
Galt — Diede's
Gardena — Koby's Radio; Don Spear's Appliances
Garden Grove — Leonard's-Garden Grove
Glendale — Logan's Electronics; Olson's Appliance
Goleta — Goleta Electric
Grass Valley — Gra-Neva Appliances
Hanford — Hanford Furniture Company
Harbor City — Gene's TV
Hayward — Robert E. Lee TV; Wiseman's, Inc.
Hawthorne — Goodyear Service Store
Hollywood — Chaffee's
Huntington Park — Goodyear Service Store; B. L. Russell & Co.
Inglewood — Goodyear Service Store; Rondon's
Lakewood — Butler Brothers
Lancaster — Valley TV & Appliance
La Mesa — Goodyear Service Store; Helland Appliance
Lemoore — Miquel's Appliance & Furniture
Lodi — Emery & Brown
Lompoc — Linden's
Long Beach — Dooley's Hardware Mart; Goodyear Service Store; Pete & Fred's
Loomis — Neithrope & Son
Los Angeles — Academy TV; Goodyear Service Store (532 W. Ninth St.); Goodyear Service Store (2108 W. Manchester); Goodyear Service Store (1415 E. Olympic); Goodyear Service Store (8140 S. Vermont); Great Western TV & Appliances; House of Television; Nisei Trading Company; Tamura & Company; White Front Store (7651 S. Central Ave.); White Front Store (5555 E. Olympic Blvd.); White Front Store (5433 W. Jefferson)
Los Banos — Bressler's Auto Electric
Madera — Radio-TV Hospital
Manteca — Center Plumbing Co.
Marysville — Triangle Refrigeration
Maywood — Goodyear Service Store
Menlo Park — Boucher's
Merced — Goodyear Service Store; Le Barts Furn. & Appl.
Milpitas — Mackall's Appliances Inc.
Modesto — Goodyear Service Store; J. S. West & Company; L. W. Zimmerman
Montclair — Lloyd's Montclair Emporium
Monterey — Dick Searle Appliances
Mountain View — Meyer Electric Co.; Palo Alto Hardware Co., Inc.
Napa — Norval J. Baldock Co.; Charlup Furniture Co.
Newark — Connolly's Furn. & Appl. Inc.
North Hollywood — Goodyear Service Store
North Sacramento — Rosco D. Cook, Inc.
Norwalk — Goodyear Service Store
Oakland — Eli Home Furnishings; Good Housekeeping Shop; Jalbert's; Montclair Hardware; Simon Hardware; Strong's Metro TV

CALIFORNIA (continued)

Oceanside — Shanck's Television & Appliances
Ojai — Ojai TV
Ontario — Butler Brothers
Orange — Robinson's
Oroville — Harry Hanush Co.
Oxnard — Frank's Radio & TV
Palo Alto — Mackall's Appliance Inc.; Palo Alto Hardware; University TV & Stereo
Paradise — Bices Hardware
Pasadena — L. C. Taylor Company
Paso Robles — Lou Wilcox
Petaluma — Appliance Center
Pittsburg — Henry Pratt
Placerville — Jim's Building Supply
Pollock Pines — Sierra TV
Pomona — R & D Sales
Porterville — Goodyear Service Store
Rancho Cordova — Walker Cordova Hardware
Red Bluff — Knapp's Appliance Center
Redding — Wittner Appliance Center
Redwood City — American Home Appliance Co.; Gruening & Co., Inc.
Rio Linda — Johnson Electric Co.
Riverside — Goodyear Service Store
Roseville — Mandella's TV & Appliance
Rubidoux — Western Auto
Sacramento — Goodyear Service Store (L Street); Goodyear Service Store (Camino Ave.); Handy Andy TV & Appliances, Inc.; Hank's Radio & Television; Manuel Joseph; L & M Co.; Loverde's Hardware & Variety; Ross Furniture & Appliances; Sacramento Electric Co. (Jay St.); Sacramento Electric Co. (Florin Rd.); Standard Furniture Co.
Salinas — Packwood's Inc. (N. Main St.); Packwood's Inc. (S. Main St.); Salinas Valley Appliance Co.
San Anselmo — Hoy's TV & Music
San Bernardino — Goodyear Service Store; Reynold's Radio & TV; Slither's TV & Appliances; White Front Stores
San Bruno — Coronet Appliance Co.
San Carlos — American Home Appliance Co.
San Diego — Dependable TV; Goodyear Service Store
San Fernando — Goodyear Service Store
San Francisco — Cherin Furniture; Circle TV Service; Eli Home Furnishings; General Appliance Co.; Hervey's Television; Jack's Mobile TV; Lachman Brothers; Pacific Radio & TV Co.; Parry's TV; Tower TV; United TV Service Co.; Young Brothers TV, Inc. (Mission St.; Young Brothers TV, Inc. (Geary St.); Young Brothers TV, Inc. (Front St.)
Sanger — Bise Furniture
San Jose — Goldeen's, Inc.; Gordon & Silva; Lachman Brothers; Robert E. Lee TV
San Leandro — Scott Electric
San Mateo — Lachman Brothers; Wisnom Appliance Corp.
San Pedro — Goodyear Service Store
San Rafael — Hoy's TV & Music; Lachman Brothers
Santa Ana — Goodyear Service Store; Jessee Appliance Company; Schaefer's TV Center
Santa Barbara — Champion TV; Goodyear Service Store; Ott's
Santa Cruz — Haber's Eastern Furn. Co.; Leask's
Santa Maria — A F C O; Goodyear Service Store
Santa Monica — Bollinger's; Carlson's; Goodyear Service Store
Santa Paula — Goodyear Service Store
Santa Susana — Appleton Radio Service
Seaside — Dick Searle Appliances
Sonoma — Henry Franklin Furniture
Sonora — Sonora J. S. West & Co.
South Gate — Goodyear Service Store
South Pasadena — A.A. Appel
South San Francisco — Plaza Furniture Co.
Stockton — Arrow Appliance; Campora Appliance Sales, Inc.; M. Corren & Sons; Goodyear Service Store; Otto Schwill Appliance; The Stereo Showroom
Sunnyvale — Sunnyvale Hardware Co., Inc.; American Home Appliance
Temple City — Bledsoe Appliance & TV
Thousand Oaks — John Taft Electric
Torrance — Goodyear Service Store; Leonard's—Torrance; White Front Stores
Tracy — Tracy Appliance Co.
Turlock — Youngdale's, Inc.
Vacaville — Lloyd Chandler Furniture Co.
Vallejo — Charlup Furniture Co.; Harry A. Nelson, Inc.
Van Nuys — Goodyear Service Store; White Front Stores
Ventura — John Taft Electric; Wyatt's Ventura Appliance
Visalia — Ruddy's
Walnut Creek — Simon Hardware Co.
Watsonville — Ford's
West Covina — Goodyear Service Store
Westchester — Goodyear Service Store; Wm. E. Phillips Company
Westwood — Leonards-Westwood
Wilmington — Fred's Furniture Company; Try-It Furniture Company
Woodland — Roy T. Jones Appliances
Yuba City — Ash TV & Appliances

SPEAKING OUT

ambivalence. It was the "Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies." The very name of the committee would have outraged Woodrow Wilson; but it was shrewdly designed to avoid his too-consistent idealism. Many Americans were not willing to admit that the Nazis had to be defeated at whatever cost, because both the national interest and a human value were at stake.

The Second World War raised the old tension in our national soul—between our senses of virtue, power and responsibility—to a global dimension. For we emerged from the war the strongest democratic nation. The war had increased our productive capacity and had impoverished Europe. We were cured of our old nostalgia for innocence at the price of irresponsibility; the very degree of our power made our responsibilities all too clear. In 1946, American mothers were pleading to "bring the boys home by Christmas," a sentiment that resulted in our leaving our potential foes, the Russians, in possession of much of a defeated and devastated Europe. But by 1948 we were engaged in the Marshall Plan, and our wealth and power were turned to European reconstruction. We had learned our lesson. A powerful and wealthy nation must assume responsibilities commensurate with its power and wealth.

But the old problem of virtue and power assailed us in a new way. We claimed a unique virtue for a policy which actually was an act of wise self-interest. We almost spoiled the virtue of our prudence by remarks such as that of the politician who crowed, "The Marshall Plan was the most generous act ever undertaken by any nation." That claim prompted derision even among our allies and friends in Europe. The Marshall Plan was not generous but prudent. It saved the European continent for democracy, when all of its wealth, skills and talents were imperiled, and when their loss would have meant our isolation.

The fact is that a nation with a sense of virtuous mission finds it difficult to understand that the moral norm for nations, as distinct from individuals, is not generosity but a wise self-interest—a self-interest that lies somewhere between the parochial and the general interest.

Since the Marshall Plan we have wisely sought to help the nations of Africa and Asia up the steep path to modern industrialism and consequent freedom from age-old poverty. Our foreign-aid program does not exceed one percent of our gross national product and is only a tenth of our total defense budget. Yet is is an unpopular part of our budget, perhaps because there is no bloc of voters to defend it. We constantly worry that we may have become "too generous," letting the designing nations of Europe and the world take advantage of our pure hearts. However, we are dealing here with moral realities, and moral realities do not fit neatly into the usual moral categories of "unselfishness" and "generosity." Foreign aid involves relations in which our interests are inextricably intertwined in a whole web of mutual interests.

Many circumstances, in fact, make it difficult for us to view our responsibilities soberly without undue pretensions of unique virtue. Our living standards, for example, are twice those of the more advanced nations of Europe and are beyond the dreams of avarice of the Asian and African continents. Further complicating the problem of keeping our national self-esteem in sober bounds is our outrage over the "ingratitude" of widespread anti-Americanism. Some of this anti-Americanism is prompted by envy. Some of it, as in the case of Gaullist France, may be prompted by aspirations to national glory. Some of it is also due to the fact that no human agent is ever as wise or as disinterested as he thinks he is. Criticisms will be directed at us because of our errors and because of our achievements.

Since we are bound to occupy the eminence of world hegemony for a long time (if the uneasy peace of a "balance of terror" does not make an end of us and our civilization in a nuclear catastrophe), we must be prepared to exercise our power with more soberness than our original sense of virtue inclines us to. We have become one of the two "supernations" in the modern world; and the only one of the two which must deal with both great and small allies in the spirit of free accommodation of competing interests. We must be prepared to be unpopular, even if our decisions in crucial issues are right, and to accept unpopularity because our decisions may be wrong. For we are not as omniscient as we seem to be in the day of our seeming omnipotence, and certainly not as virtuous as our whole tradition has persuaded us that we are.

An end to arrogance

One of our chief problems will be to avoid what has been called the "unconscious arrogance of conscious power" as we deal particularly with our great allies, many of them in Europe. Their greatness cannot be diminished by the new magnitudes of modern "supernations," and their memories of past glories and experience of present frustrations are bound to lead to jealousies.

The moral problems of our national life are so complex that they cannot be understood by the simple categories of good and evil—of "selfishness" and "unselfishness"—which individuals recognize. It is ironic, in view of our early passion for displaying the purity of our virtue, that today the responsibilities of our role should include the mounting of a nuclear deterrent, thus involving us in the proleptic guilt of a nuclear catastrophe. The moral ambiguity of the political order, which we have desperately tried to veil or to ignore, has been raised to the nth degree in our experience of power and responsibility.

Our best chance of avoiding the moral pretension that besets us is to analyze the circumstances that have brought us to this perilous condition. Two points are especially significant. First, *it is our power, not our unselfish virtue, that makes the survival of Western civilization depend upon our own survival.* Second, *the degree of our power is not the fruit of the virtue of our own generation*—the generation that wields the power. We are strong because many "gifts of Providence" have contributed to our power. Among them are a hemisphere richly stored with natural resources; the fact that the expansion of our nation coincided with the industrial revolution, enabling us to unify a whole continental economy; and, of course, the fact that the Civil War preserved our national unity.

By steadfastly keeping these two points in mind, we can prevent such virtue as we possess from exuding the sweat of self-righteousness. THE END

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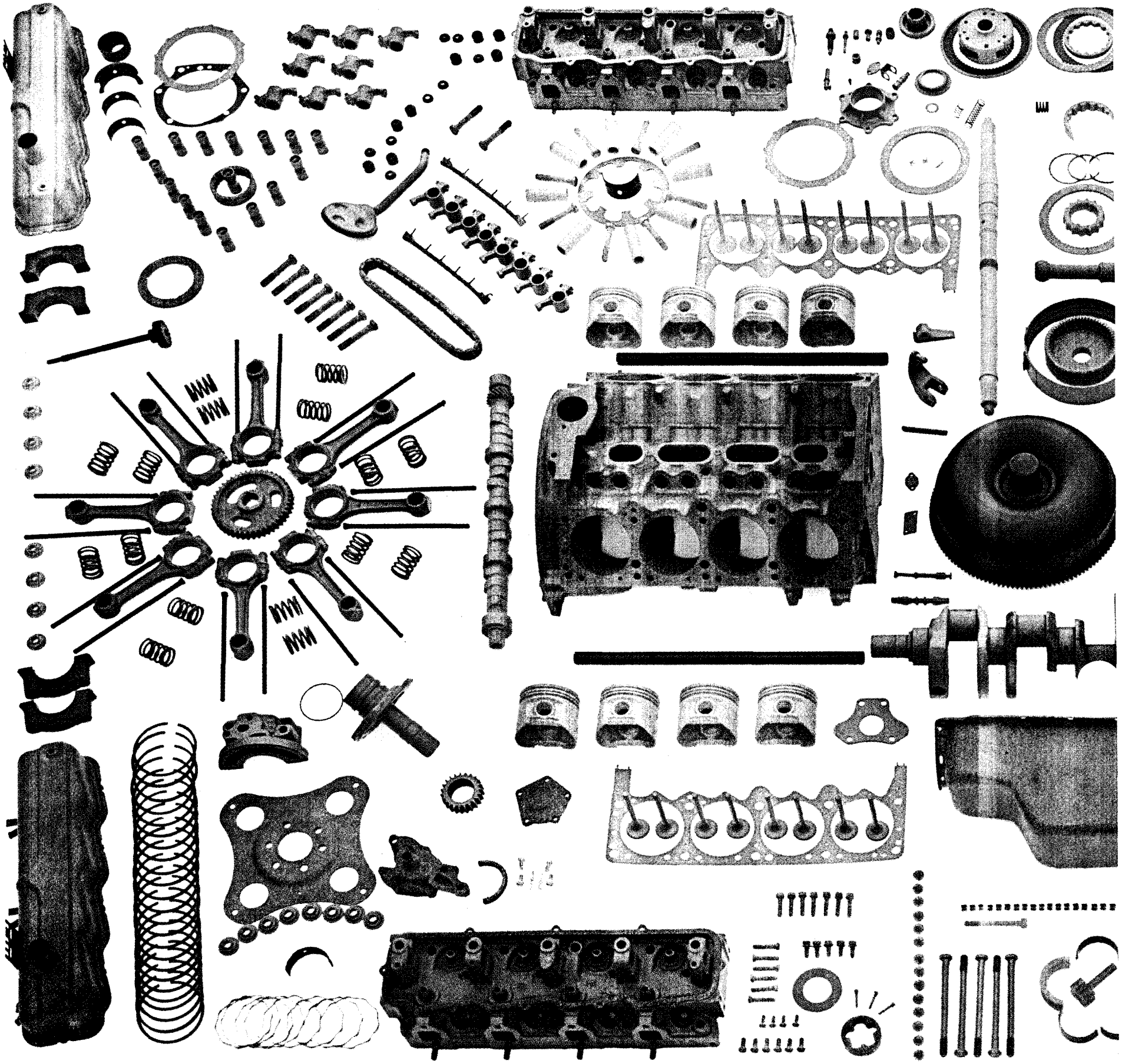

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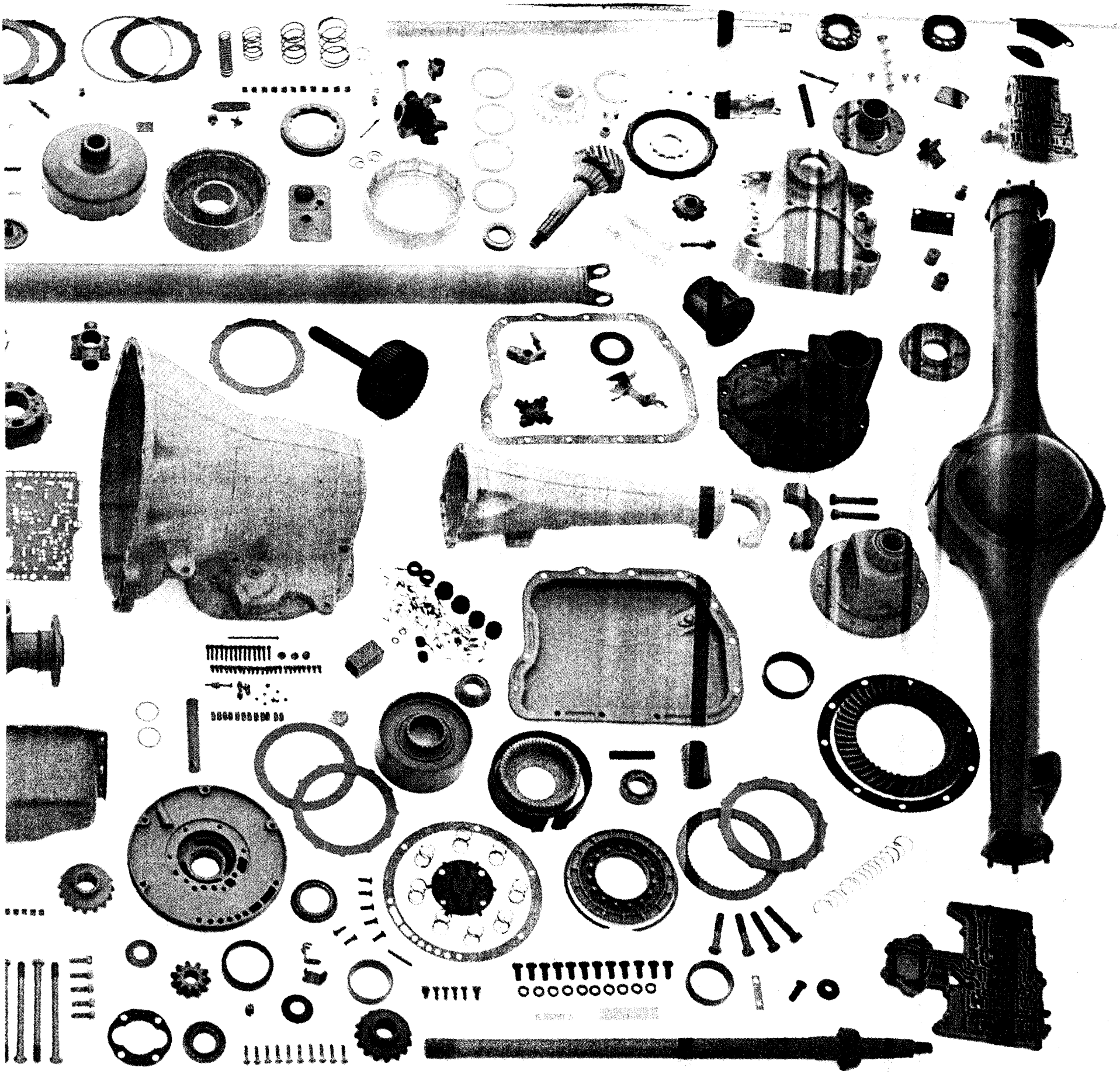

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A tale of two cities

WASHINGTON: Recently, with a capable guide, I toured a foreign city. The foreign city is Washington, D.C., where I have lived for 18 years.

There are, of course, two Washingtons—White Washington and Black Washington—just as there are two Philadelphias, two Detroits, two of any big American city. A White Washingtonian may spend a few minutes in Black Washington when he is driving North. Otherwise Black Washington, which has a bigger population than White Washington, is as foreign to most White Washingtonians as Minsk, say, or Ulan Bator.

My guide for my tour of this unknown city was Clarence Hunter, a very able Negro reporter for the Washington *Star*. He showed me the Platinum Coast and the two Gold Coasts, where the richest Negroes live; the little enclave of the "old line aristocracy"; the vast middle-class areas; and the Second Precinct, where the poorest people live, and where much of the city's crime is spawned.

We had an excellent meal at Billy Simpson's, Black Washington's Tour d'Argent. We visited the school where Clarence Hunter's children go. We had a look at such landmarks as the Howard Theater, last stronghold of Negro vaudeville, and the Black Muslim mosque, which no white man is allowed to enter.

Certain special characteristics of this big city soon became apparent. For example, a great many of the women of Black Washington wear becoming wigs, and for some reason 9 out of 10 of the men have grown moustaches. The inhabitants of Black Washington are remarkably friendly people. Many greeted Clarence Hunter with a jolly warmth rare in White Washington, and when we went into a house, we were always asked to sit down, even when there was no place to sit.

Black Washington is very religious. There are churches everywhere, and in one house in the Second Precinct I counted 17 pictures of Christ. Another fact also became apparent. Black Washington is largely owned by White Washington.

Billy Simpson's is Negro-owned, and so are a small bank, several funeral parlors, a few car dealerships. But the Dunbar Hotel, Black Washington's Ritz, is white-owned, and so are almost all the stores on U Street, Black Washington's main shopping district. The slums are white-owned too, which is one reason why one day there could be bad trouble between White Washington and Black Washington. To see why, consider the case of Mrs. Marvella Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson (which is not her real name) lives in a tiny shack in the Second Precinct with her five illegitimate children—"Marvella's so good-hearted she just can't say no," remarked a social worker. Only Mrs. Johnson's good-heartedness makes it possible to pay the monthly rent of $69.50 for her shack, for public assistance for her offspring is her only source of income. She doesn't dare ask the landlord to put linoleum on the cracked concrete floor, or to have the toilet fixed. Landlords in the Second Precinct, when they get such unseemly requests, have a habit of raising the rents.

There is something a bit scary about the Second Precinct—for the well fed, there is always something a bit scary about poverty. I asked Clarence Hunter if he would feel happy walking the streets alone at night. "Let's put it this way," he said. "I wouldn't tarry."

There is nothing quite like the Second Precinct in White Washington. Oddly enough, since both were largely built before the Civil War, the Second Precinct most closely resembles Georgetown, which is White Washington's Platinum Coast. Mrs. Johnson's house is hardly more habitable than a hut in Lagos or Accra, but tarted up and moved into Georgetown it would sell for $50,000.

There is nothing quite like the Black Muslim mosque in White Washington either, or the Bohemian Caverns nightclub, or the Howard Theater, or the little restaurants which advertise: PIG'S FEET—CHITTERLINGS—FISH. According to Clarence Hunter, there is an invisible line between those who eat chitterlings—hog's intestines beloved in the Negro South—and those who don't. Those who don't are sometimes resented by those who do: "Who you tryin' to fool, boy?" But the great majority have now crossed the Chitterlings line, leaving the chitterlings fanciers in an ever-decreasing minority.

By the same token, whereas a generation ago most of the people of Black Washington lived like Marvella Johnson, the very poor and the very ignorant are now also in the minority. And what is really surprising about Black Washington is not how different it is from White Washington, but how much alike.

The Negro rich, who live in the Platinum Coast or Gold Coast areas near Rock Creek Park (the Chinese Wall which separates the two Washingtons) live just like their white neighbors in large, expensive, undistinguished houses. The "old line aristocrats," who live in a cluster of big old houses near Howard University, are the precise equivalent of White Washington's snooty "cliff dwellers." And the great mass of the inhabitants of Black Washington live neither in the Gold Coasts nor in the slums. They live in endless rows of small houses which look almost precisely like the houses of people with similar incomes in White Washington.

The houses may be a bit more gaily decorated, with more pinks and light greens and other Mediterranean colors. Otherwise there is no evidence except skin color to indicate whether a neighborhood is black or white. Contrary to the universal myth, moreover, house values in Black Washington have steadily increased.

Black Washington is for the most part, in fact, just another American city, and its essential Americanness is everywhere evident, even in the bobby sox and blue jeans of the alert, well-behaved schoolmates of Clarence Hunter's children. This Americanness is hardly surprising. The people of Black Washington have had a long time in the melting pot—their forebears were in this country when Jack Kennedy's great-grandfather was a barefoot boy in Ireland, and Barry Goldwater's grandfather was growing up in Poland.

Despite the mosque and the wigs and the chitterlings, in short, Black Washington turned out to be a lot less foreign than I had expected, which is one reason why I was oddly hopeful when I ended my tour. There are certainly people in Black Washington who hate White Washington just because it is white. But Clarence Hunter says that the white-haters like the Black Muslims are a small, laughed-at minority. That may not always be true, if Negroes are permanently denied the rights of other Americans. Meanwhile, there are still ties that bind, and it seems reasonable to hope that the two Washingtons, like the two races elsewhere in the United States, can go on living amicably side by side, without tearing each other apart.

Stewart Alsop

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For past blessings . . . a time for gratitude

At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL *Life Insurance Company*

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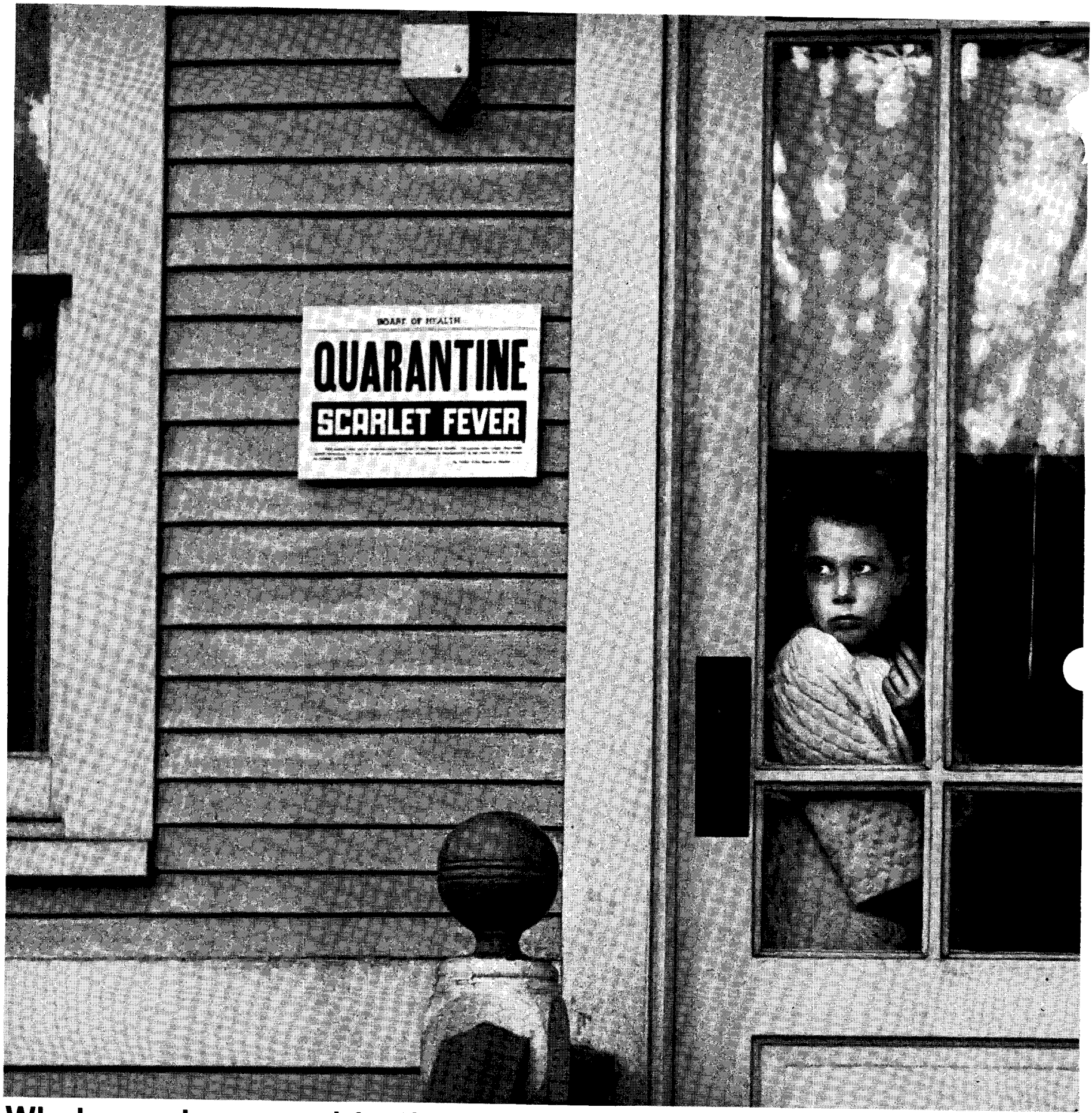

What ever happened to the quarantine sign?

"All persons are forbidden to enter or leave these premises . . ." warned old-fashioned quarantine signs. Remember?

Today these grim placards are increasingly rare, almost collectors' items, as contagious diseases are brought under control.

Within one generation, vaccines, sulfas, and antibiotics have helped reduce fatalities from scarlet fever, for example, 96%; diphtheria, 96%; whooping cough, 97%; polio, 95%.

During these years, pharmaceutical firms such as Eli Lilly and Company have introduced scores of new products to cope with these and other infectious diseases.

When it comes to your good health, Medical Research has a way of never leaving well enough alone.

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THE ACTION IS!

A can't-wait kind of sports coupe...with a why-wait kind of price! Oldsmobile's new Jetstar I looks like a goer even when it's standing still. But slip into that bucket seat . . . flip the T-stick Hydra-Matic* into "Drive" . . . and that big, ultra high-compression Starfire V-8 Engine charges into action! Big? 394-cubic-inches-big. 345-horsepower-big. And Oldsmobile's exclusive dual chambered exhaust system cuts power-consuming back pressure . . . makes driving Jetstar I a real moving experience. Five minutes behind the wheel will convince you: *Olds is where the action is!* One final clincher. For all its dashing style and flashing performance, Jetstar I carries a most attractive price tag. Your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer will be proud to show you just how attractive it is!

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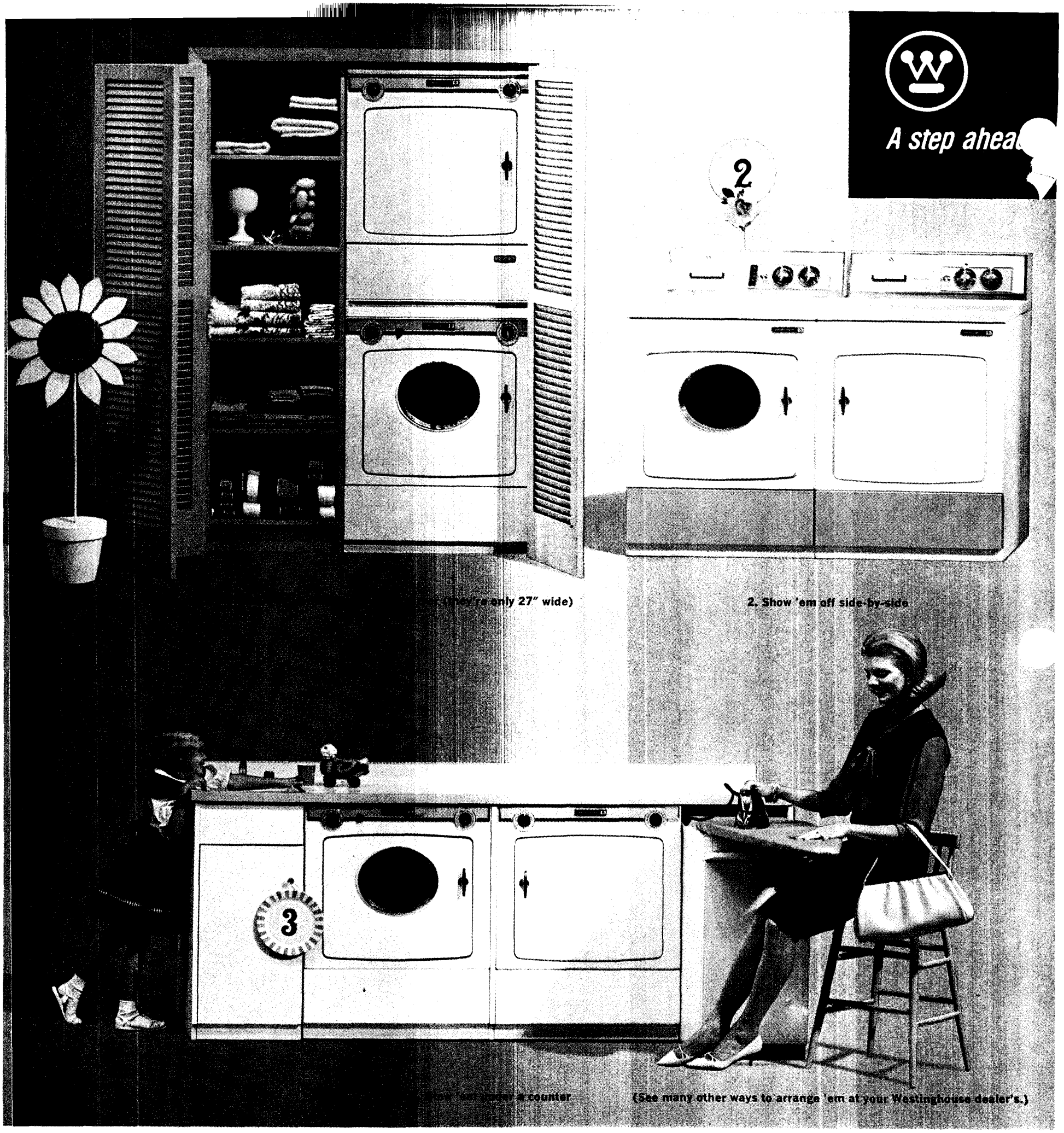

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(who says you can't please everyone!)

Only Westinghouse offers you a Heavy Duty Laundry Center that arranges just about any way you please. It's the most versatile laundry idea in years. You can fit the new Westinghouse Laundromat and Dryer under a counter (think of all that extra counter space). You can stack them away in a closet. Hide them in a cabinet. Show them off side-by-side. Even combine them with our new ironing center.

Inside the Laundromat you'll find our unique heavy duty washing system. Takes a giant capacity load of your toughest problem wash . . . whirls away every speck of mud, grease, ground-in dirt. You get cleaner clothes with much less hot water and half the detergent and bleach that other washers use.

Got a space problem? See your Westinghouse dealer. He has more answers than any other dealer in town.

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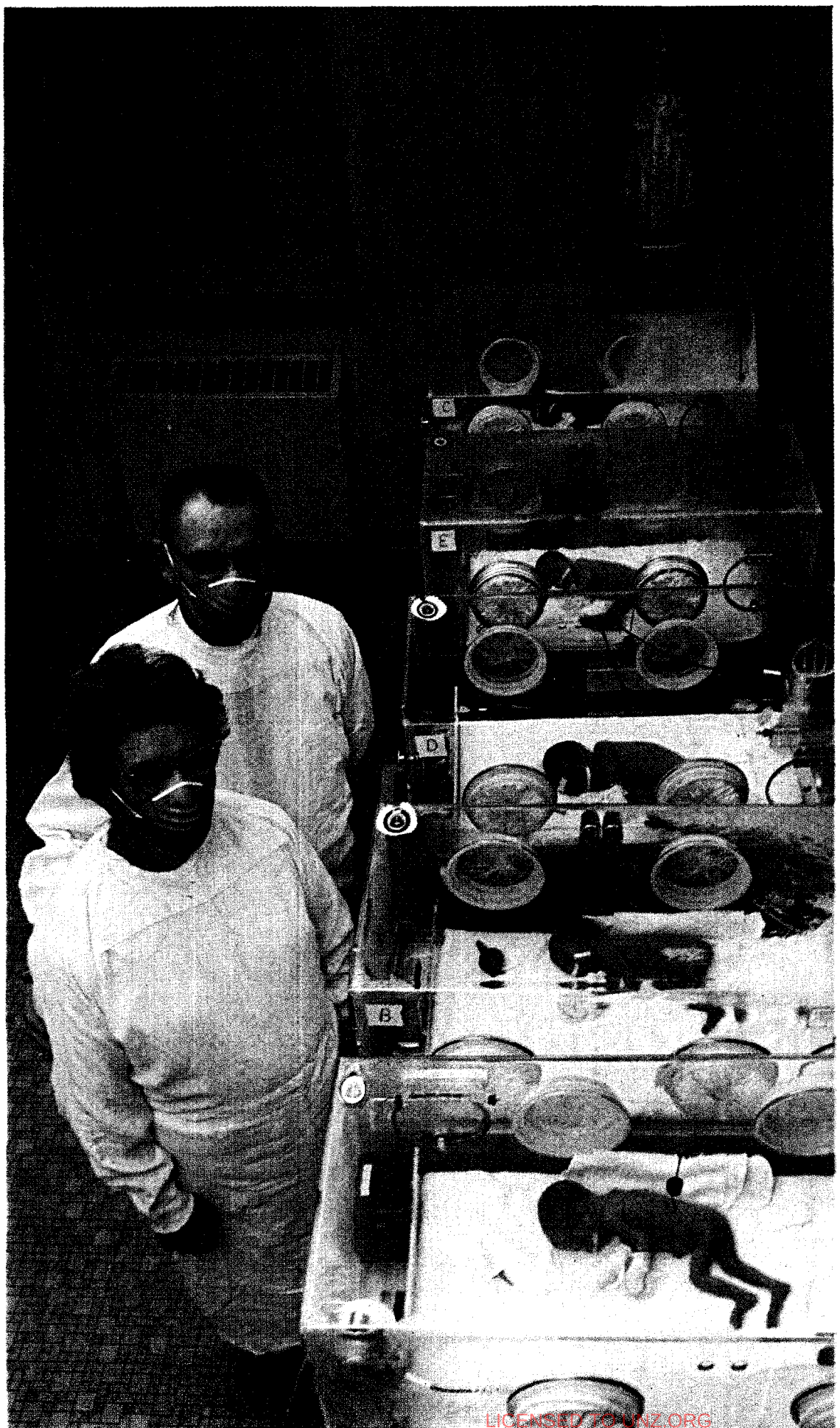
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Cyrus H. K. Curtis

Just two months ago Mary Ann and Andrew Fischer of Aberdeen, S. Dak., became the parents of the only quintuplets ever to survive birth in the U. S. Here, for the first time, Andy Fischer talks about his life and family. He tells how he felt from the moment he learned his wife would have quints until their birth turned him into a world figure.



OUR LIFE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

By Andrew J. Fischer
with John Bird

Photographs by John Zimmerman

The Fischers and their quintuplets in the nursery at St. Luke's. From front to back: Mary Ann, Mary Magdalene, James Andrew, Mary Margaret, Mary Catherine.

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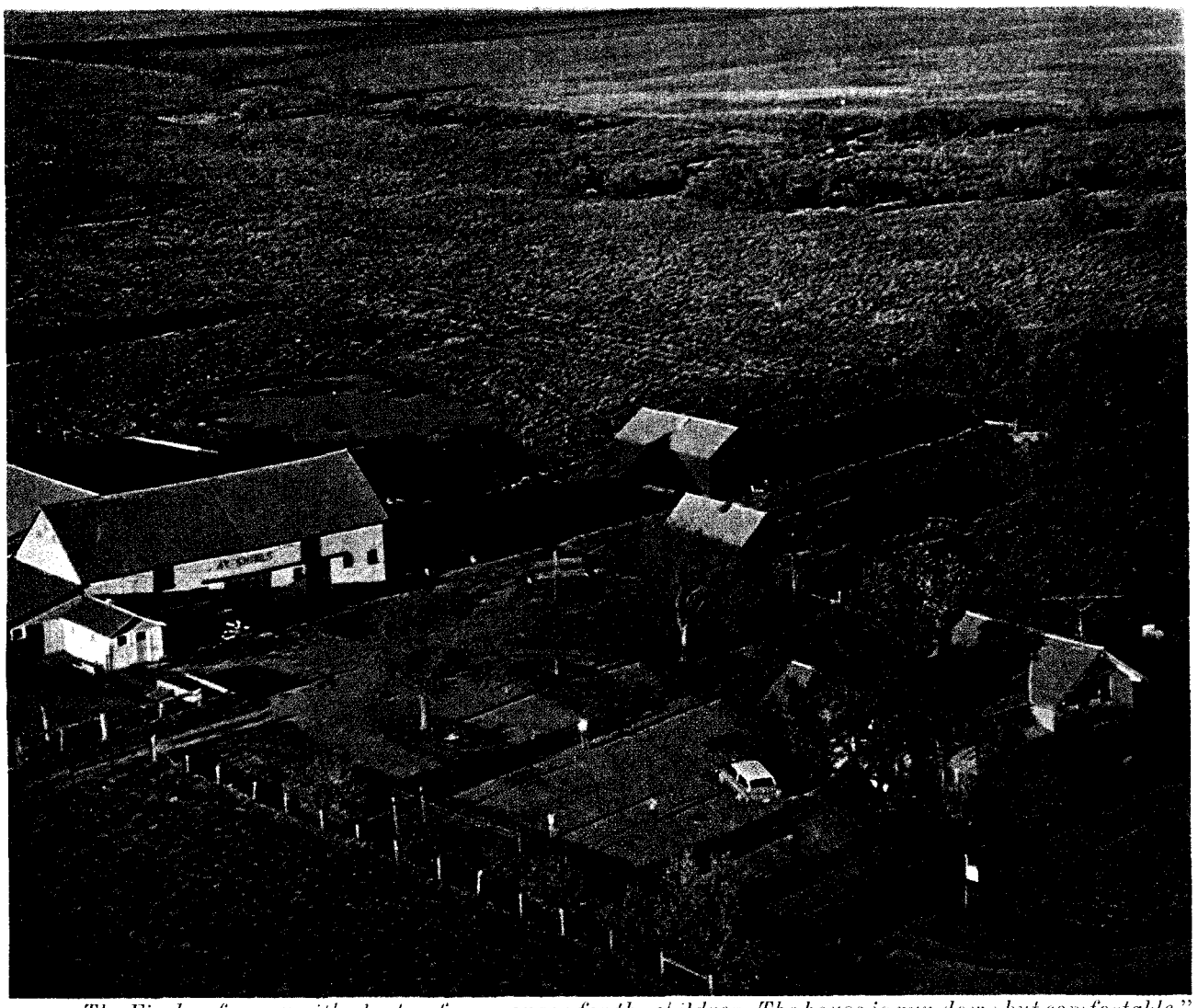
"Andy, I want to tell you something. You'd better sit down."



The Fischer farm, "with plenty of open space for the children. The house is run down but comfortable."

The family takes a spin in 1925 Model T Ford, which Andy has kept running as a hobby for 12 years.

I was already a pretty worried man when I answered the telephone in my little office at the warehouse around three o'clock on Wednesday, September 11. It was Dr. James N. Berbos, and he said, "Andy, I want to tell you something and you'd better sit down."

My heart jumped. That morning he had suggested that my wife Mary Ann—then in the seventh month of her sixth pregnancy—should go into the hospital for a checkup. Things hadn't been going well with her. Her previous pregnancies had been relatively easy, but this time she felt absolutely miserable. She had gained weight rapidly, adding almost 60 pounds to her normal 139, and her feet and legs had become so swollen and tender that it was very painful for her to walk. Doctor Berbos, who had delivered our five other children, had told us that she might be carrying twins. He had arranged to have her X-rayed.

When his call came in, I was at the loading dock checking in some freight at the Nash Finch Company's food-distributing warehouse in Aberdeen, S. Dak., where I work as a shipping clerk. I took the call in my office. When he told me to sit down, I dropped automatically onto a stool which was propped against a work shelf.

"Are you sitting down?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Go ahead."

"Well, Mary Ann is going to have *five* babies."

I was stunned. For a moment I couldn't say anything, and then I managed, "Aw, you're kidding, aren't you?" But he wasn't—he was deadly serious. The X ray clearly showed five babies.

Five of them! It simply didn't seem that this really could be happening. I asked the doctor if he had told Mary Ann about it, and he said he hadn't. He believed it would be better to wait until that night when he could meet me in her room, that Mary Ann and I should be together when he gave her the report. Meanwhile, he would see that nobody in the hospital talked to her about it.

When I put the phone down and went back to work, I was probably the most worried man in the United States. It never occurred to me that the birth of quintuplets would make news around the world. Of course, many years ago I had read about the Dionne quintuplets in Canada, but now I was so concerned with the overwhelming problems that were staring me in the face that I didn't even *think* of those other quints. I was wondering how Mary Ann would take the news. The doctor had told me that multiple births usually were premature, and I was afraid that we might not be able to save them.

A crushing responsibility had dropped on my shoulders. My take-home pay was $76 a week, and I had no prospects of earning much more in the immediate future. How in the world were we going to feed, clothe, shelter and educate a total of 10 children? In our nine years of married life, Mary Ann and I have found it hard to keep afloat financially with just five youngsters—Daniel Patrick, 8; Charlotte Ann,7; Julie Renée, 6; Evelyn Kay, 4½; and Denise Joyce, 3½.

Our whole life centers around our family. Mary Ann and I have done everything we could to give our children a good life. That is one of the reasons we have been living in an old gray stucco farmhouse. It may be run down but it is comfortable and large, with nine rooms and plenty of open space around it for our children to play. We have a large vegetable *(Continued on Page 28)*

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Andy milks "Buffalo" while Chuck, Jr., and Dewey take a upgride on "Bossy." Fischers gave their cows away when dairy offered free milk supply.

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Mary Ann and Julie (left) meet old friends in Aberdeen.

Mary Ann and Andy [illegible] Catholics attend Mass with Charlotte, Danny and Julie at Sacred Heart Church.

Until I met Mary Ann, my folks had about concluded I was going to be a bachelor.

Andy Fischer helps 3½-year-old Denise tie her shoes, while Evelyn, age 4½, offers encouragement and advice.

(Continued from Page 26) garden and kept two cows to provide plenty of fresh milk and butter. It's also a place where the kids can have dogs, kittens, pet lambs, chickens and ducks, and where they can ride their bicycles or play baseball without worrying about traffic. Sure it has been hard work for Mary Ann and me. Those cows had to be milked every morning and every evening, at five A.M. and five P.M., and they didn't take Sundays off. Sometimes we've been on the ragged edge, as we were after Denise was born, and Mary Ann had to work in a bowling alley for a year to help us get caught up with our bills. But we've managed to get along. Now the big question was: *How can I possibly earn enough to take care of 10 all at once?*

As it turned out, I worried about some of the wrong things—and overlooked the fact that life for the Andrew Joseph Fischers would suddenly change in many perplexing and frightening ways. That change would start right after our five new babies were brought into the world, squalling and kicking and pink with life. Only then did it start to sink in on me that the first living quintuplets in the United States were a joyous miracle.

But my first concern, after that startling news from Doctor Berbos, was for Mary Ann. I punched the time clock at the warehouse promptly at 4:30 and hurried over to St. Luke's to see her. As we had wanted to hold expenses down, she was in a ward. I visited with her but decided to pretend that I didn't know how the X rays had come out; I believed that Doctor Berbos was much better equipped than I to tell her. This was one of the toughest things I've ever had to do, but somehow I carried it off. As I left I went to see one of the nurses and arranged to have Mary Ann moved to a vacant two-bed room. I didn't want any other patient in the room when Doctor Berbos and I broke the news to her.

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Andy fiddles with Atwater Kent radio in a vain attempt to make it work. "For two days after the news," he says, "I was like a mechanical man."

After this I had to go home to milk the two cows, although my mind certainly wasn't on my chores. Mary Ann's mother, Mrs. Elmer Brady, was there taking care of the children, and when I told her about the X ray, tears came to her eyes, and she said, "Oh my God, my poor girl." She called her husband at the Brady farm near Hecla, S. Dak., and his reaction was much like ours. Later he told me it upset him so much he couldn't even think straight. Mrs. Brady also talked with my sister Irene, who called my parents, the John A. Fischers, who live in Aberdeen. My mother, a woman of 63, was shocked and started crying, but my 69-year-old father has the idea that the larger a family the better, and he said, "I think it's pretty good news."

It was about 7:30 P.M. when I got back to the hospital and found Mary Ann alone in a semi-private room, sitting in a chair beside the bed. We talked about what the children were doing, but Mary Ann sensed something was wrong. "You sat around, not saying much, just staring into space," she told me later. "And usually when visiting hours were over, you went out like a shot—this time you stayed and stayed."

About 10 o'clock Doctor Berbos came in after he had made his regular rounds, and he had two nurses, instead of the regular one, with him. He asked the nurse who had been standing in the doorway to step in the room and close the door behind her. Mary Ann's eyes widened, and later she told me this was the first time she was really scared. Then the doctor said, "Well, Mary Ann, what do you think of all those babies?"

She was surprised and said, "What babies?"

"Didn't Andy tell you the news?"

She shook her head, and I shook mine too.

Gently the doctor said, "You know, Mary Ann, there's more than one baby in there."

"I kind of thought there must be," she said.

"Well, there are more than two or three—there are five. That's what the X ray shows."

Of course Mary Ann didn't believe him at first. Doctor Berbos is quite a kidder, and he had been teasing Mary Ann, saying that it would be nice if she had quads or quints because, although he had delivered a lot of twins, he never had delivered any of those. She blinked and said, "Aw, you're teasing." He assured her he was absolutely serious and explained that the X ray showed five little skeletons. Then he told her that she should get back into bed and stay there. He explained that multiple births usually occur earlier than normal, but he hoped to hold off labor for at least two more weeks. He told her not to worry, that everything would be all right.

After he left I helped Mary Ann into bed. For a while she just lay there in a daze. Then she started crying, and she cried off and on for most of the night.

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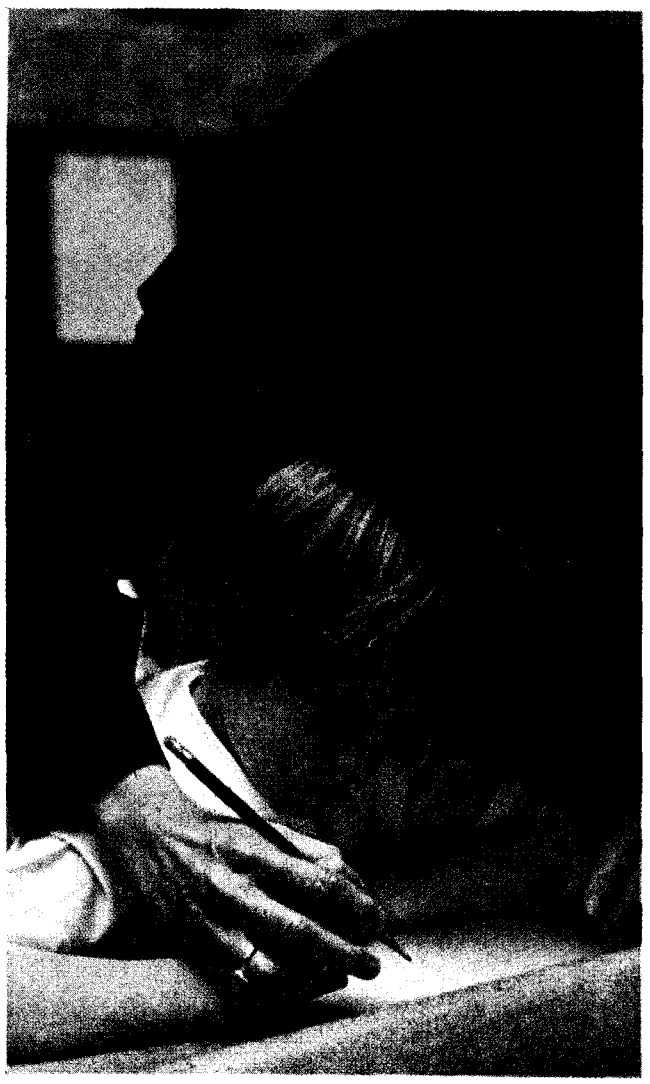
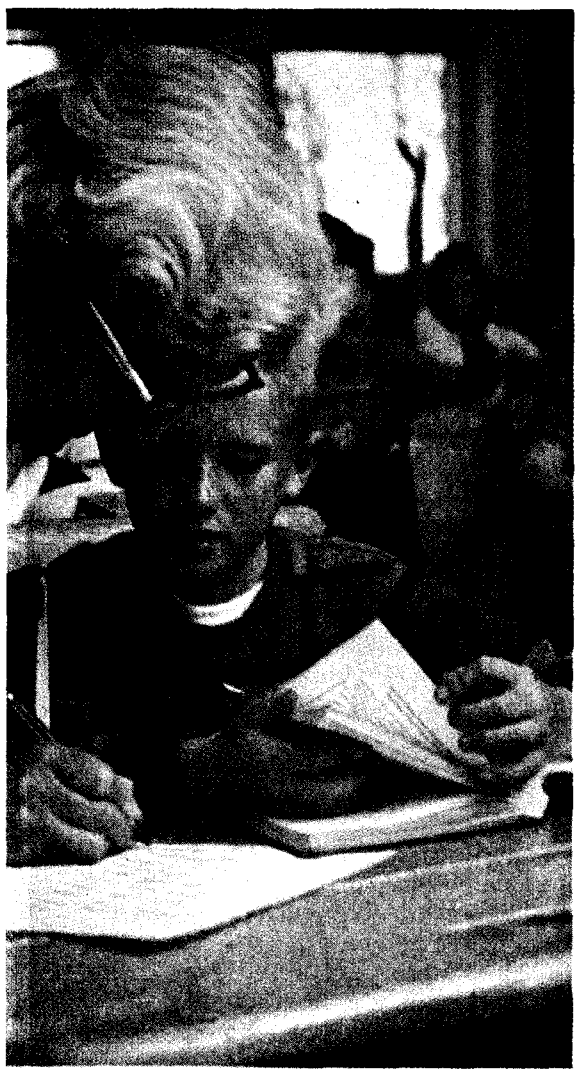
The big question was: How can I earn enough to take care of all ten?

Andy helps Julie before class at Sacred Heart School.



Sister Mercy shows first-grader Julie how to write the alphabet.



Danny's arithmetic teacher helps him with his numbers.

Seven-year-old Charlotte leaps to her feet with right answer.

Her fears were very much like mine. She told me that she wasn't frightened of the birth itself. She kept asking herself, *How are we going to take care of them?* Later she said, "I hadn't the faintest idea we would get any help, never even thought of it. Here we were just making ends meet—and sometimes not even that—so what were we going to do?"

I didn't get home that night until after 11 o'clock. I talked with Mrs. Brady for a few minutes and went to bed. But I didn't sleep much.

Perhaps I would have slept better if I had known how the doctor and the hospital were getting organized to take the best possible care of Mary Ann and the quintuplets. We're fortunate in this area to have such a fine hospital as St. Luke's, which was established by the Sisters of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

As soon as word started flashing through the hospital that Mary Ann was expecting quints, Sister M. André, a calm, quiet nun who gets a lot done without any fuss, began lining up equipment and alerting her staff. First she had warned the nurses and other personnel against any slips of the tongue to Mary Ann. Then she went to the office of Sister M. Stephen, the administrator of the hospital, and gave her the news.

Sister Stephen thought for a moment, then smiled and said, "Well, I guess this means we'll have to buy that extra Isolette you asked for several weeks ago." The hospital already had two of these devices in the 30-crib nursery. Sister Stephen and Sister André now agreed to buy one of the latest models, which would cost $1,260, and to see about renting two additional ones.

Although the babies weren't expected for two weeks, the staff realized that they might not have that much time. "We weren't worried, because we've had a lot of experience with 'premies,'" Sister André said later. "The general procedure is the same as for other newborns—but you have to move a lot faster, with less handling."

While this was going on, both Mary Ann and I were in something of a daze. She just couldn't believe that it was happening to her. As for myself, I was something of a mechanical man for the next two days. I got up at 4:45 A.M. and milked the cows, had breakfast and got to work at 7 A.M. During coffee breaks and lunch I popped over to the hospital for a few minutes with Mary Ann. I'd go over after work and again in the evening. In the little time left I tried to help Mary Ann's mother with the youngsters. And I was deeply depressed, even though some of my friends, like the Larry Heintzmans, tried to talk me into a better frame of mind.

Larry and I first got acquainted about ten years ago, and we used to hack around together in our bachelor days. He's a truck driver for an express-truck system, and is one of the people who call me by my nickname, "Shine," which was attached to me when I worked for the Sunshine Grocery Store as a kid in Eagle Butte, S. D. I was best man at his wedding when he married Elenora Brosy, and he was the one who signed me up as a member of Moose Lodge No. 590. After I married Mary Ann, we used to go out dancing with the Heintzmans at the Moose Lodge or the Richmond Dance Pavilion, but in recent years we haven't had enough spare change to get out very often.

On Friday night after I left the hospital I ran into Larry and Elenora downtown. I told them that Mary Ann was *(Continued on Page 32)*

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"I WAS HUMAN ENOUGH TO RECALL I STILL HAD TWO CHANCES FOR A SON"

BY MARY ANN FISCHER
With DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

The mother, who was conscious throughout, describes the painfully long, climactic hour of birth itself.

Her five babies safely delivered at last, Mrs. Fischer reads through the stacks of congratulatory mail in her hospital room with Sister Marie Martin and Sister André.

I can't remember when I felt the first twinges of labor on Friday, or when the nurses on the maternity floor began their careful watching of my contractions. I can't recall when I was prepared for the delivery room. I skipped supper, I know. I wanted none.

Doctor Berbos had a talk with me. He said it would be safest and best for my five babies if I went through the delivery without any drug or anesthetics to lessen the pain. Could I do it? the doctor asked me. Of course I could.

The sky was black outside my hospital window—there had been one of our marvelous South Dakota sunsets that seem to flood the whole world with waves of orange-red light.

It was then around midnight. My pains were coming fairly fast. Mrs. Karlen and Mrs. Rahm (two hospital aides) wheeled the delivery cart to the bedside and helped me scoot over. It was a short ride down the hall, with the two of them telling me to relax, to be calm, to keep my chin up. I guess I had used up my fears and alarms, for now I had none. Instead I felt confident and buoyed up by the prayers of the sisters, by the belief God would be with me and my five babies when we needed Him.

In the delivery room was Doctor Berbos, wearing his sterile white gown. There also were Mrs. Gapp, the night superintendent of nurses, and Sister René, the hospital anesthetist. I can remember hoping I would get through the delivery unaided by drugs, regardless of the length of the coming ordeal. Maybe I thought of the delivery of my quintuplets as a test of myself—what I could stand if I had to.

By then my contractions were rapidly increasing in severity. In my body, or so I judged from the sensation, all five of the babies must have been in motion. My back was aching, and to me it seemed as though the babies were swinging around and circling in jolts and jerks, like the minute hand on one of those big clocks they have in railroad stations.

There was a large mirror at the end of the glaring white room, reflecting the round pool of brilliant electric light pouring down on me. The bright overhead lights made the corners seem dim and shadowy.

My legs and one arm were strapped down, but my left arm was left free. Doctor Berbos had ordered that I receive glucose to keep up my strength, and the tube was fastened to that arm.

I tried to push from my thoughts the fact that I must endure the big final pain that immediately precedes birth—not once, but five times. I think I must have gritted my teeth, or perhaps clinched my free hand into a fist. Anyway, Doctor Berbos told me to relax. I obeyed, unclinched my fist, tried to stop gritting my teeth. From then on, whatever Doctor Berbos ordered me to do, I did. When he said, "Mary Ann, bear down," I bore down, and when he said, "Now take a deep breath," I took the deep breath.

I hardly noticed the opening and closing of the door from the hall, as new people came in to assist Doctor Berbos. I was concentrating on following his orders, listening to the words of encouragement of Mrs. Gapp, who stood at my left handling the glucose, and I was watching in the mirror at the end of the room.

The first of our quintuplets, our daughter, Mary Ann, was born a few minutes before two A.M. on Saturday morning, September 14. Her small pink bottom, as I learned later, led the rest of the tiny body into the world, and then I heard the first cry of the first of my five babies. One masked nurse held Mary Ann aloft and said, "Oh, what a pretty little girl! Oh, she's a darling." Mary Ann was the smallest and weakest of our quintuplets, but to my ears her cry sounded husky, vigorous. Gently, quickly, she was wrapped in voluminous folds of sterile cloth and hurried away to an Isolette in the nursery.

As little Mary Ann disappeared from my sight, I was happy Andy and I were the parents of another daughter. There were four more chances, I recall telling myself, for a son. After another five minutes or so of labor, there was a second climactic pain and, head first, Mary Magdalene arrived.

"Oh, what a lovely little girl!" somebody said. "Oh, but she's sweet."

I received oxygen, for the second time. Mary Magdalene was held up so that I saw her in the mirror. Then she was whisked away to join her sister in the nursery.

Eleven minutes of labor followed, maybe a little more, or a little less. Then a "footling," as the nurses described her to me, Mary Catherine, joined our family. For me—another long, deep breath of the reviving, welcome oxygen.

"Oh, what a little beauty! Oh, she's a real doll. She is perfect."

Welcome words. In the mirror, very welcome too, the reflection of a third tiny girl, pink and healthy in appearance, crying lustily. Still crying, Mary Catherine was taken into the nursery.

With three of my five babies now safely on the earth, I was grateful. I loved my three daughters from the beginning, but I guess I was human enough to recall I still had two chances for a son. Until that point my labor had gone smoothly, with all developments following as normal a pattern as could be expected.

When the fourth-born of the quints attempted to push a way forward, there was trouble. One tiny hand and a tiny foot appeared simultaneously. As it was explained to me later, the emerging baby lay sidewise, in a position that blocked the birth canal and made delivery impossible.

I was exhausted by my struggles but conscious of nearly everything going on. I wasn't afraid. When Doctor Berbos reached up his gloved hand to help me, he seemed entirely calm and contained. Quickly he pushed the little hand of the fourth baby back in my body, located by touch and pulled down a second little foot. In a matter of minutes, or perhaps seconds, the fourth of our quints, another "footling," arrived.

Andy and I named him James Andrew Fischer. The "James" was given to him in honor of Doctor James Berbos.

My deep joy at bearing a son, so wanted by Andy, Danny and myself, didn't lessen in the least my joy at the appearance of the last of the quintuplets—Mary Margaret Fischer. She was born shortly after three A.M. Mary Margaret, though in greater danger than any of the four others from oxygen loss, was the heaviest and strongest of our four newly born girls.

After everything was over—dawn wasn't too far off—I was washed, packed with surgical dressings and wheeled to a private room. There I saw Andy. He and I kissed. He had seen our quintuplets, lying in their Isolettes. All five looked fine to him, Andy said. THE END

This is an excerpt from Mary Ann Fischer's complete story published in the December Ladies' Home Journal, which goes on sale November 26.

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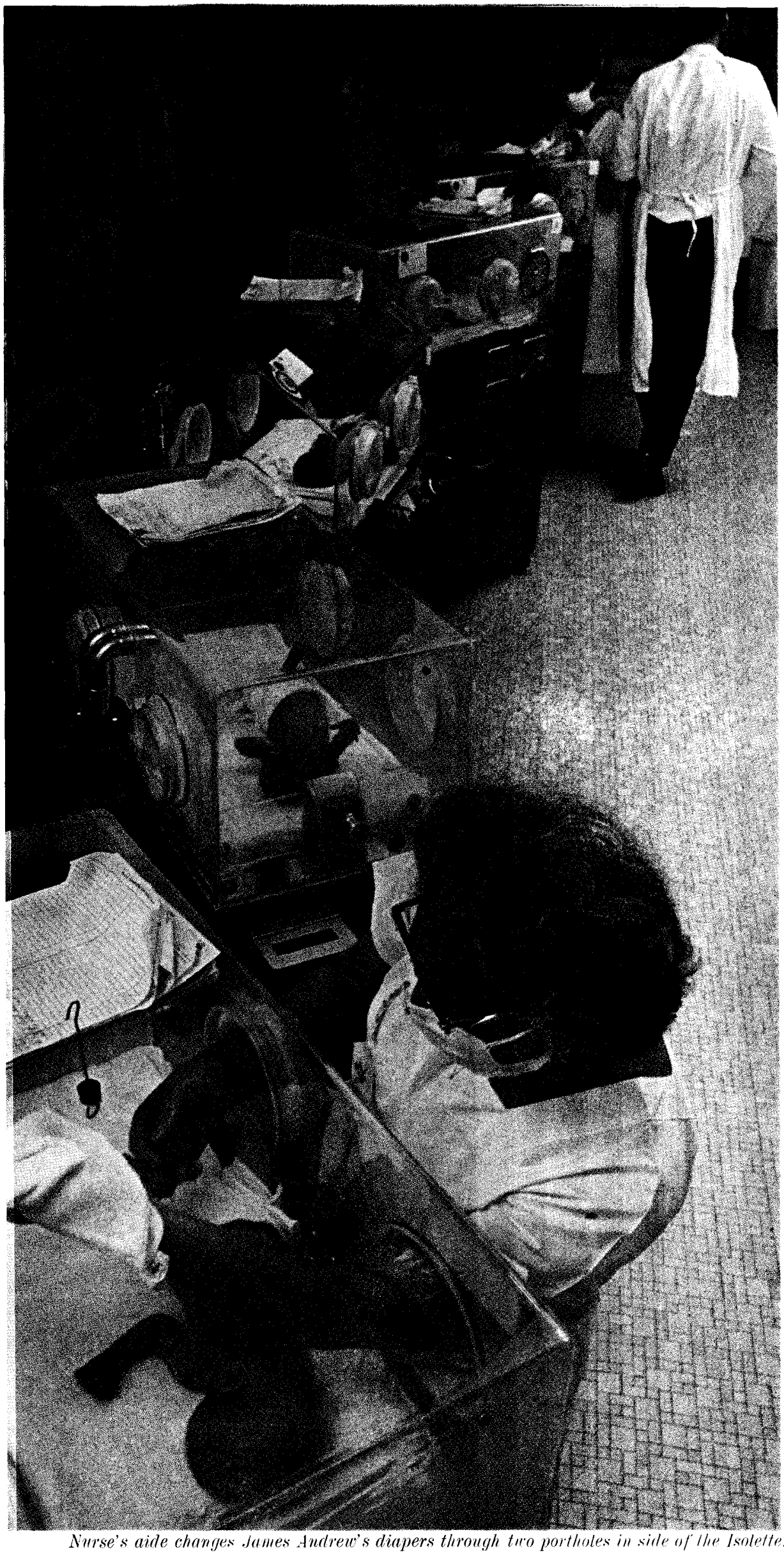


Nurse's aide changes James Andrew's diapers through two portholes in side of the Isolette.

"The Dionnes were a

(Continued from Page 30) going to have quints, and how worried I was about paying the doctor and hospital bill. I figured it might run as high as $5,000.

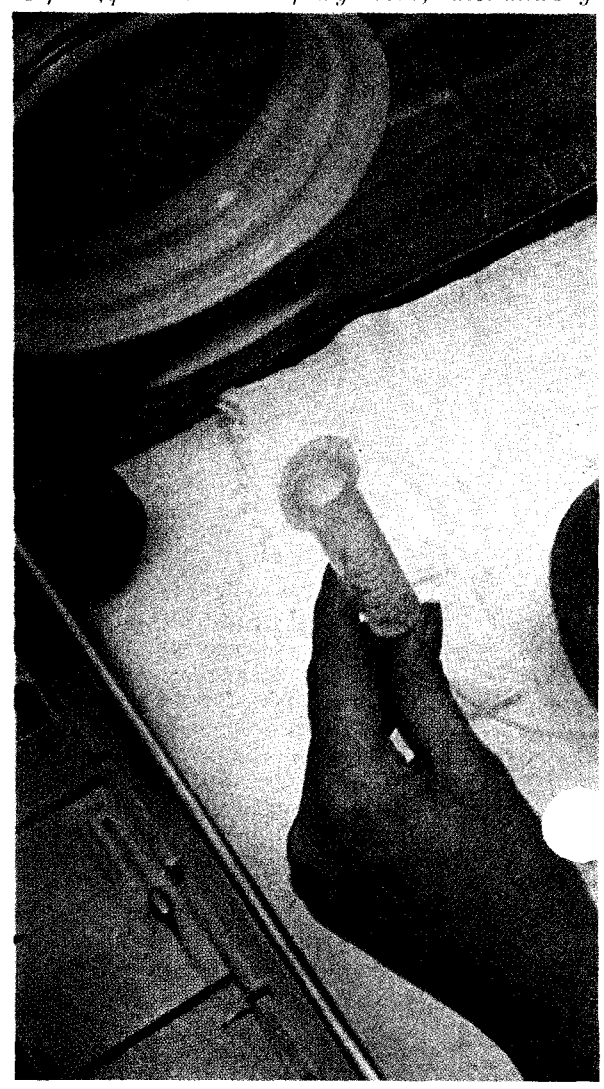
Then, for the first time, the name of the Dionne quints came up. Larry and Elenora said that if we actually had five babies as the Dionnes did, we probably wouldn't have to worry about finances at all. They both said that it would get a lot of publicity and plenty of people would want to help us. But I still couldn't see it that way. "That happened a long time ago," I said. "Things were different then. The fact that the Fischers have quints won't be that important."

It was around 12:30, I guess—already Saturday morning—when I got home. I was worn out but still not sleepy as I went to bed. We are religious people, and I was beginning to feel that it must be God's will that Mary Ann had been chosen to be the mother of quintuplets. I prayed that God would give both of us the strength and wisdom to handle the responsibilities we would have to be facing very soon.

But I didn't know that the greatest trial of our lives had begun. Over at the hospital Mary Ann already had gone into labor.

Looking back, I can see that in some ways our lives, as rugged as they may have been at times prepared us for this trial. Both of us come from pioneer stock. Both of us grew up during hard years of drought, dust storms and farm depression. Mary Ann was born on June 8, 1933, on t 640-acre farm of her grandparents, the Norbe Schroeders, near Hecla, S.Dak. Her mother, Evelyn Schroeder Brady, comes from German ancestry and is a pretty, dark-haired woman. Mary Ann's father, Patrick Elmer Brady, is a big, ruddy, redheaded Irishman who was orphaned at 13 and made his way as a hired hand, farm renter, and now owns the old Schroeder place.

At first, quints had to be fed glucose, water and sug



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›ng time ago," I said. "The Fischer quints won't be all that important."

As a little girl, Mary Ann loved farm life and all kinds of sports. She was a long-legged, husky tomboy who could run as fast as her year-older brother, Earl. She was even more daring than he was in climbing windmill towers and silos. She rode horses, milked cows, ran tractors and worked in the fields. At Hecla High School she was a star athlete who was center on the girl's basketball team, pitcher on the softball team, and collected blue ribbons by the dozen in such events as the running broad jump, 100-yard dash and kittenball throw.

Although Mary Ann always was on the bashful side, she still loved to take part in school activities. She taught herself to play the accordion and performed at assemblies and parties. She took roles in school plays, learned to be an excellent dancer and attended church summer camps. Like her father, she had quite a sense of humor and liked to play practical jokes. Once she helped pose a dead pheasant in a hedgerow just before her Uncle John Brady was going hunting. Sure enough, he spotted and blazed away at the sitting pheasant. Later she showed him a photo she had taken of the bird being put in place.

After Mary Ann was graduated from high school in 1951, she wanted to stay right on the farm, and the truth is that she would have been a big help to her family. She was a tall, strong girl ·'ho could do almost any farm job as well as a ɔ, and was a good cook to boot. But her .ents thought she should get out into the world, and persuaded her to go to the School of Commerce in Aberdeen, about 50 miles away.

They had a tough time convincing her that it was the right thing for her to do. They had to get a teacher from the school to come out twice to give her a sales talk. But she had taken typing and bookkeeping in high school, and the idea of running business machines really did appeal to her. So she moved into an apartment in Aberdeen with three other girls and signed up for a six-month course learning to run the Comptometer and Dictaphone. After she got started, she found she got a big kick out of the courses. She also went in for sports. Soon she was playing center on the school's women's basketball team, pitching for the nurses' softball team and roller skating on her free nights. After she finished the business course in February, 1952, she went to work as a Comptometer operator for the district office of Socony-Mobil Oil Company. She liked her work and also took up bowling—at which she became a champion—and it happened that this was my main sport too. That's how we met.

I was something of a loner

Up to that time, I had been something of a loner, not asking much of the world except to let me go my own way. My parents had about concluded that I was going to be a bachelor. The problem was that I had a poor childhood. Because of illness and hard times, I got very little education or boyhood fun, and I had to concentrate on making a living and helping out at home.

I was born March 9, 1925 at Linton, N. Dak.—that's where the hospital was—but my family lived at Strasburg. My parents were both born in this country, but their folks had come to Strasburg in the emigration of German Catholics from Russia back in the 1870's. When I was about six or seven, my folks lost their farm through foreclosure of the mortgage and moved to the little town of Eagle Butte, S. Dak., where we lived in a little three-room house and Dad worked at odd jobs to support his family. I was the fourth of six children. At one point he had to go on WPA. Later he got a job with the state highway department doing road work.

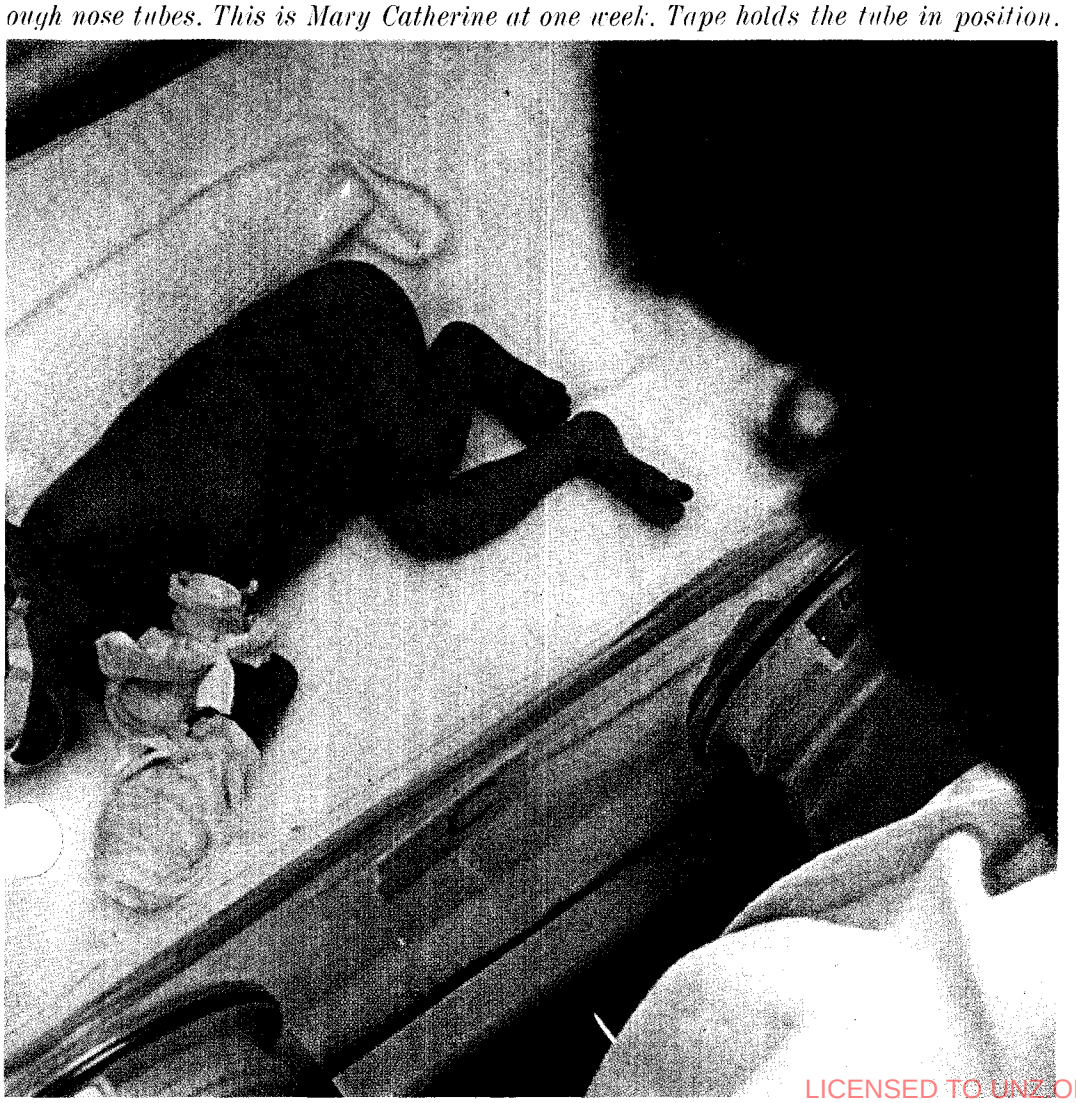
I went to parochial school but had a hard time because of illness. The doctors operated on me to remove my appendix when I was in the third grade but apparently they didn't do a complete job, because when I was in the fifth I came down with a ruptured appendix. At first the doctors wouldn't operate because they thought my appendix had already been removed. When they finally did operate they pulled me through, but I was out of school for three months.

Also, my eyesight was quite bad; I had one very weak eye. I managed to get through the eighth grade, but it seemed I couldn't get any glasses that would correct my eyes, so my folks took me out of school to save my eyesight. During the summers I had worked on farms around the country and in a garage—I remember the pay at the garage was 25 cents a day. After quitting school I went to work full time as a clerk at the Sunshine Grocery in Eagle Butte, and my pay was raised—to 75 cents a day.

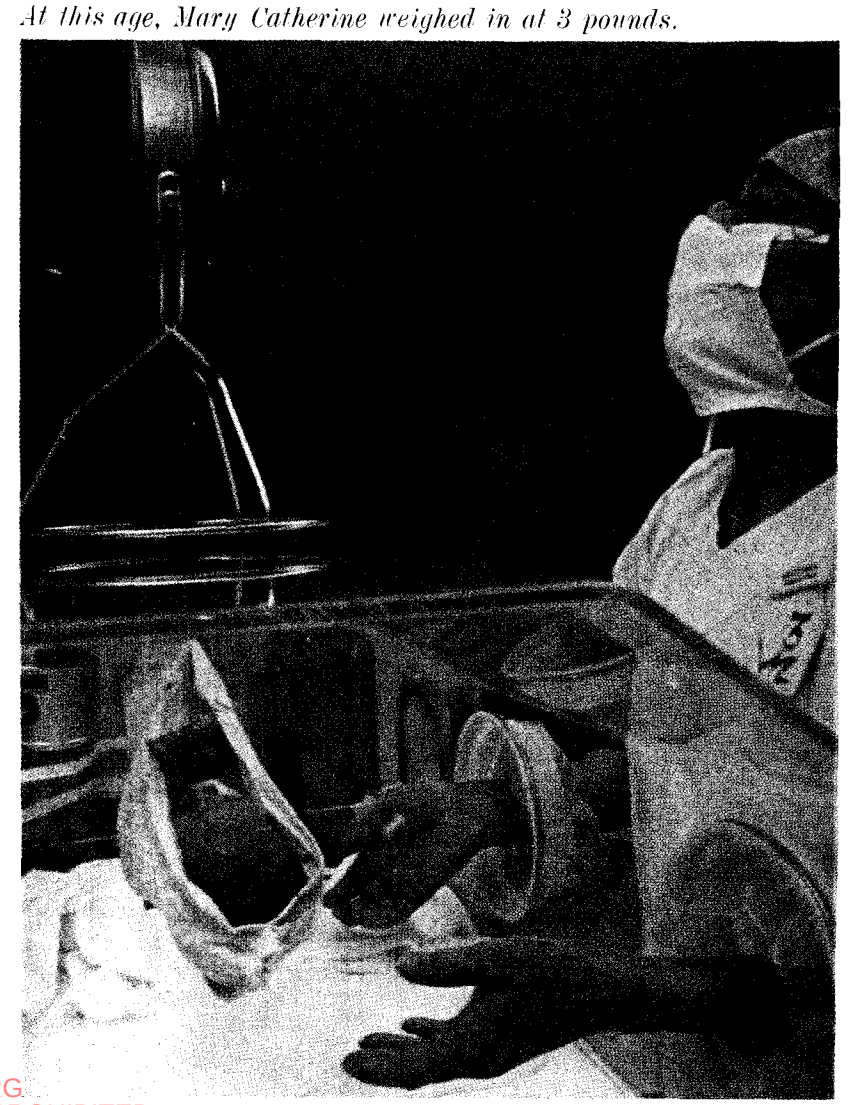
During the war I was put in a limited-service classification because of my eyes and never was inducted into the Army. I got a road maintenance job with the highway department, working with my dad. This was outdoor work, and I liked it, even though it was no picnic when the blizzards came roaring down from Canada and the temperature dropped to 30 below zero.

Then late in 1945 we decided as a family that we should move to Aberdeen. My two older brothers, Max and Leo, were home from the war and wanted to go to Aberdeen's Northern State Teachers College on the GI Bill. We knew that jobs were plentiful in the larger town, which has around 23,000 population. Just a couple of weeks after we moved I managed to get a job unloading

ough nose tubes. This is Mary Catherine at one week. Tape holds the tube in position.



At this age, Mary Catherine weighed in at 3 pounds.



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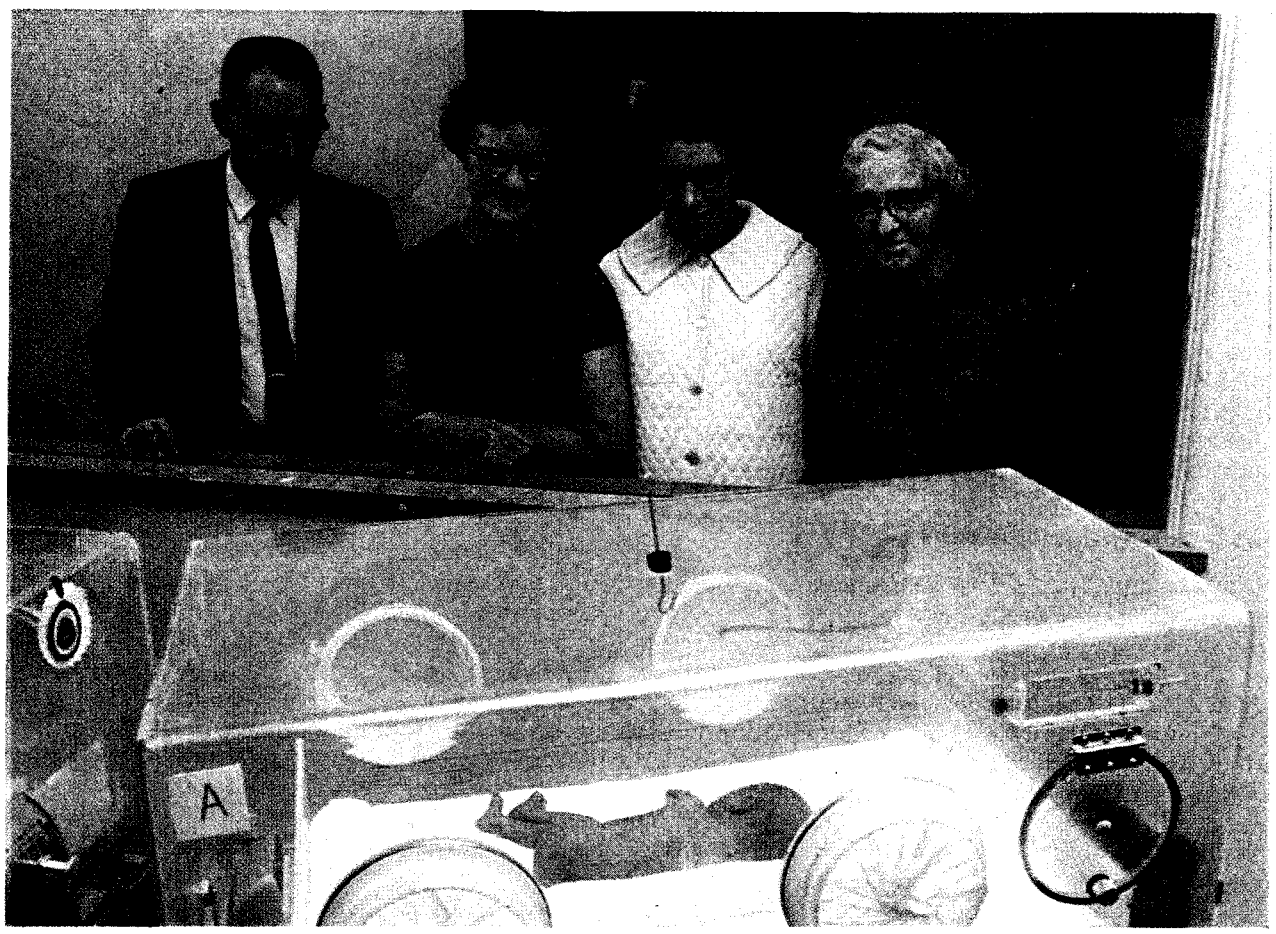
"It didn't seem I had all those babies. . . I never got to hold them."



Andy, Mary Ann's mother, Mary Ann and her grandmother, Mrs. Schroeder, admire quints.

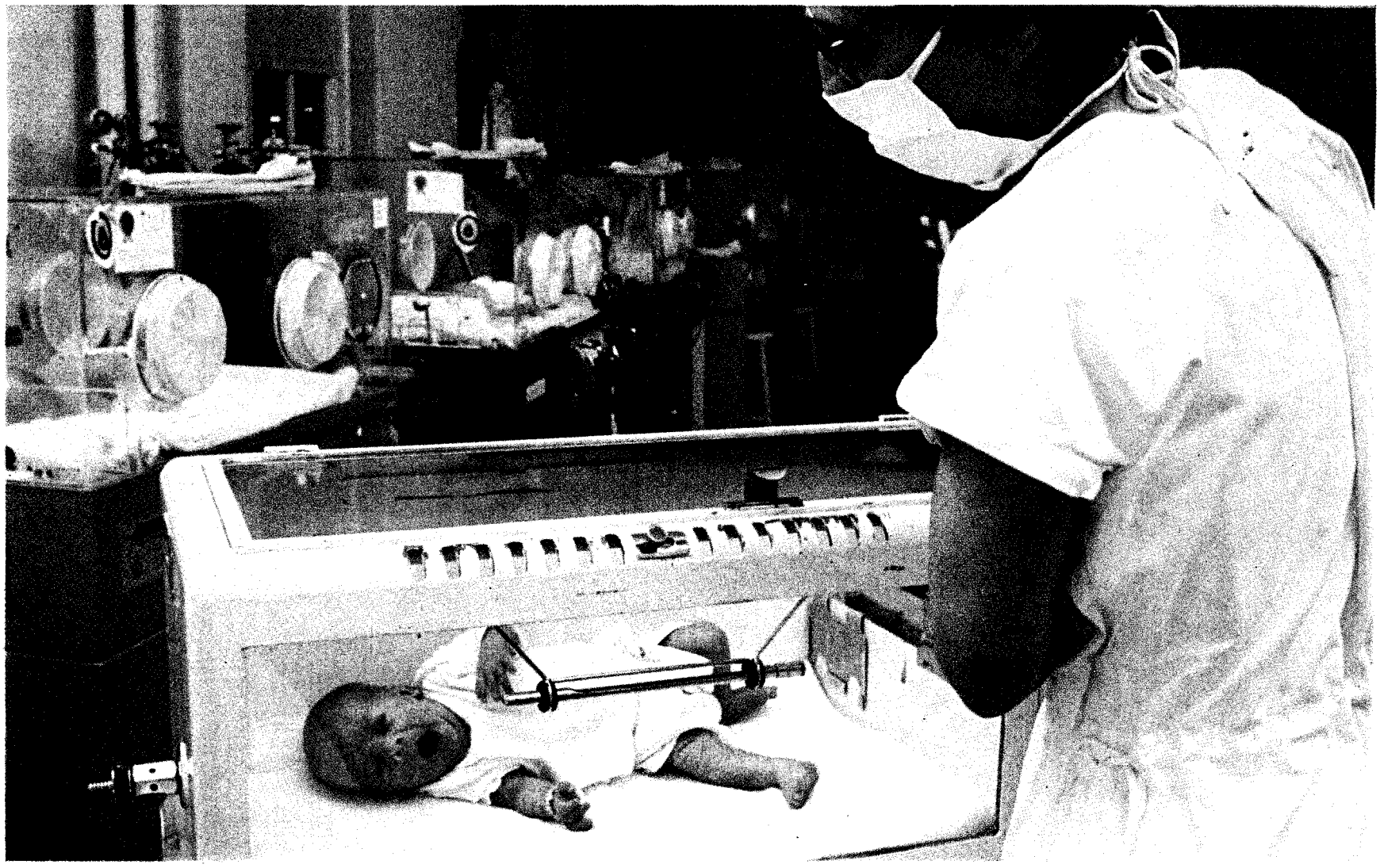
freight cars and trucks in the shipping department of Nash Finch.

These were good years for the Fischer family. The house was full, with my two brothers, three sisters, myself and our parents. We had a tight squeeze financially, but we made our money go a long way. We always had a big vegetable garden, and my mother did her own baking. Around 1948 I was promoted to the job of shipping clerk at Nash Finch. This suited me right down to the ground; I liked the grocery business when I was a kid, and I still do.

I probably wouldn't have met Mary Ann if I hadn't taken up bowling. As you may have gathered, I wasn't very athletic. But around 1952 the King Pin bowling alley opened here, and some friends asked me to join the Rollaway League, which had mixed teams of men and women. I had never rolled a bowling ball in my life, and it surprised me when I turned out to be pretty good at it.

Mary Ann and I aren't just sure when we first seriously noticed each other. She and another girl were the only unmarried women in the league, and I was the only bachelor; so naturally we were teased a lot. One day when I was bowling, Mary Ann came in the King Pin to buy a new ball and wanted to try it out, but all the alleys were taken with a tournament. However, a league member named Henry Kindschi was looking for somebody to *(Continued on Page*

At one month, James Andrew—biggest and strongest of the five—went into an ordinary incubator. He was named for obstetrician James Berbos.



Through Isolette "window" Dr. Berbos checks heart of two-week-old Mary Catherine.

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Obstetrician James N. Berbos.

AN IMPERTURBABLE MAN

Like many big men, James Nickolas Berbos (six feet three, 210 pounds) is completely imperturbable. He is quiet, laconic, given to low-key announcements. Now 41 and the father of five children himself, he is the oldest of four living children of Nick Berbos, a grocery-store owner and farmer who came here from Greece in 1911. At 6:30 on the morning after the quints were born, Jim telephoned his father. "Well," he said, "I've just delivered quintuplets." As his father recalls it, "I said, 'Congratulations,' and that's about all there was to it."

Jim Berbos's mother died when he was 10, and he and his brother and two sisters were raised by their father. Jim graduated from Aberdeen High School, where he played tackle on the football team, and went on to Northern State College and the University of South Dakota, getting his medical degree from the University of Louisville. He came back to Aberdeen in 1949 and went into general practice. Aside from a hitch in the Marines during the Korean War, he's been there ever since.

Although a general practitioner, he delivers more babies than most obstetricians. He figures that he has delivered more than 3,700, and he took care of Mrs. Fischer's first five—one at a time. She thinks of him as "a very comfortable person to be with."

In the birth of the quints there were no serious complications. But the obstetrical task was demanding, and those who were present give Doctor Berbos more than ordinary credit. "Jim maintained amazing control over the mother," said Dr. Bernard F. King, one of the attending doctors. "He would say, 'Now, Mary Ann, the first baby is coming. Just relax. Breathe the oxygen. Now here it is. It's a fine baby girl. Now we've got to wait awhile. . . .' And the mother never uttered a cry. Jim has this kind of influence on most of his patients, though few are as brave as Mrs. Fischer."

The first person Jim called after the last quint was born was his wife. "They're all alive and all right," he said. "I'll be home soon."

Sally Berbos, who married him while he was an intern, is a tall, slender woman with a direct and charming manner. She and the children were more excited than he was. Ten-year-old Jim's ambition to be a doctor took a great leap forward. And Nancy, who is seven, decided to become a nurse "so I can shot the babies."

While Sally is used to her husband's hours, she has never stopped trying to get him to slow down. "I've been saying for years," Sally says, "'Jim, if you would only cut out your OB practice.'" She laughed. "Just look at what we'd have missed."

Four days after the quints were born, an expectant mother called to say that her labor was starting and to ask Doctor Berbos to meet her at the hospital. Sally, who took the call, asked her name. "Fischer," came the reply. "Mrs. Rodney Fischer."

This Fischer baby, no relative, arrived alone, a single, solitary little girl.—S.M.S.

(Continued from Page 34)

substitute for his partner, who hadn't showed up; so he asked Mary Ann to team up with him. They ran up a 500-plus score and took first place. I happened to be in the next lane and saw what a good bowler she was. So a couple of nights later when Henry called Mary Ann to go bowling, she had to tell him that she couldn't—she was going with me.

Mary Ann claims that she began to take a real interest in me sometime later when we met at a dance and I asked her to waltz. Like any good German in this part of the country, I learned the waltz before any other dance, and it's the one I like best. It's her favorite too, and it wasn't long after that dance that we started going around together. We had lots of excuses to be together, because I was elected president of the Rollaway League, and she was the secretary. We bowled several nights a week, and between times went to movies and dances. Two years later we were married in St. Mary's Church in Aberdeen.

Mary Ann was a Protestant at the time we were married, but a year and a half later she decided to join the Catholic Church. I didn't press her on this, but was happy that she decided to do it. I've always been a strong Catholic and never missed Sunday mass more than two or three times in my life, and then only when I was ill or traveling. Back in Eagle Butte I was an altar boy for years.

At 12:30 the phone rang

And now, we had five children and were expecting five more. I was just getting ready for bed that night about 12:30 when the phone rang. It was the hospital reporting that Mary Ann was in labor and that I should come right over. I threw on a sport shirt and some slacks and ran out to my car, a beat-up 1953 Plymouth, and drove to the hospital and went right up to the obstetrical wing on the third floor. Mary Ann already had been taken into the delivery room, so I went to the room where they keep the charts and asked the nurses if they would put on a pot of coffee. I figured it would be a long night.

What had happened was that about 3:30 on Friday afternoon Mary Ann had started having some back pains—not labor pains, but a sign that they might be near. Mrs. Marguerite Dorman, the white-haired registered nurse who had charge of the maternity and nursery floor, reported this to Sister André and the doctor. Sister André talked with the Rev. Donald Glynn, the hospital chaplain, and told him that Mrs. Fischer was going to have five babies. He arranged to go to her room that evening to give her the special blessing for mothers before childbirth.

The labor pains started about midnight, and Sister M. René, one of the anesthetists, talked reassuringly with Mary Ann to give her a little "vocal anesthesia." She also explained that prematures do better if the mothers are not given sedatives and that there would be no anesthesia; Mary Ann must put her trust in God as He had chosen her to give birth to quintuplets.

This psychology apparently worked well, because Mary Ann remembers that she wasn't frightened when she went into the delivery room. "Probably I was less scared than at any previous delivery," she says. "This time there was somebody with me, talking with me, all of the time. They didn't give me a chance to think about it. I was awake right through the births and heard everything that went on. And there were so many people around I might as well have been in Grand Central Station."

Actually, there were 12 people on the delivery team. Doctor Berbos was there, and Drs. Bernard F. King and Albin J. Janusz were assisting him; all five of the nurses that work in the maternity department had volunteered to be on duty; and there were two anesthetists, and tv inhalation specialists to handle the Isolettes.

While all this was going on, I was being the typical nervous father, drinking cup after cup of coffee—which I don't normally like—and chain-smoking cigarettes. Some of the nurses kidded me, saying they were having as much trouble taking care of me as they were with the mother. The main question in my mind was whether the babies would be big enough to survive.

Then a little after 1:58, I heard a baby's loud cry, and a nurse came in and said, "It's a girl."

About five minutes later there was another cry, and she came by again. "A girl?" I asked.

"Yes."

Ten or eleven minutes later: "No boys yet, huh?" I asked.

"Another girl," she said.

Then there was a long wait, about 25 minutes, during which I gulped down more coffee. Finally the nurse came by again and I asked, "No boys yet?" She said, "There is another baby, but they didn't tell me whether it's a boy or a girl."

This really had me shaking my head. I more or less assumed it must be a girl, as that was the way they were running. Our son Danny was going to have a tough time, I thought, as the only boy in a family of nine girls. Then after the fifth baby was born, about 22 minutes later, the nurse told me that it was a girl—and that the fourth one had been a boy! Of course I was happy to have the girls, but the fact that we had another son gave me a special thrill.

Sometime after the last baby was born, Doctor Berbos came into the chartroom and told me that all of them were normal, except for being premature, and that Mary Ann had come through it in good shape. They hadn't weighed the babies, as he didn't want them handled any more than absolutely necessary, but the first girl was the smallest and the boy was the largest and might weigh almost four pounds.

In ten or fifteen minutes they wheeled Mary Ann back to her room, and I went in and told her that all the babies were living and normal. She said, "Thank the Lord it's over with and they're all right." She was exhausted and in pain, but had come through the ordeal exceptionally well. Pretty soon Doctor Berbos and Doctor King came in the room and told Mary Ann that all the babies were fine and she had come through the births in good shape. Then a nurse gave Mary Ann a sedative, and she went to sleep.

They looked awfully tiny

Feeling greatly relieved but still a bit hopped up from all the coffee I had drunk, I went to the nursery window and looked in at my new children. They were in three Isolettes; two babies in two of them and one in the other. I could tell that they were awfully tiny as compared to the other babies in the nursery, and several of them were kicking while the others snoozed. I thought they were nice-looking babies—miniatures, but well developed, with a damp fuzz of hair on their heads. As I looked down at them, I felt for the first time that they were real, and ours, and not just a dream. Someway, somehow, Mary Ann and I would manage to take good care of them.

Those few moments by the nursery window were the last opportunity I would have for quiet reflection for many days. The Fischers' private world was about to explode in a blaze of flashbulbs. I had my first hint of what was to come just after the last baby was born and a local

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photographer and a reporter showed up and started taking pictures. And before I finally left the hospital at about 4:45 in the morning, photographers and reporters were pushing around, asking all sorts of questions.

This scared me more than that waiting period in the chartroom. I never had been interviewed before; I was nearly exhausted and not thinking clearly. I didn't want to say anything that might sound foolish. I definitely didn't want anyone to make a circus out of our family, and I still don't.

The sun was just coming up when I finally got away from the hospital and drove home. I hoped to get a little sleep before milking the cows, but the phone was already ringing off the wall. Mrs. Brady had gone back to Hecla on Friday, and my mother was there, and she had been answering the phone for an hour or so. I took over and tried to cope with those calls coming from newspapers all over the United States and Canada. I never did get the cows milked; I had to call Larry Heintzman to come out and do it.

My home became a madhouse

Within an hour reporters were banging on the door, and the house was full of people. It was a madhouse. I had to get out of there or lose my mind. About 10 o'clock in the morning I slipped out and got somebody—I don't even remember who—to take me over to my parents' home, a little house near St. Mary's church they had traded for just a year ago. I was just starting to get to sleep about 11 o'clock when Sister Stephen called me and said that Bishop Hoch of Sioux Falls was flying over to baptize the babies, and the ceremony would take place at about one o'clock in the nursery.

By this time the reporters and other people had discovered that I was at my folks' house and were just about to break down the doors. One woman I had never seen before had scribbled out a contract on the back of an envelope, giving her power to handle my "public relations," and she was determined I was going to sign it then and there. I told her I wasn't going to sign anything. This was just the first of many deals that people would try to make with me.

I was dying for sleep, and the house was filled with a blur of pointing cameras, outstretched hands and smiling faces, offering me congratulations and then asking questions I couldn't answer. About this time I gladly would have traded places with Mary Ann. I had to get away.

I finally managed to get over to the big parish house of Sacred Heart Church without being followed. Our priest, Rev. P. C. Conway, wasn't there. I sneaked into the garage back of the parish house and knocked on a side door. A young priest whom I didn't know came to the door.

"I'm Andy Fischer," I said. "Everybody is after me, and I have to get away from them. Can I come in for a while?"

The priest said, "Why, of course." He had heard about the quints and knew about the plans for the baptism. He introduced himself as Father Johnson. I told him I would like to stay here until I met the bishop at one o'clock over at the hospital. He took me upstairs where I lay down for about an hour's nap. At one he awakened me to say that the bishop was waiting for me.

The baptism and confirmation were done right in the nursery. But first we had to select names for the babies. We hadn't even had time to think about that before; when the babies were born, the nurses just labeled them in sequence, A, B, C, D and E. I talked it over with Mary Ann, and as we couldn't decide on full names in such a hurry, the bishop *(Continued on Page 39)*

No frantic race with the stork. Aberdeen medical team was scrubbed and ready for the Fischer quints

By Steven M. Spencer

To those who remember the wild news flashes out of Callander, Ont., 29 years ago, the disciplined staging of the recent arrivals in Aberdeen, S. Dak., presents some startling medical contrasts. In Ontario a last-minute race in Papa Dionne's old car brought Dr. Allan R. Dafoe to the bedside two babies behind the stork. In Aberdeen three doctors, five nurses and several technicians were all scrubbed and ready. No simple basket, propped across two chairs and heated with flatirons, received the Fischer babies, as it had the Dionnes. Instead, in the five-story, 225-bed St. Luke's Hospital, there stood an array of expensive, air-conditioned, automatically regulated incubators.

As the first quintuplets in North America to be born and survive since the Dionnes, and the only ones now alive here as a "complete set," the Fischer babies occupy a select place in medical history. The world medical literature since 1694 records only 51 cases of quintuple births—one in every 54 million to 57 million births. Of these, eight were in the U.S.

At the time the Dionnes were born it was believed they were the first children to survive quintuple birth. But when the Fischer quints hit the headlines an American Medical Association news writer, William Monaghan, decided to check further. He turned up an 81-year-old physician, Dr. J. Floyd Furnish, who said he had delivered quintuplets on February 13, 1914, to Mrs. Gaither Drury, in her two-room Kentucky cabin. Two baby girls were born dead, one boy lived for two years, and two others, Claude and Lloyd, are still living, in Indiana.

At least four other sets of quints have been born in the United States since the Dionnes, but all of the babies died within a few days. Apart from the Dionnes and the Fischers, there are only two other known sets of quintuplets living anywhere.

The oldest set is almost unknown to the world. They are the Diligenti quints, three girls and two boys, who celebrated their nineteenth birthday last July 15. Their father, a wealthy Argentine industrialist, has gone to extraordinary lengths to shield them from all publicity. To enable them to grow up as individuals, he even sent them to five different boarding schools in England.

The other quints, who arrived just a week before the Fischers, are the five sons of Mrs. Inés Maria Cuervo, born in Maracaibo, Venezuela. (Their story will appear in a forthcoming issue of the Post.)

All babies who arrive in clusters—twins, triplets, quads or quints—face hazards of several kinds. The first, which also endanger the mother, are the hazards of the birth process. The babies may lie in abnormal positions in the uterus. The umbilical cords—the infants' prenatal supply lines—may be dangerously or fatally squeezed. And hemorrhage after the delivery is more frequent with multiple births.

Mrs. Mary Ann Fischer and her five babies came through the delivery unscathed, thanks to her own sturdy constitution and to the skill of her obstetrician, Dr. James N. Berbos.

Once the quints had emerged from the protective environment of the womb, they faced the external perils of prematurity, for they had arrived six to eight weeks early. The most serious threat was that of hyaline membrane disease, or respiratory-distress syndrome. A mysterious impairment of breathing, it is the commonest cause of death among premature babies. And since it had just taken the life of President and Mrs. Kennedy's premature son, it was uppermost in many minds at Aberdeen.

But the Fischer babies came through this anxious period with no respiratory complications whatever. During this period they were sheltered in a special type of incubator known as an Isolette. This device, which automatically regulates temperature and humidity, is made by the Air-Shields Corporation of Hatboro, Pa., and used throughout the world (the Venezuela quints also are in Isolettes). It is basically the invention of Dr. Charles C. Chapple, of Washington, D.C., who introduced it in 1937, when he was a pediatrician, practicing in Philadelphia. (The Kennedy baby was in an Isolette and was later transferred to a large high-pressure oxygen chamber for treatment of his respiratory disease.)

Because the premature baby's body-temperature regulating mechanism is still imperfect, and because he loses weight through evaporation, it is important to keep him in a warm, humid atmosphere. The Isolette automatically maintains both humidity and temperature within one degree of the desired levels, and also filters the air to remove all bacteria.

To make doubly sure that everything was functioning properly, two inhalation therapists, Dan Kraft and Gerald Smith, checked the readings every hour.

Assisted by extra oxygen (less than 35 per cent) mixed for a few days with their incubator air, the quints remained healthy. This is not to say they didn't give the doctor and nurses occasional moments of concern. Doctor Berbos believes in handling prematures as little as possible. For this reason the quints were not weighed until they were six days old. During this first weighing, in a cloth-covered pan slung from a spring scale inside the Isolette, Mary Ann, the smallest baby, became slightly blue—indicating a momentary disturbance in blood circulation. To avoid further strain on the heart, the doctor ordered the nurses not to lift her onto the scale again for another two weeks.

There were always at least three nurses on duty in the St. Luke's nursery, which the quints shared with several other babies, including at one time a pair of twins. Because their sucking and swallowing reflexes were easily exhausted, the Fischer babies were fed at first through plastic tubes inserted through their noses. Even when switched to bottles, feeding took a long time. A nurse had to stand at the Isolette, with her arms through the portholes, for 20 to 45 minutes to get one and a half to four ounces of formula into the tiny stomach.

"But it's worth all the time and trouble just to watch them gain and grow," one of the nurses remarked. "And because premies stay with us longer than full-term babies, we really become fond of them."

By the third week in October three of the quints could safely be moved from their Isolettes into a simpler type of incubator, and the boy, James, had already taken the second step, into an open bassinet. All are gaining strength and the prognosis is that they'll be a frisky fivesome—and a healthy one. THE END

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In spare moments they strive to read the thousands of letters and telegrams that have poured in. From left, Charlotte, Mary Ann, Andy and sleepy Julie.

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We never dreamed people would want to be so nice to us.

(Continued from Page 37) suggested that we use "Mary" for all of the girls, with a second name to be added later. The boy, he said, could be named Andrew Joseph, after me. Mary Ann agreed to "Andrew," but wanted the boy also to be named "James," after Doctor Berbos. This appealed to me too—so we decided on James Andrew.

After we got this settled, we all scrubbed up with surgical soap and put on sterile gowns and face masks and went into the nursery. The bishop reached through the portholes of each of the Isolettes in turn and performed the baptism and confirmation, sprinkling a few drops of holy water on the babies' heads and anointing their foreheads with holy oil as he confirmed them.

After the ceremony I managed to make some progress with my most desperate needs: getting some sleep and finding someone to handle the people who flocked around me whenever I poked my nose out of the restricted area in the hospital. Father Conway had advised me not to sign anything without getting legal advice. I checked around and found that a local law firm, Agor, Siegel, Barnett and Schutz, had done legal work for the hospital, so I called one of the partners, Joseph H. Barnett, and arranged for the firm to represent me. After that I answered all questions and propositions with, "See my lawyer." Then went to bed in a spare room in the hospital chaplain's apartment. I stayed in that apartment for most of the next two days.

Although the immediate pressure on Mary Ann and me had eased a bit, there was another big crisis coming. Doctor Berbos told us that although the babies seemed to be coming along nicely, their first 72 hours or so would be a critical period. There was always a chance that fatal complications might show up. What he feared most, I believe, was that some of them might develop hyaline membranes in their lungs, which would interfere with their breathing. Premature babies are especially susceptible to this disease, the same one that had caused the death of President and Mrs. Kennedy's baby, Patrick, just a month before. I had been very touched by the telegram the Kennedys had sent us:

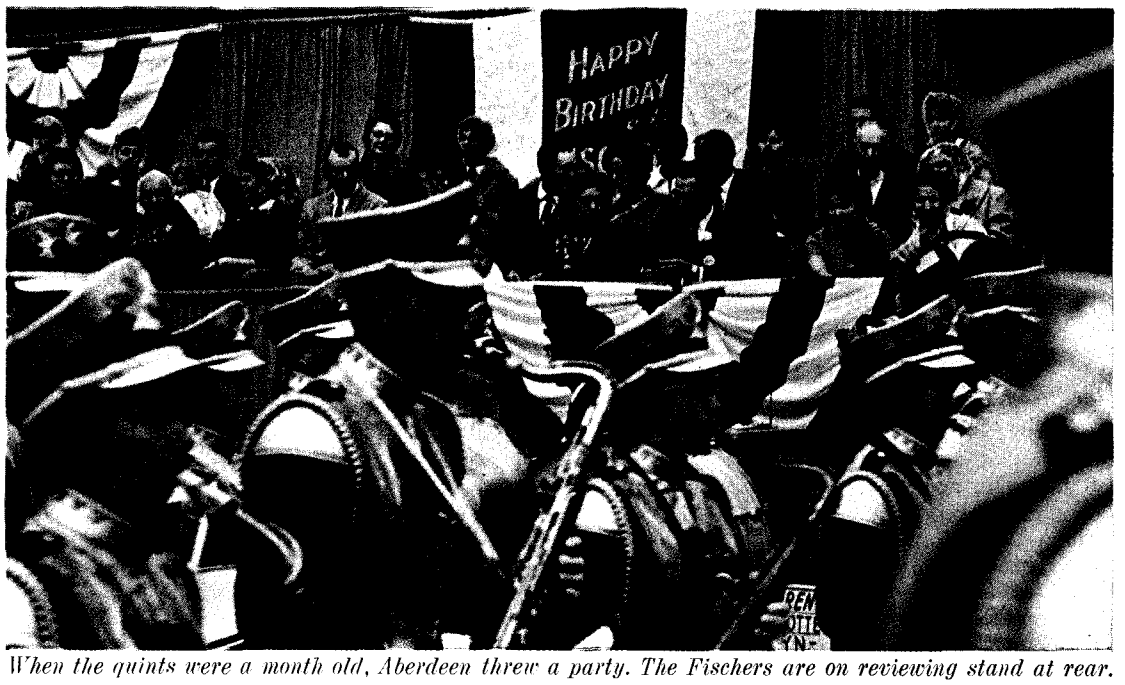
PLEASE ACCEPT OUR BEST WISHES AND HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON THE OCCASION OF THE BIRTH OF YOUR QUINTUPLETS. IT IS AN EVENT OF GREAT NATIONAL PRIDE. WE WISH MRS. FISCHER A SPEEDY CONVALESCENCE AND WE WISH FOR THE CONTINUED SATISFACTORY PROGRESS OF THE INFANTS.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. JOHN F. KENNEDY

For the next several days most of our thoughts and prayers were in that bright, tiled nursery, where the motors on the Isolettes hummed steadily. Mary Ann was taken to the nursery window to look in at the quints, and it was tough on her not to be able to touch them. She ached to take them in her arms. "It didn't even seem that I had had those babies," she told me. "I always nursed my other babies—they were brought to me right away. But these, I never got to hold them for an instant."

The babies themselves seemed to be thriving. Some of them had on tiny little diapers, and they were so lively that the nurses had to put little mitts on their hands to keep them from pulling the plastic tubes out of their noses. The doctors told me that the sucking instinct of "premies" isn't fully *(Continued on Page 41)*

The first interviews with press, radio and television reporters were a real ordeal for Mary Ann Fischer.



When the quints were a month old, Aberdeen threw a party. The Fischers are on reviewing stand at rear.

As a part of birthday celebration, Andy and Mary Ann led a parade down their hometown's main street.

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A brand-new booster sign welcomes tourists at the outskirts of town.

OUR TOWN IS ON THE MAP!

Aberdeen hopes for a "quint boom"—but only with dignity.

By TREVOR ARMBRISTER

At Dean's IGA Market on South Main Street in Aberdeen, S. Dak., the management acted as soon as the news broke. Workmen removed the billboard advertisement (TERRACE PARK ICE CREAM, .88 one gal.), hoisted a new sign that read:

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE FISCHERS
4 GIRLS 1 BOY
WOW

At radio station KABR, announcers pridefully noted that their programs originated in Quint City, U.S.A. At the Orpheum Theater on South Lincoln Street, the new arrivals shared billing on the broad marquee with Doris Day and *The Thrill of It All.* Like an avalanche, the enthusiasm built on itself. At the Alonzo Ward Hotel, bartender William Armantrout whipped up a concoction called the Quintini—four olives, one onion in a double Martini—and sold more than 60 in the first few days. Veteran postmaster Ed Stromwall planned to replace his cancellation slug, KEEP SOUTH DAKOTA GREEN, with a new one saluting the quints. And in a hotel lobby, Chief Standing Bull, grandson of Sitting Bull, welcomed the quints into the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe, then asked his self-conscious braves—one wore tennis shoes; another sported sunglasses—to dance for newsmen.

Wherever you wandered on Main Street—from Burckhard's Bakery to the Parsch hardware store—it was hard to find anyone who didn't believe the birth was the biggest event in Aberdeen's history. "Yessir," nodded telegrapher Joe Noonan, "I've been here all my life, and this is the biggest story since the Christie family murder [a quadruple shooting] in 1912."

Said radio station receptionist Rose Lee Hackett, "I'm glad it happened here. It'll make people realize that there *is* a South Dakota and there *is* an Aberdeen."

Mayor J. Cliff Hurlbert, a short, soft-spoken man, summed it up best: "Things like this just don't happen in Aberdeen. They happen in Timbuktu. So when I first heard the news, I didn't believe it. Then our reaction changed to one of concern. We realized the quints' chances for survival were slim. Finally, when they seemed to be out of danger, we let our enthusiasm go to work."

Ever since the morning of September 14 when Mary Ann Fischer made front-page news for the Aberdeen *American-News* and other papers all over the world, the residents of this prairie city have had somewhat mixed emotions. They are happy for the family and aware that the event might do a lot to help the town grow and prosper. But many also feel a responsibility—to act simply as good neighbors, to resist any idea of "exploiting" the Fischers.

No one can blame Aberdonians for thoughts of economic windfalls. Squatting on a table-flat and lonely prairie, Aberdeen is remote from centers of population. Minneapolis—the nearest city of any size—is 284 miles away. The town is almost totally dependent on agriculture. Tourist attractions are nil. Efforts to attract industry have met with little success. As one businessman puts it, "We can't expect a company to ship raw materials here, process them, ship them back to points of consumption and still make a profit."

There is not enough opportunity for young people, and the most inviting road for Aberdeen's high-school or college grads seems to be the two-lane U.S. Highway 12 that runs east and west out of town. The class of 1955 at Central High School is an example. "We had about 250 in our class," says Jim Lust, a wiry, intense young automobile dealer, "but I'll bet less than fifty of them remain. I wish I could say they're the top fifty, but I can't."

Many Aberdonians believe that the quints will lure flocks of tourists—some motels already report reservations for next summer—and provide the spark that will attract industry. "Just having the quints won't change a manufacturer's mind," admits haberdasher Manley Feinstein. "But if you're competing with a lot of other small communities all offering the same things, then you're apt to get the nod."

Whether the quints "do something" for Aberdeen remains to be seen. But, just as it is, the town would seem to be an almost ideal place for them to grow up in. It is not so small that the quints could dominate it, yet small enough so that everyone in town is a "neighbor." "We're very homogeneous here," says Orley Rath, vice president of the First National Bank. "There's no right side or wrong side of town and this has definite implications as far as the Fischers are concerned. I can live here, without looking up to someone or, more important, without looking down on someone."

Friendliness and lack of snobbery is bulwarked by a notable lack of bias. Andy Parks, one of Aberdeen's three Negro citizens, was elected marshal of the annual Gypsy Day parade. (His pretty wife Ramona was one of the nurses who tended the quints in their earliest hours.) Manley Feinstein served as cochairman of the committee to help the Fischers select a homesite; he and 29 other members of his Jewish faith belong to the Aberdeen Country Club. A Sioux Indian, Ben Reifel, represents Aberdeen in Congress.

By metropolitan standards, life is somewhat humdrum. "People here don't do nothin' but drink 'n' go to church," a taxi driver volunteered. He is partly right, but his emphasis is wrong. Like most communities, Aberdeen does imbibe (32 establishments have liquor licenses; nearly all stop serving at midnight), but its citizens spend much more time pursuing religious activities. The city has 31 churches and one synagogue. Attendance is uncommonly high. "It's not just conformity," explains Pastor H. G. Feustel of the Zion Lutheran Church. "We're only a few generations removed from pioneer stock. The early settlers were deeply religious and passed the tradition along."

Except for an occasional show at the American Legion Club, real night life is nonexistent. Aberdeen is a jukebox town, with Lawrence Welk preferred. Once in a while it is a slot-machine town too, although when police chief C. E. Thomas hears one of these is operating somewhere, he simply moseys out and seizes it without any fuss.

But ring-necked pheasants abound on the prairie, making Aberdeen a hunter's mecca. Pleasant shade trees, all planted by hand on the treeless plain, line the quiet streets. The town has South Dakota's only professional baseball team (the Aberdeen Pheasants), a food shop offering delicacies like skewered octopus (Main Gourmet) and even a zoo of sorts (Wylie Park contains seven tired-looking buffalo, five monkeys, two black bears and more pheasants). There is not a single bookstore in town—but there is a brand-new library and two colleges, Northern State Teachers College and Presentation College for Women. The school system is excellent, and even offers an accelerated program for gifted students. "I can't remember a time when a school bond issue was defeated," says *American-News* publisher Henry Schmitt.

The fact that the Fischers want to stay in Aberdeen is very important to Aberdonians. "It's the highest compliment someone could pay our city; so naturally all of us want to do things to make them happy," says Gary Bethke, the young, civic-minded manager of the Stewart School of Hairstyling.

On the morning the quints were born Mayor Hurlbert issued a proclamation asking citizens to pray for the Fischer family's welfare. The city decided to celebrate and geared up for a birthday party on October 14. Red-white-and-blue bunting sprouted over store entrances. Businessmen wore souvenir buttons, jangled souvenir coins, drove automobiles bedecked with stickers that read, "I'M FROM ABERDEEN, HOME OF THE QUINTS." And 13 young ladies from Girl Scout Troop No. 66 met night after night to painstakingly daub pink and blue paint on 25,000 souvenir safety pins.

Not everyone approved of the fuss. Auto dealer Jim Lust fumed: "On the one hand they say, 'No commercialization.' On the other hand they say, 'Let's widen the highway and bring in more tourists.' Isn't that hypocritical?"

Yet most commercial offers to the Fischers were made in a dignified manner. A Chamber of Commerce committee met on the very morning the quints were born to lay down policy for local merchants. "We told people they had to describe in detail what strings, if any, were attached and assure us their offers were good no matter what happened," says Chamber president E. C. Pieplow.

As the "birthday" parade began, and the speeches rang out and the tooting bands swept up Main Street under a gray sky, the manager of a Main Street dry-goods store stated the issue as clearly as anyone:

"I don't think we'll ever exploit the quints. We're not that type of people out here. But we shouldn't play ostrich, either. They've put us on the map, and it's up to us to stay there. Somehow we've got to find a way to capitalize on their presence without for one minute violating their privacy or our own principles." THE END

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(Continued from Page 39) developed, and on the second day these tubes were inserted through each baby's nose and down into its stomach, so that feeding could be started with glucose, water and sugar. These tubes were taped in place with adhesive strips across the babies' upper lips, which didn't improve their looks any but would be necessary until they could be put on the bottle.

Mary Ann was relatively protected from all the excitement and pressures that had been building up. She got some glimmering of it when she was wheeled into a press conference in the hospital cafeteria and we had to face a battery of cameras, microphones and reporters, but it was only a small sample of what was to come later.

We were being flooded with thousands of telegrams and letters from well-wishers all over the country and from other countries. Both of us enjoyed looking at that mail and were amazed and warmed by the pains people would take to express their kind thoughts and hopes for the quints. A good many of the envelopes were decorated with baby pictures or drawings, and some people sent us friendly poems they had written about the babies. Quite a few of the letters even had small checks or money in them.

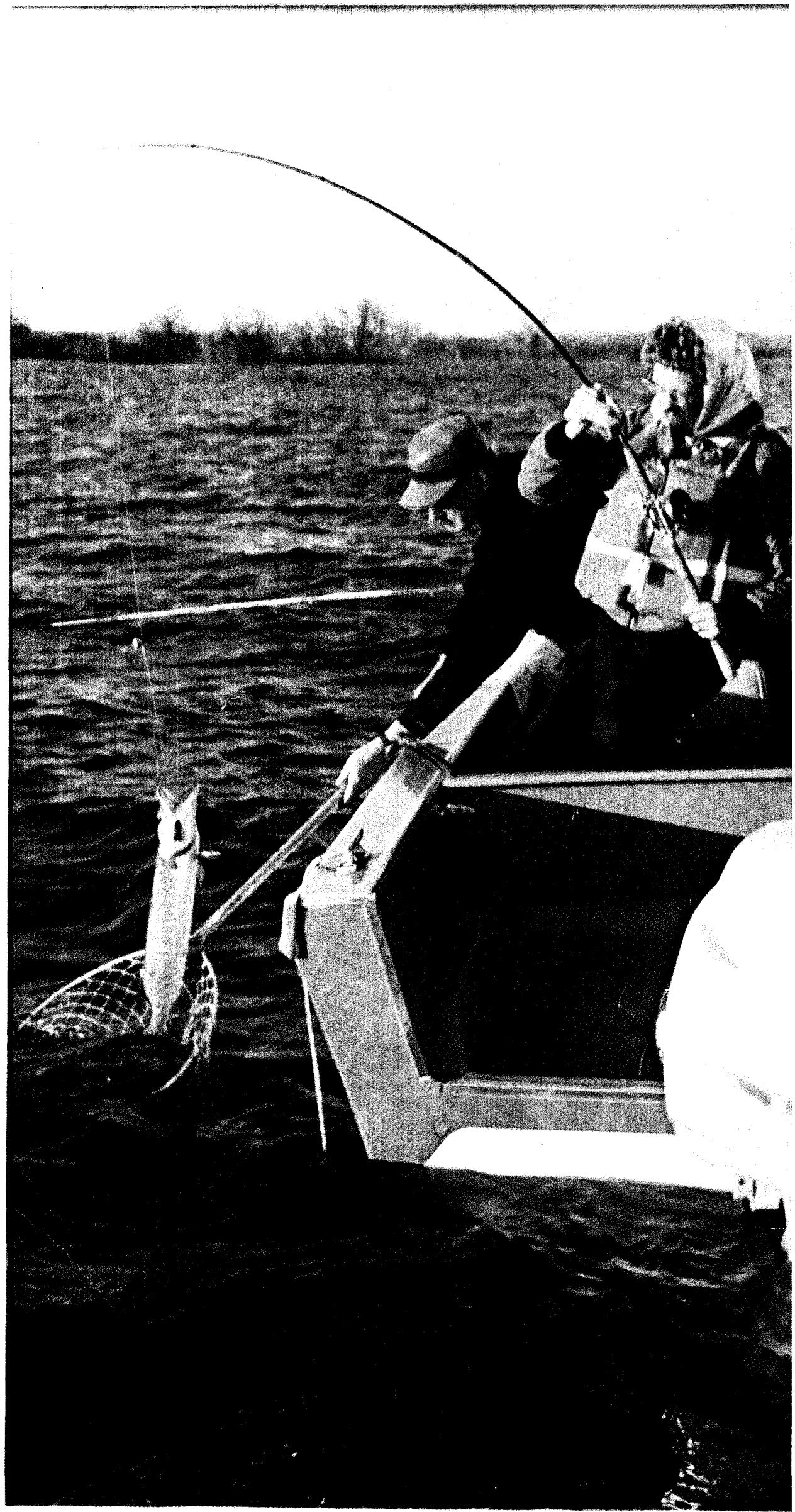
My first hint that many people wanted to help us came that Saturday morning. Sister Stephen had moved Mary Ann into a private room, under police guard, and told her the hospital would not charge us anything. This took a big load off my mind. After I got home from the hospital Chuck Morrisey, the foreman of operations at Nash Finch, told me that Ray Gronos, the manager, had heard the news on the radio and wanted to make sure that I didn't worry about my job—that Nash Finch would give me leave of absence with pay as long as necessary. That was wonderful news, I can tell you. Then a few days later Elroy Harrington, my landlord, who had taken over the milking of our cows, told me that I needn't worry about paying the $50-a-month rent on the farmhouse. In fact, he would give us either the house itself or a site for a new home.

We certainly didn't have our hands out—in fact, we hadn't even thought about the possibility that people would be so nice to us. Just the same, these thoughtful offers took a huge load of worry from our shoulders at a critical time.

The only trouble was that within a day or so the volume of mail, gifts and offers had swelled to such proportions that it was completely beyond us. We couldn't even *begin* to read all the letters. (Somebody told us that the Dionne sisters had sent us a nice greeting, but, to be honest, we haven't seen it and believe it must be in the mass of mail that our bank is sorting out for us.)

Within hours after I asked Joe Barnett to be my lawyer, he found out that there were far more problems than one man could handle, so we arranged for one of his partners, Stan Siegel, to team up with him. And even then, both of them were kept so busy handling phone calls and the press and other arrangements that they were up all hours of the night for the next week or so. When I heard them getting long-distance calls from New York and talking for half an hour or three quarters of an hour at a time, I realized that we were caught up in some high-pressure business. People don't call you for that long just to express their good wishes.

Even though I had these attorneys taking the brunt of dealings with the public, I still had to figure out in general how we would handle things. Believe me, Mary Ann and I weren't—and aren't—interested in making money out of the quints. That never crossed our minds. First, we simply prayed for them to survive and to grow



At a recent outing on Missouri River, Mary Ann pulls in a northern pike while Andy holds the net.

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The papers say we received $250,000, but it isn't nearly that much.

up as healthy, normal children, regular members of our family. If we had been rich, we simply would have turned down all offers, with sincere thanks, and arranged to handle our affairs as privately as possible. But we had to face the reality that we were poor and we had to meet our obligations to our family and our community. I decided that, whatever we did, we were going to do it in a dignified way, and we were going to be ourselves, not try to put on some act. There would be lots of temptations to make big money by exhibiting or exploiting the quints, but we simply wouldn't accept such offers. We would keep control of the situation ourselves and try to do nothing that was out of character or would jeopardize any of our children.

We had things more important than business deals to worry about in those first few days of the quints' lives. Mainly we kept close tabs on the nursery. The reports continued to be good, but we knew that the hazards were great, especially for the firstborn of the Marys, who was much smaller and weaker than the rest of them. On Monday, September 16, the four larger babies were put on two-hour feedings of artificial milk, just about a teaspoonful each per feeding, given them through the tubes. And that evening Mary Ann and I selected the second names for the girls. We had received a lot of suggestions for names in the mail, and we also looked through the hospital's big book of names. But we wound up by deciding on Mary Ann for the first girl, after her mother; Mary Magdalene for the second, after my mother; Mary Catherine for the third, after Sister Stephen, whose name that was before she became a nun; and Mary Margaret, after Mary Ann's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Margaret Schroeder.

We heaved big sighs of relief on Tuesday, when the 72-hour period was up and the quints all were taking their food well and were lively and healthy. But Doctor Berbos warned us that there was no magic number of hours for any danger period. It was a day-to-day proposition, and each good day for the babies was a big gain.

It wasn't until the quints were almost a week old that we found out how much they weighed. Nurses put a spring scale on the top of each Isolette, and a cord from the scale hung through a hole down into the crib. Then nurses reached through the portholes and carefully lifted the baby into a little cloth-covered pan, which was attached to the cord. By slightly lifting the scale, the weight of the baby was registered. James Andrew was the biggest at 3 pounds, 13 ounces; Mary Ann, the smallest at 2 pounds, 8 ounces. Mary Magdalene and Mary Catherine each weighed an even 3 pounds, and Mary Margaret weighed 3 pounds, 5 ounces. They have been gaining steadily ever since and now take their food from a baby bottle.

When we first told our other children about the five new babies, Julie said, "Oh, goody, we can each have one of them." They have been arguing these past weeks about which ones they will take care of. Danny is laying claim to his younger brother, of course, and Charlotte, our oldest daughter, thinks she should have baby Mary Ann, because she's the first and the smallest. Of course, what will actually happen is that each of the quints will belong to all of us.

Life will never be the same for us as it was before, but it moved closer to normal after Mary Ann came home from the hospital—even though that day itself was an ordeal for her. At noon on that Monday, September 23—just 12 days after she had gone to the hospital—she was even more quiet than usual as she packed her suitcase. She was grief-stricken because she had to leave the babies in the hospital for many weeks to come. And she was panicked at the thought of running the gantlet which waited for us outside. We moved through halls lined with smiling nurses and sisters and rode the elevator down to the ambulance entrance. As we stepped out the door, the flashbulbs flickered and the large crowd assembled in the parking lot began to applaud.

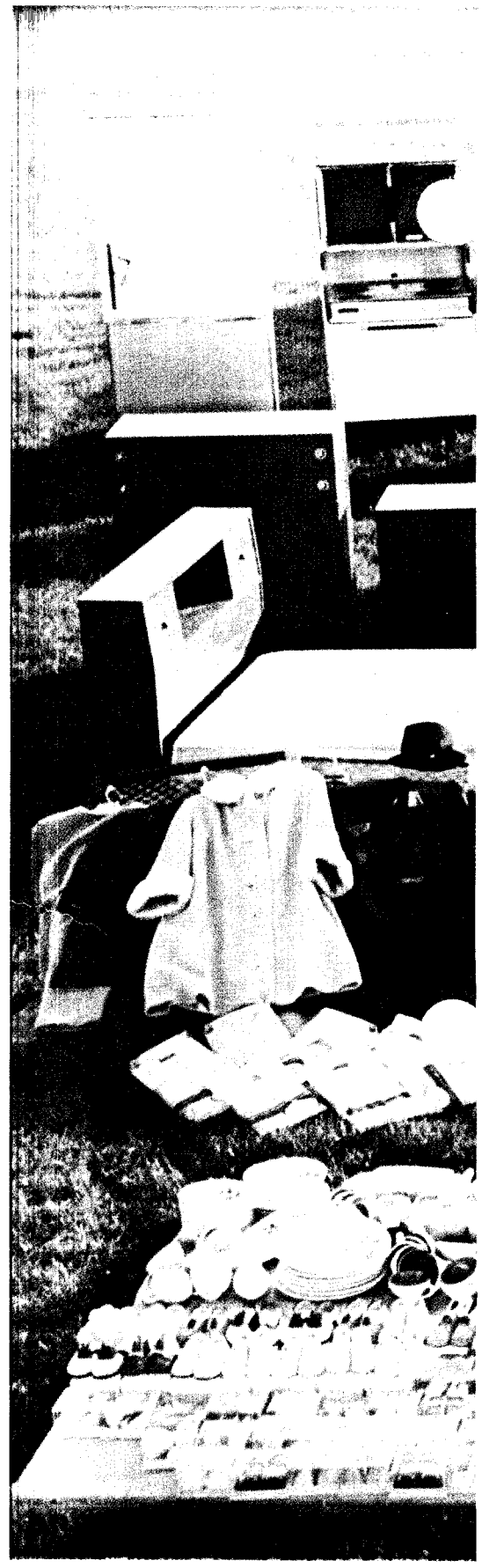
We stopped for a moment at the door of our car—a new nine-passenger station wagon loaded with flowers and gifts—and Mary Ann bravely tried to make a little statement about how grateful she was for all of the kind things people had done for us. But she choked up and tears came to her eyes, so I hustled her into the car. The president of the Chamber of Commerce, E. C. Pieplow, was driving for us, and on the way home we went past some of the signs around town, in stores, on theater marquees and supermarkets, congratulating the Fischers, but Mary Ann didn't say a thing.

She broke down and cried

Bernie Kopecky, the Brown County sheriff, had posted several patrol cars in our yard to keep out the curiosity seekers and the pack of photographers that clustered around our gate. Our car pulled up beside our back door, and Denise and Evelyn, who aren't yet in school, ran out to greet us. We hurried inside. In the living room the children hugged and climbed over their mother, and she broke down and cried. It was an emotional reaction at being safely home again, but part of it, I'm sure, was her fear that she would never again be just Mrs. Andy Fischer, who likes to work in her garden, milk cows, take her youngsters to school, do her own shopping and generally lead a simple, inconspicuous life.

Happily, the clouds of publicity soon lifted a bit, and we learned that we aren't going to have to live in a fishbowl, at least not as far as the people of Aberdeen are concerned. Within a day or two, after the novelty had worn off, we were able to come and go as we pleased. Sure, folks waved to us and greeted us on the street—but they used to do that when I'd crank up my hobby car, an old Model T, load the kids in it and drive around town. I think Mary Ann really began to feel better about our situation a couple of days after she came home when we went bowling one afternoon; she just went along to watch, but she certainly itched to get her hands on that ball. Then a couple of days later we all packed up and drove up to the Brady farm. Danny insisted on taking his bicycle along and made me stop about a quarter mile away from the farm and let him out. We waited there while he rode in and tried to tell the Bradys that he had ridden all the way from Aberdeen. That gave them a big laugh.

That afternoon, the kids were playing in the big machine shed where Mary Ann and her older brother Earl used to practice basketball. Mary



Ann came in and picked up one of the basketballs and put it right through the hoop, first shot. That made her feel like her old self. I drove out in the pasture with Dad Brady and looked over his cattle and my two Hereford beef cows. I traded for those cows six years ago and had been trying to start a little beef herd—but we had to sell the calves to buy groceries. One of the things I'd like to have is a herd of about 50 good beef cows, and I'd get me a horse and ride out to look at them every day.

Our present plans aren't settled yet, but we know we're going to stay in Aberdeen. Many of our relatives and friends are here, and the peopl are friendly and helpful without imposing on yo As one woman on the street said when we went by, "We love the quints, but we certainly aren't going to smother them." Mary Ann and I have made a few trips to big cities and other parts

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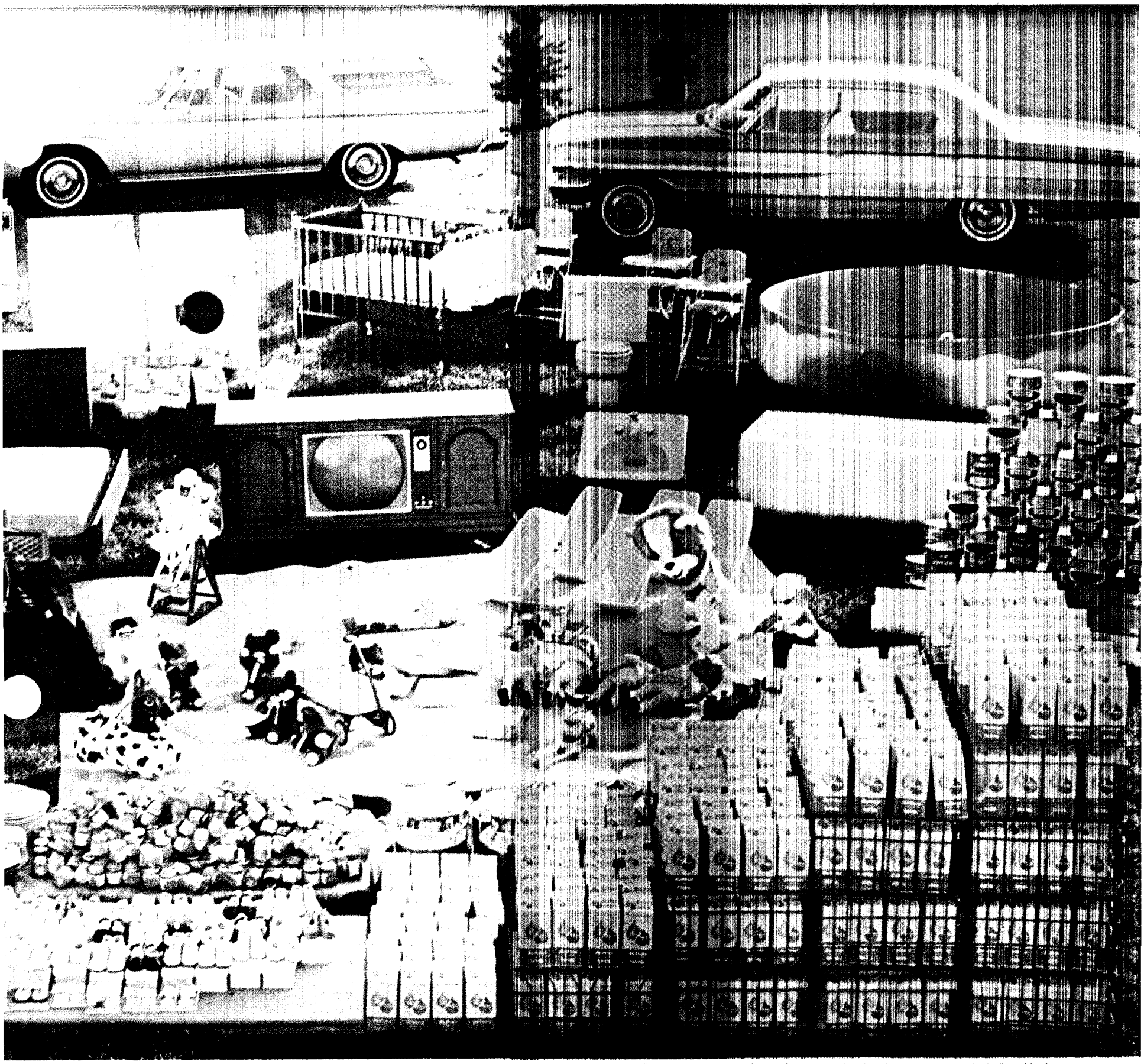

Since birth of the quints, the Fischers have been offered hundreds of gifts—a selection would look like this. Among them: 80 pairs of shoes, a year's milk supply, toys for 10 years, 10 high chairs, paint for their house. They are rejecting all gifts with commercial strings attached.

of the country, but we never saw anything that attracted us as much as our home area.

Another thing that is certain: By the time you read this I'll be back punching the time clock at Nash Finch. I've liked the food business ever since my boyhood days in the old Sunshine Grocery Store and I want to stay with the people I've worked alongside for the past 18 years.

Mary Ann and I don't plan to let our good luck and the shower of publicity go to our heads, either. We can look in the mirror and see that we're the same people we were before all this happened. A few days after the quints were born I went into a clothing store and one of the clerks said, "Well, Andy, what is the size of your head *now?*" And I answered—honestly, I hope—"exactly the same size as it was a week ago."

But at the same time, our life has changed in many unpredictable ways—and we do have to make some big decisions about how we are going to live and handle our suddenly complicated affairs. We are trying to take things step by step and learn as we go along. For example, there's the matter of housing our expanded family. The community of Aberdeen, through the Chamber of Commerce, has offered to build us a specially designed home, on a site of our own choosing, but it can't possibly be completed before next fall. In the meantime, we want to bring our new babies home as soon as possible.

Much as we have enjoyed life in our old farmhouse, it is drafty and hard to heat, and South Dakota winters can be bitterly cold and windy. We can't set up a suitable nursery there. We looked over several large homes which were available in town, and have rented one of them. Although this will be something of a stopgap, it will teach us a lot about our needs and we'll be able to do a better job in planning our new home. That new home will have to be big, of course, with a well-equipped nursery, six or seven bedrooms, several bathrooms, a recreation room big enough for 10 jumping and running kids, and a kitchen and laundry about as well-equipped as those you'd find in a small institution.

All other things being equal, we would like to build that new house in the open country, as we believe a farm is the best place in the world to bring up children. But we have to face the fact, still strange to us, that we now have a security problem. If we lived on a farm, we probably would have to have a lot of guards or barricade ourselves behind high fences. Farm life just wouldn't seem right under those conditions. So

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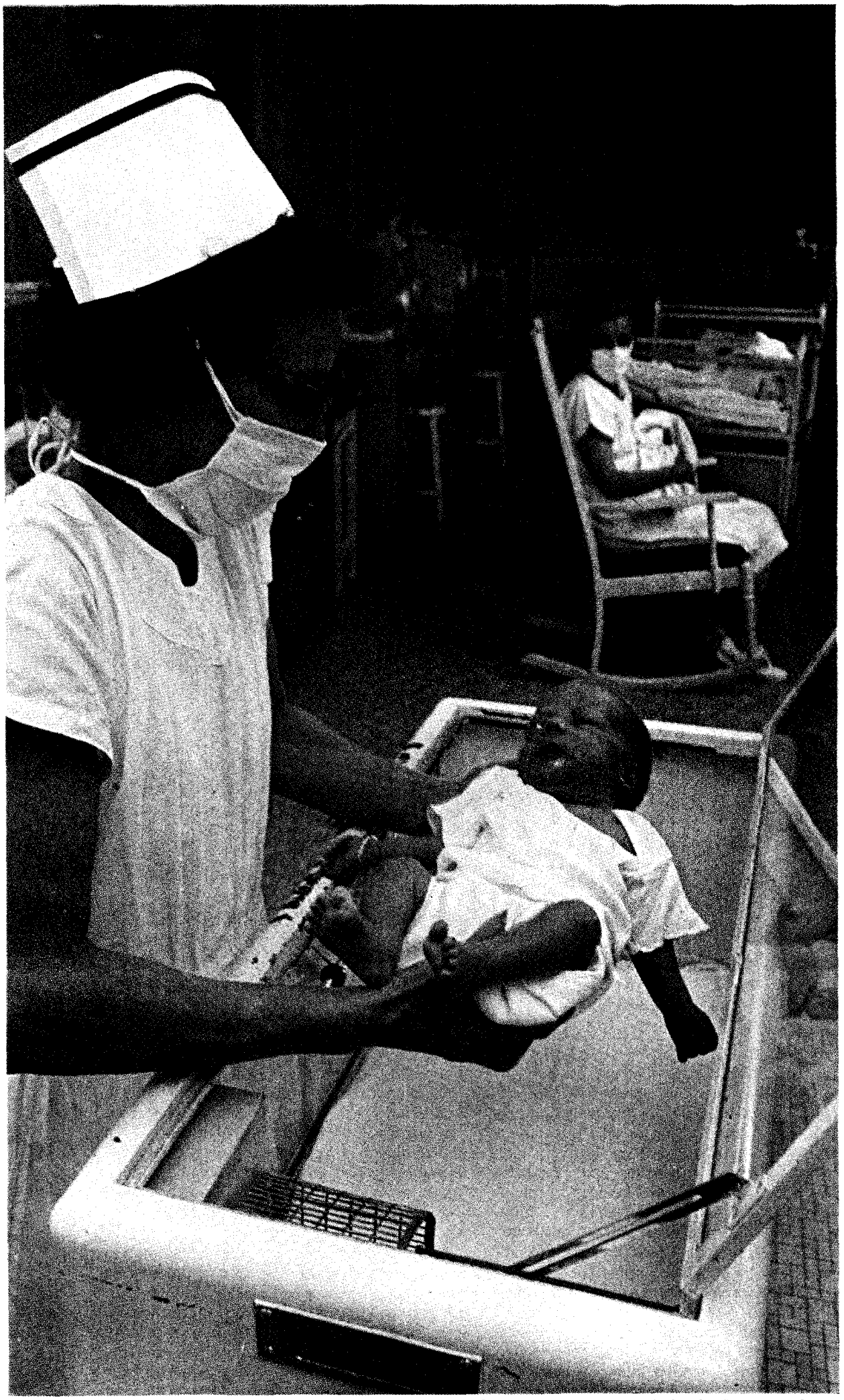
We're a family of ten children—not five others and the quints.



James Andrew—shown at one month, weighing 6 pounds, 2 ounces—will probably be first to go home.

it seems better for us to live in town, where everybody knows everybody else and the police can keep an eye on things without penning us in.

Also, we've had to make many difficult decisions about handling the gifts, money and offers of various "deals" that have come pouring in. This is a new kind of experience, to say the least, for a couple whose main problem in the past was to meet their monthly bills and installments, and who often bought things—such as bicycles for our kids—secondhand. The newspapers have reported that we have received something like $250,000 since the quints were born. The truth is, we really don't know the exact amount. It is large, but it isn't that much—and it is hard to put a dollar value on many of the gifts.

We are accepting many of the freely offered gifts—those that come from the heart with no commercial strings attached. Some of the gifts have been thoughtful and useful, such as the offer of a local laundry to do all of our family washing. So far, about $900 in cash has come in those thousands of letters, and about $1,000 has been given the quints in savings bonds and savings accounts.

But we aren't accepting presents from people who simply hope to cash in on the publicity. One person sent us a strange towel, a yard long and four inches wide, "useful for washing one's back," and wanted the quints' endorsements to help sell this item.

As to "big deals" for commercial exploitation of the quints, we simply haven't made any. We did sign a contract with The Curtis Publishing Company, giving them exclusive rights for a given period to the Fischer family's own story and for photographic coverage of all the family. This enables us to tell our story in our own way as it actually happened.

As I said right after the quints were born, the Fischers now have 10 children, *not* quintuplets and five others. Early in the game Mary Ann and I agreed with our attorneys that we should set up a financial guardianship to protect the interests of the 10 Fischer children as a group. We requested the Brown County Court to appoint the First National Bank of Aberdeen as guardians of the children's financial affairs—but not their persons—until they come of age. The court made the appointment, and since September 18 the trust committee of the bank has assumed the responsibility of investing any funds which belong to the children, but makes no decisions without consulting us and our attorneys.

Every day now, after we take our other youngsters to school, Mary Ann and I stop at the hospital to see the quints. They are already beginning to develop individual personalities. James Andrew weighs more than six pounds, is beginning to show a reddish tinge in his hair and promises to be as active as his brother Danny, who is a lot crazier about fishing and games than he is about schoolwork. Even little Mary Ann, the tiniest and weakest when she was born, now takes her bottle as eagerly as her brother and sisters, and is reaching normal birth weight.

And every day we pray for them, asking God to help them to become healthy, happy children who can grow up in a normal way. We also pray for ourselves, for the common sense to make a good life for our beloved family. THE END

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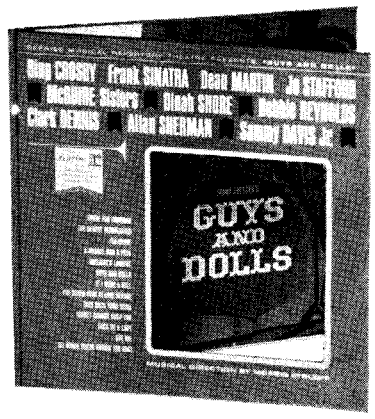

Cole Porter's
"KISS ME KATE"
Overture
"Another Openin'"
"Why Can't You Behave"
"We Open In Venice"
"So In Love"
"I Hate Men"
"Too Darn' Hot"
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"Where Is The Life That Late I Led"
"Wunderbar"
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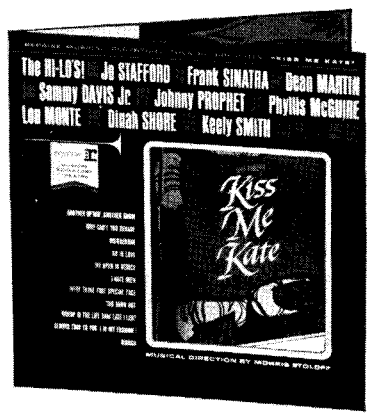

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"This Time Of The Year"
"Glocca Mora"
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"Look To The Rainbow"
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"Necessity"
"When I'm Not Near The Girl I Love"
"The Idle Poor"
"The Begat"
"That Great Come And Get It Day"
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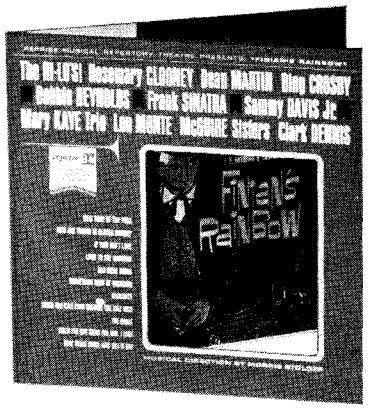

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"Dites Moi"
"Cockeyed Optimist"
"Twin Soliloquies"
"Some Enchanted Evening"
"Bloody Mary"
"Bali Hai"
"There Is Nothing Like A Dame"
"I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outta My Hair"
"Younger Than Springtime"
"Wonderful Guy"
"Younger Than Springtime"—(Reprise)
"Happy Talk"
"This Nearly Was Mine"
"Honey Bun"
"Carefully Taught"
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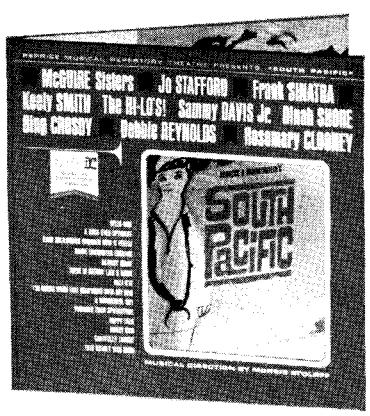

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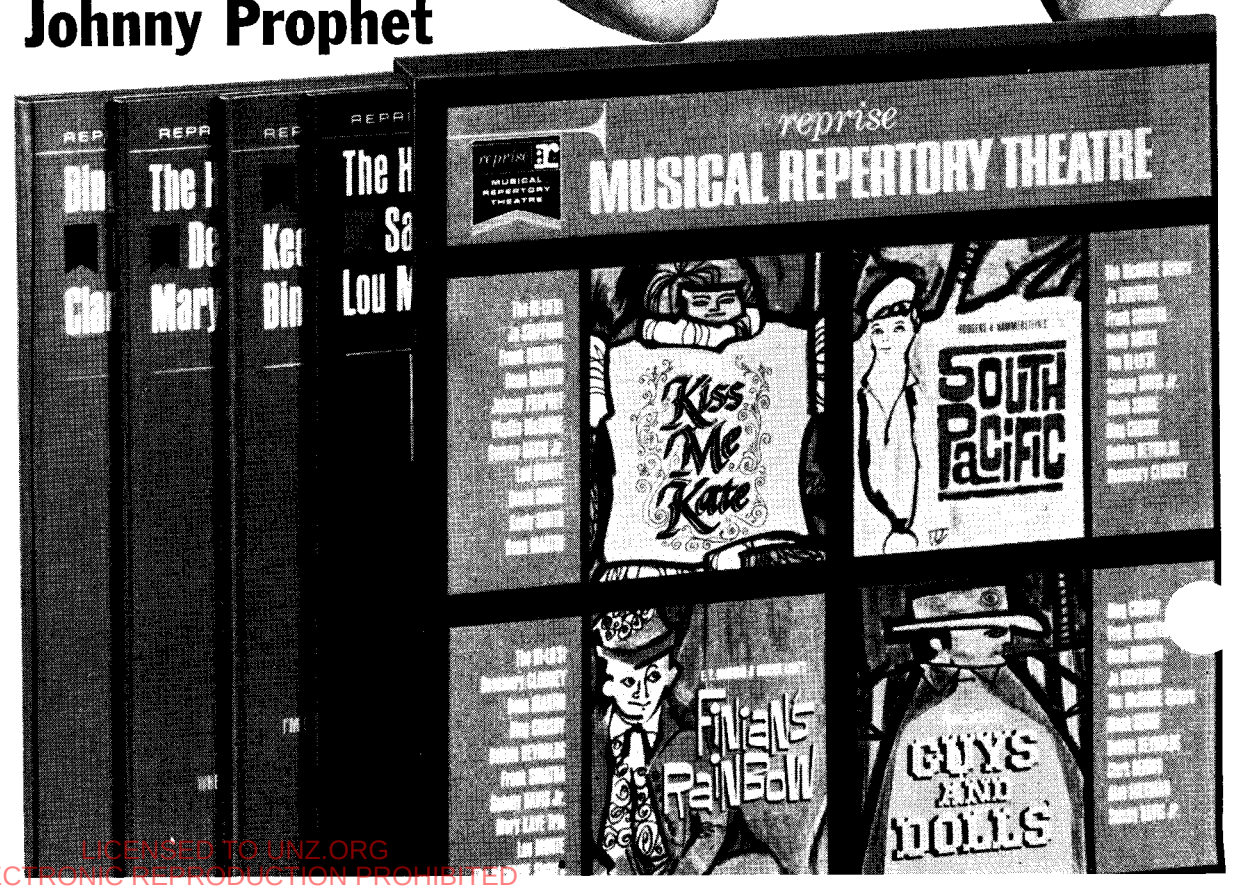

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THE ANSWER HAS GOT TO BE "NO," BUT 20 MILLION BALLOTS ARE CAST TO ANSWER THE PERENNIAL QUESTION:

WILL THE REAL MISS RHEINGOLD STAND OUT?

By David L. Goodrich

On the campaign trail in Margaretville, N.Y., the six finalists smile determinedly. From the left, the Misses Julian, DeHardt, Hughes, Rice, Kates and Yarnall.

In the story of Cinderella there is a tense sequence when the handsome prince is trekking around the countryside with the glass slipper. He keeps trying it on this foot and that, but never gets quite the right fit. We know that ultimately he's going to score, and that Cinderella's drab life will be transformed. For a while, however, the suspense is frightful.

With slight variations this scene is being enacted now in New York City. The role of the prince is played by Liebmann Breweries, Inc., makers of Rheingold Extra Dry, a top-selling beer in the Northeast. The glass slipper is a $50,000-plus-expenses contract for employment during 1964 as the brewery's "goodwill representative," Miss Rheingold. Cinderella is played by, in alphabetical order, Joyce DeHardt, Kay Hughes, Barbara Julian, Sondra Kates, Sheri Rice and Celeste Yarnall. These six ladies—all professional models, all young, pretty, poised—have recently taken part in the annual Miss Rheingold election, a bit of Madison Avenue alchemy that turns family-style cheesecake into gold. Now, while votes are being counted, they are at home, nervously fiddling around the hearthside, alert for a knock on the door.

This is the 25th anniversary of the election, in which the public selects the girl who will be the cornerstone of Rheingold's promotional efforts in the coming year. The promotion gimmick has boosted Rheingold sales steadily upward. It now eats an annual budget of over $250,000 and draws roughly 20 million votes. Since anyone can vote any number of times, there are many repeats, but even so the brewery can boast of having the "second-largest election in the country," topped only by the presidential fracas.

The Rheingold candidates have had the 1963 political arena virtually to themselves. They were introduced to the public in August, when their faces appeared on TV and in poster, magazine and newspaper ads. Predictably, this year's crop looked, in the photographs, just like last year's—well-scrubbed, sunny, six carbon copies of an unoriginal original. (The first Miss Rheingold was Jinx Falkenburg McCrary, who used the job as a stepping-stone; ordinarily, Miss R.'s slip back into relative obscurity.) Half were blond and half brunette; the balance is sometimes spiced with a redhead, thrown in like a slice of pimento in a salad. They were all smiling hard, and were dressed identically in girlish, unrevealing clothes provided by the brewery. As always, there was nothing chic, glamorous or sexy about them. Their published "vital statistics" made no mention of bust, waist or hips. The girls make you think of country air, cod-liver oil, marshmallow fluff, apple cider—almost everything except beer. This helps explain why women are heavy voters. "Women realize," says Philip Liebmann, the cheerful, amply proportioned president of the brewery, "that Miss Rheingold isn't the sort who'd be a threat to them. People approve of her. We get enthusiastic letters from nuns and priests."

The public votes through August and September, dropping ballot forms into boxes in bars, restaurants, liquor stores, supermarkets. As this is written, the ballots are being separated and weighed by the Horace H. Nahm Co. of New York, a research firm. The girl with the greatest vote poundage will be declared the winner. It will be some weeks before the outcome is announced.

For years there have been rumors that the brewery preselects the winner it wants. But there would be little logic in this, since Rheingold wants to be represented by a girl of proven popularity. Private detectives give all six candidates a background check to make sure each would make a suitable Miss R. Despite its precautions, Rheingold was shocked this year to find that candidate Kay Hughes had done a TV commercial for rival Ballantine beer; it was decided, however, to let her stay in the contest.

The current candidates were selected last May 2 in a ballroom of the Sheraton East in New York. Competing with them were 39 other models who had survived preliminary screenings in New York, Los Angeles and Boston. (Any girl registered with a licensed model agency can enter. This year 800 showed up, including a number of Negro models, three of whom lasted until the final eliminations.)

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Lucky Strike separates the men from the boys...

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Smoking is a pleasure meant for adults. And Lucky Strike's fine tobaccos are blended for adult tastes. If you're an adult smoker, remember: L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Get all the taste you could ask for. Ask for Lucky Strike.

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Nova 6-Passenger 4-Door Sedan

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ONE HAS A 120-HP 6...ONE HAS A NEW 155-HP 6...ONE HAS A NEW 195-HP V8

Just look what's got into Chevy II this year. A more powerful 155-hp Six and a more powerful than that V8 —both optional at extra cost. So if you want plenty of reserve power for climbing hills or cruising on the highway, get a thrifty '64 Chevy II. Put your foot down. You know, Chevy II's are now the only cars made that give you such a complete choice of power: A 90-hp Super-Thrift four-cylinder engine. Two different Sixes. And that 195-hp V8. There probably are people who think economy has no right to be so lively. But we'll bet you're not one of them.... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

THERE'S 5 IN 64 CHEVROLET

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1964 CHEVY II by CHEVROLET

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AS THE PACE QUICKENS, NERVES FRAY, A KLEENEX IS FLUNG AND THE SIX SPLIT INTO TWO CAMPS.

The last day of judging managed to be both festive and nerve-racking. Jittery girls paraded past a panel of executives and celebrities—Joan Fontaine, Rosalind Russell, Irene Dunne, Tony Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Van Heflin and film director William Wellman—chatting with the judges and displaying their scrapbooks. By midmorning the 45 had been cut to 17. These were put on closed-circuit TV and paraded again. The final pruning, during which the girls sat whispering in an anteroom, took about 20 minutes.

When the votes were totaled, the winners were brought back into the ballroom, where they hugged one another and looked dazed and tearful while judges and losers applauded. The girls told me the screenings had made two unanimous impressions: (1) Tony Randall talks fresh; (2) Being a candidate is no cinch. Asked why they'd entered, they all promptly replied, "For the money." Candidates are paid $400 a week plus expenses.

In the following weeks the six candidates were fitted for their wardrobes, photographed and taped for commercials, and then introduced at a press conference. They looked healthy and chipper, and prettier than in the ads, with more individuality. They were wearing pink dresses with sailor collars and carrying large, briefcase-like bags. The bags contained "campaign literature"—photographs to be handed out to the public—plus hair spray, tweezers, eye shadow, makeup capes, mirrors and, in one instance, a pint of gin. They appeared to be roughly the same age, but ranged, in fact, from 19 to 27. Most, the press was informed, had logged some time in college; all were fond of athletics, cooking, sewing. Except for Miss Kates, who is from Pittsburgh, all were Californians. Three were married. One had a son 22 months old.

This caused a flutter among the lady reporters. "Married? Miss Rheingold married?" A brewery spokesman explained, "They can be married, but we don't publicize it. Doesn't fit the image."

The heart of the election is the six-week campaign tour, during which the candidates are whisked around Rheingoldland in air-conditioned convertibles—one red, one white, one blue. They appear at firemen's musters, fashion shows, service-club parties, conventions, dog races, TV programs, parades. The tour is tightly scheduled and the girls work hard, answering the same inane questions over and over. The brewery instructs them to avoid controversial subjects such as politics, religion and race relations, with the result that most interviews go like this: "What's your favorite food, dear?" "Chocolate," and "Do you like it here in Boston?" "Oh, yes, it's so *historical*." Throughout, the candidates are supposed to mind their manners and scatter sunshine and smiles.

This sometimes requires considerable self-control. One Rheingold employee recalls with special vividness a Massachusetts sheriffs' convention of a few years ago. The sheriffs were mostly stiff as haddock, and when the candidates lined up in front of them for a group photograph, the sheriffs started pinching. "The problem there," the witness told me, "was who the hell we could call for help."

Actress Rosalind Russell and actor Bob Cummings interview two of forty-five jittery hopefuls who made the finals in New York.

For a closeup look at graciousness under stress, I traveled with this year's candidates at the beginning, middle and end of the campaign. My first excursion was on August 13. With three drivers and their chaperone, a free-lance public-relations woman named Jeanne Fisher, the candidates drove from Manhattan to Bridgeport, Conn., attended a tavern-owners' outing, and were back in the city by 10 P.M. They chatted and laughed together like sorority sisters, played guessing games, bantered about such neutral topics as diets, the advisability of doing the twist while pregnant, the strange New York custom of eating cheese for dessert. The married candidates told me the brewery had made polite suggestions about babies. "They prefer," a blonde said, "that we don't have them now."

On August 24 I rejoined the tour. The candidates looked fine, but said they were tired. The campaign pace had begun to stiffen, and so had intercandidate relations. Dark hints were passed about bad manners and ballot-box stuffing. The girls had decided they hated their campaign pictures; one told me she was sure the brewery had deliberately made her look ugly to keep her from winning.

We left Manhattan at 8:30 and drove three hours into the Catskills, to Margaretville, N.Y. There the candidates posed for two newspaper photos, ate lunch, smiled and waved their way down Main Street in the town's bicentennial parade, and spent an hour at the town baseball field, making brief speeches and trying to avoid a prankster who had brought along his pet skunk. They drove another hour to Grossinger's resort hotel, changed into cocktail dresses, gave a radio interview, and posed for more photographs.

After dinner the candidates went to the Grossinger Playhouse and said a few words to the audience, then drove to Monticello Raceway. They posed again, sat through three trotting races, and were photographed presenting the trophy to the winner of the seventh race, a five-year-old bay mare named, appropriately, Quick Dream. "I once gave a trophy to a horse back home," said one of the blondes afterward, "and he stepped on my foot, so I slugged him."

When I next saw the girls, on September 13, in Boston, they told me they were exhausted. Half of them had caught colds; they laid makeup on lavishly, to hide the multihued circles under their eyes. The atmosphere had soured—the candidates were feeling the pressures of a close race, with three apparently pulling ahead in terms of audience reaction and flattering press coverage. (During the campaign, the candidates are not told the trend of the voting. Since they are on edge, any hint of advantage causes a flop. When one girl was rumored to be leading in the early vote-counting, a rival told her, "If *you're* winning, this thing *must* be fixed.")

The candidates had split into two camps, with communications between them reportedly limited to "Shut up." The ballot-box-stuffing charges were repeated, this time with heat. One unmarried candidate was convinced that the married ones had an edge here; the three husbands, she told me, were back in New York pumping ballots in by the bushel.

The tension showed itself in public only once, during a radio interview. One of the girls, miffed because she had been interrupted, launched a missile—a damp, wadded-up Kleenex—at the head of another. She missed. Asked by the program's moderator why she had done this, the Kleenex-thrower replied icily, "Because she needs it. She has a runny nose."

Happily, the campaign did not end on this note. (Cinderella, as you recall, forgave her ugly stepsisters.) From Boston the candidates journeyed to Springfield, Mass., and then to New Haven, Conn. The weather improved; colds disappeared; with the finish mercifully in sight, the skirmishing died down and then ceased. The candidates bought presents for their drivers and chaperone. On their last night together, in a New Haven motel, they had a hen party.

It was, by all accounts, a smasher. The candidates sipped coffee and gabbled until the wee hours. They then rigged themselves up in outlandish outfits—one smeared her face with lipstick and eye shadow, another mummified herself with windings of toilet paper—and went and scared the bejabbers out of the desk clerk. When they parted the next day, they were on the cheeriest of terms.

While they await the returns, the candidates have scattered, some returning to California, some hanging on in New York. Workers at the Nahm Company were separating ballots when I dropped in recently, dividing the red-printed slips of paper among seven containers. The seventh, labeled SPOILS, held ballots which were improperly marked.

Among the "spoils" was a vote for a lady—a blonde? a brunette?—named Faye Resnick. One of Faye's admirers had evidently studied the six professionally smiling faces on the ballot box, had sipped his Rheingold thoughtfully and then had carefully written in Faye's name with a large check mark beside it. Miss Rheingolds may be OK, the voter seemed to be telling the world, but there is only one of Faye Resnick. THE END

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The Coast Guard didn't worry him, nor the federal men. His partners were another matter....

THE LAWBREAKER

By JOHN O'HARA

Morton Whitehill is the man who used to appear in his speedboat and circle around the steamers that plied between Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and Woods Hole. Out of nowhere he would appear in the *Nancy II*, a craft that looked dark and dirty and longer than its thirty-eight-foot hull. The *Nancy* was actually a two-step hydroplane, but on first seeing it a steamer passenger might be inclined to dismiss it as just another motorboat, and on its last legs at that. Then he might get a closer look at Morton Whitehill and form an opinion of him that more or less matched his opinion of the *Nancy:* a nondescript man in a nondescript boat. But if the passenger happened to be on the right side of the steamer when the *Nancy* pulled away, he would be astonished at the sudden display of power as the *Nancy*'s Wright Typhoons began to roar. The engines seemed to rebuke anyone who thought less than highly of the *Nancy*, and when the craft got up on the second step, a few seconds and a hundred yards away, our passenger would forget all about his first impressions of the *Nancy* and the man at the wheel. Now, watching the boat, half out of the water and sprouting wings of spray, the man on the steamer deck would almost certainly say, "I'll bet that's a rumrunner."

It was a long time ago that Morton Whitehill had the *Nancy II*, and he and his boat were suspect. He was a young man then, just past twenty-five but already known to his parents' friends as a bad lot. It was said of him, for instance, that he had driven his parents off the Island. His mother and father had been coming to Vineyard Haven since early in the century, even before their marriage. But in 1925, after Morton's long history of boyhood pranks and adolescent mischief and youthful scrapes, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehill sold their cottage and became summer residents of Lake Placid, New York. Rather lamely they offered the explanation that the Lake Placid region was better for Mr. Whitehill's hay fever, although their Vineyard Haven friends could not recall his having suffered from hay fever. Someone else offered the explanation that it was not so much hay fever as the fumes from Morton's high-powered speedboat, and this explanation was accompanied by a knowing look. It was that summer, 1925, that Morton had acquired the *Nancy II*.

The departure of the elder Whitehills made it easier for their friends to drop Morton, and they did so immediately, with an eagerness that indicated how long they had been postponing their decision. In some cases the postponement went back to Morton's misconduct at seventeen, when he was accused of casting off the moorings of a dozen sailboats at the Edgartown Yacht Club. There was no proof of his guilt but there was an overwhelming unanimity to the belief that no one else would have done such an outrageous thing. At eighteen Morton was given his first taste of social ostracism as a result of the scandal he got into over a Portuguese fisherman's daughter. Again, no proof, but the girl's brothers gave him a terrible beating and were not prosecuted, which seemed proof enough that Morton was not innocent. He did not get invited to any more parties that summer. During the next summer he was in the Navy, a seaman first class in the destroyer squadron at Cobh, Ireland, and out of harm's way so far as the Vineyard people were concerned. But he came back after the war with what seemed to be a determination to make up for lost time; in the Navy his frame had filled out and a chief petty officer had taught him to box. He sought out individually the Portuguese boys who had given him a beating, and he gave each of them a beating to even the score. When someone suggested that Portuguese boys carry knives, he replied that they were not the only ones, and patted his pants pocket.

In the winter Morton's father commuted from East Orange, New Jersey, to his office and warehouse in downtown New York. Mr Whitehill was the third generation of his family to engage in t' business of tea, coffee and spices, but he made no strong effort to persuade Morton to join him. Mr. Whitehill knew things about his

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ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

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"In the past thirty or forty years there have been very few first-rate short stories that contained action or plot," John O'Hara has told the Post. *"We who wrote the stories have been influenced by Chekhov, among others, and have been reacting against the junky plot stories that many mass-magazine fiction editors used to insist upon. That reaction was OK. The so-called 'popular' plot stories did bear little relation to truth and life. But having been one of the leading practitioners of the oblique and plotless, I have recently been putting action back into my stories. 'The Lawbreaker' is in this genre. I want* Post *readers to be constantly surprised. I do not want them to think they know what to expect when they see my name on a story." "The Lawbreaker" is the sixth story by O'Hara in the* Post *this year.*

son that he kept to himself, especially where money was involved. Mrs. Whitehill likewise had secrets from her husband and she did not try to induce him to admit her boy to Whitehill Brothers. Their caution was wasted; Morton had no intention of going into tea, coffee and spices. At the end of his first civilian summer Morton shipped out as deckhand and able-bodied seaman on a succession of ships that kept him at sea until the next summer, and he repeated this routine for the next two years. Then, in 1924, he informed his parents that he planned to spend the winter in Florida. A Navy friend, he said, had offered him a good job as mate on a charter fishing boat. Mrs. Whitehill was pleased; Mr. Whitehill offered no comment then or ten months later when Morton returned to the Vineyard in a red Jordan Playboy and a wardrobe of summer suits bearing the labels of shops in various British colonial islands. He had a present for his mother: a diamond wristwatch from Asprey's, London; and for his father, who did not smoke, a gold cigarette case. "When you retire from tea-tasting you'll probably start smoking," said Morton. "Anyway, if you don't want to keep it you can give it to somebody that does smoke."

A week later Morton took his father to Oak Bluffs to show him his new boat. "Where did you get this?" said Mr. Whitehill.

"Oh, bought it from a fellow over in Woods Hole," said Morton. "Want to go for a ride?"

Sure," said Mr. Whitehill. He had little more to say as they proceeded to the channel.

"Now I'm going to let her out," said Morton. His father was nearly thrown back on the deck as the *Nancy* went up on the second step. The engines made conversation impossible until after ten minutes the boat slowed down.

"How fast were we going back there?" said Mr. Whitehill.

"About forty-eight."

"Knots?"

"No. Miles per hour. But she'll go forty-eight knots."

"You don't need all that power for fishing."

"Who said anything about fishing? This is a pleasure boat, Pop."

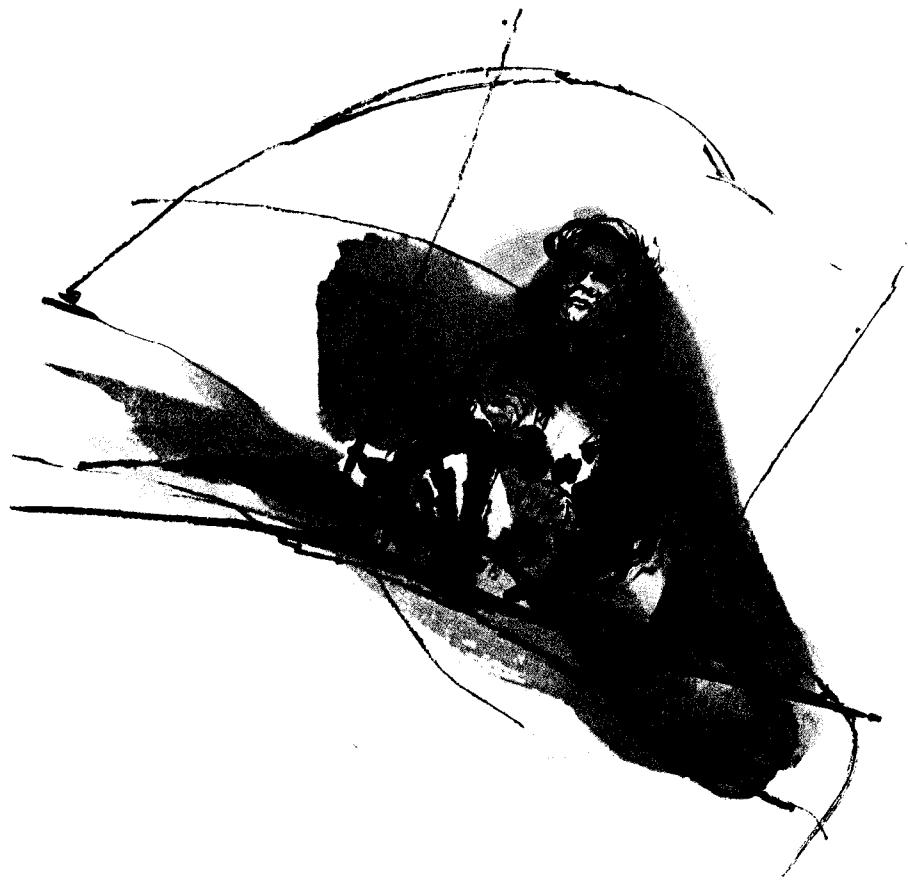
"I see. Not exactly luxurious, though," said Mr. Whitehill. He looked about him at the bareness of the cabin. "All that empty space, not even benches to sit on. How many does it sleep?"

"She's not a cruiser, Pop."

"No, I can see that," said Mr. Whitehill.

"Would you like to take the wheel?"

"No thank you," said Mr. Whitehill. "I think I'd like to go home now."



That evening, after a conversation with his wife, Mr. Whitehill telephoned a friend in the real-estate business and put his cottage on the market. Much later that evening, when Morton came home, Mr. Whitehill handed him the diamond wristwatch and the gold cigarette case. "We don't want these, Morton," he said.

"Why not? The first good presents I ever gave you."

"There's nothing good about these presents."

"OK. I'll give them to somebody'll appreciate them," said Morton.

"You do that."

"Those questions you kept asking me about my boat," said Morton.

"I don't have to tell you that the Coast Guard have machine guns," said Mr. Whitehill.

"Oh, they have bigger than machine guns. One-pounders. Three-pounders."

"I'm selling the cottage. That *is* something you didn't know," said Mr. Whitehill.

"You mean giving up the Vineyard?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Whitehill.

"Not me. I'm staying."

"I was sure of that," said Mr. Whitehill.

"How much are you asking for the cottage?"

"Whatever I'm asking, I wouldn't sell it to you. I'd rather set fire to it and burn it to the ground. This is the last straw, Morton. All the rest was understandable. A bad boy. A nasty bad boy. But you're not a boy anymore. You're a mature criminal."

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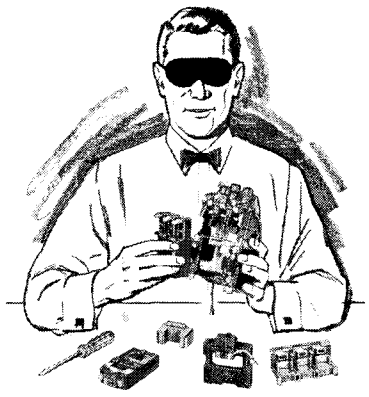

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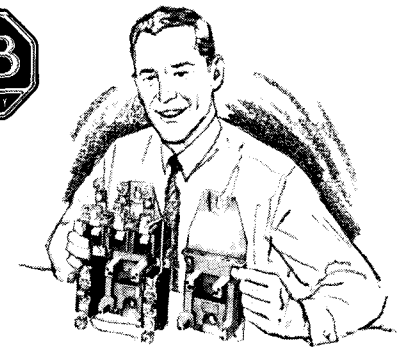

the "bedrock" on which these starters are assembled

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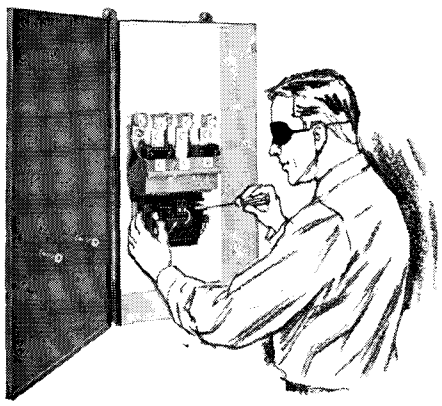
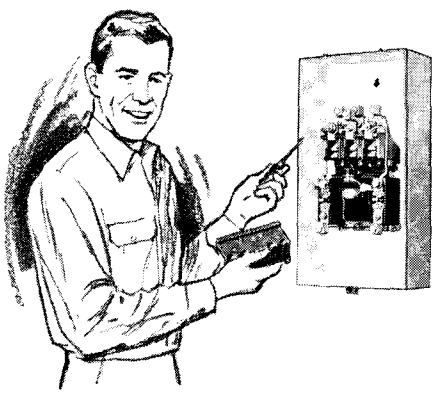


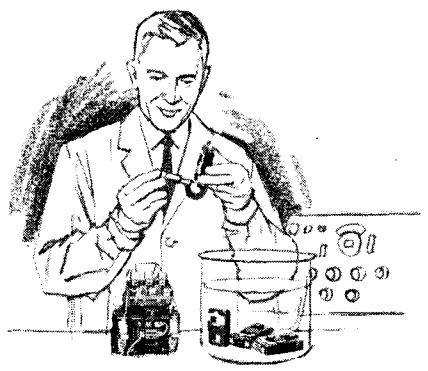
change coils in less than five minutes—blindfolded

Takes two minutes to remove the coil cover and slide out the coil, three minutes to put it back—and you can't go wrong.



contact inspection takes less time than telling these facts

Just loosen two screws, lift off the arc-hood cover and contacts are in plain view.



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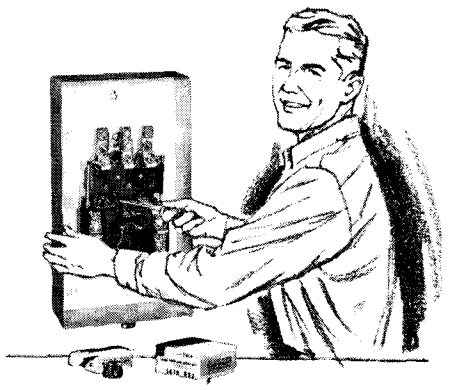

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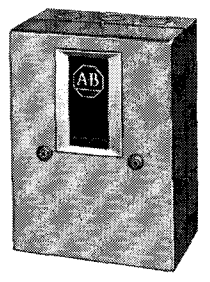

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THE LAWBREAKER

"You know I ought to clip you one for that."

"I was taking that chance when I said it. Maybe if I'd clipped *you* oftener when you were younger—but what's the use? Get your things and go."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight. Now. You can sleep on your damn rumrunner."

"I don't have to sleep there. There's other places I can sleep. But I want to say good-bye to Mother."

"No. I've given her a triple bromide and she won't wake up till morning. She doesn't want to see you."

"You talked her into that."

"It wasn't hard," said Mr. Whitehill. "She told me a few things I never knew till tonight."

"The two of you must have had a great old time."

"Yes, you can imagine. A great old time. No, you *can't* imagine."

"It's a small place, the Vineyard."

"Yes, and a good place, we thought. That's why we're leaving it."

"What are you going to tell your friends?"

"We're not going to be here. Your mother and I are going abroad for the rest of the summer, and next year we're going someplace else. You have it all to yourself. For as long as you get away with it. Now please get your things and get out of here."

"Pop, is it true your grandfather imported slaves before he imported tea?"

"Yes. Is that your excuse, Morton?" said Mr. Whitehill.

"Well, if I needed one," said Morton.

The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehill and the vendetta with the Portuguese family left Morton without many friends; he had been rejected by the summer people and by the fishermen, and as an off-Islander he had never become acquainted with the Yankee natives. But he had money to spend, time on his hands, a snappy little automobile and youth. He rented a room in a house in Oak Bluffs that provided lodgings for seasonal workers, the men who had jobs as waiters, short-order cooks, garage mechanics and the like. The room was a place to hang his hat and hardly more than that for him and the other lodgers. He sometimes would be gone for days at a time, and when he returned he would sleep around the clock.

It was taken for granted that he was engaged in rum-running. Although it was not considered tactful, or safe, to discuss the matter with him, one night a man named Ruggles had enough liquor in him to bring the subject out in the open. "Whitehill, you ought to have a helper," said Ruggles.

"Doing what? Stirring my coffee," said Morton.

"Quit your kidding. You know what," said Ruggles.

"All I'm doing is stirring my coffee, and I don't need any help with that."

There were other men at the table, and they sensed a promise of excitement. It was late at night in the diner near the pier. "Cut the comedy, Whitehill, there's no Federal men here," said Ruggles. "I'm looking for a soft job that pays good."

"You had one. Didn't you work on the concessions on the boats?"

"I got fired."

"Well, the season's almost over," said Morton.

"Not for you," said Ruggles. "The way I got it figured, Whitehill. You take that boat of yours and you go out and get a load of case goods, and you got enough speed so the Coast Guard could never catch up with you."

"Is that what I do, Ruggles?"

"Sure. But I never figured out where you land the stuff. It ain't here. That would be foolish. I been figgrin it out, and the best way I can figure it, you *don't* land it. It goes from you to another boat, a couple boats. Smaller boats. Then they bring it in and unload it."

"You're nuts, but suppose you were right. Where would you fit in?"

"As your helper. I had experience with all kinds of boats. And if worst comes to worst, I got marksman, sharpshooter, and expert-rifleman badges. I done a hitch in the Marines."

"How are you with a bayonet?" said Morton.

"A bayonet? I don't know. I done drill with a bayonet, but I never got overseas. You mean would I be any good with one? I guess I would."

"Then why don't you cut your tongue out? You talk too damn much," said Morton. The other men laughed. "A lot of people talk too damn much."

Ruggles had stumbled on the exact procedure followed by Morton Whitehill and the other units of the rum-running fleet, and while the methods were no secret from the Coast Guard, the New York people who operated the fleet considered such information no business of the public's. Morton's boat was only one of many of equal speed and power in the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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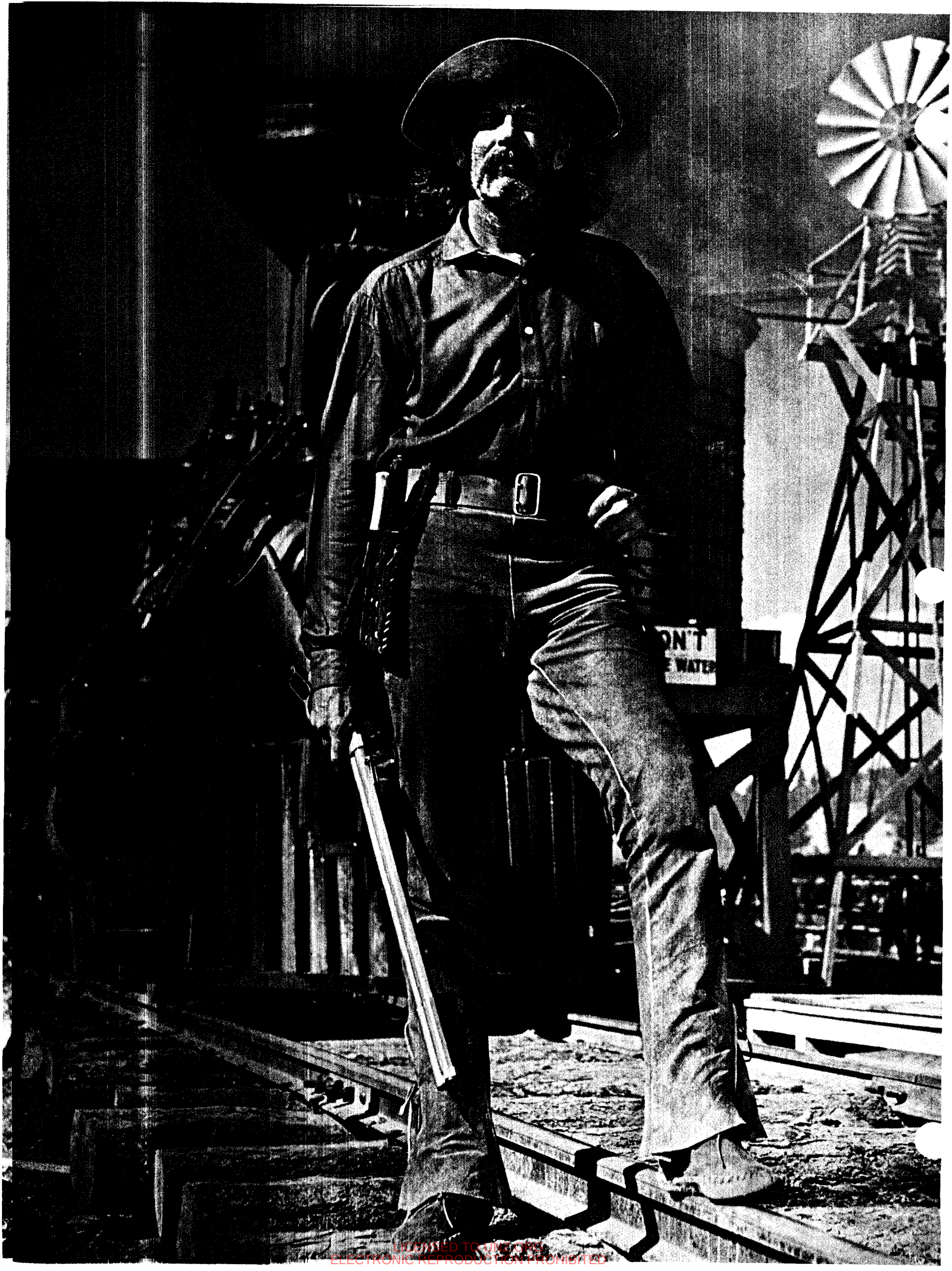

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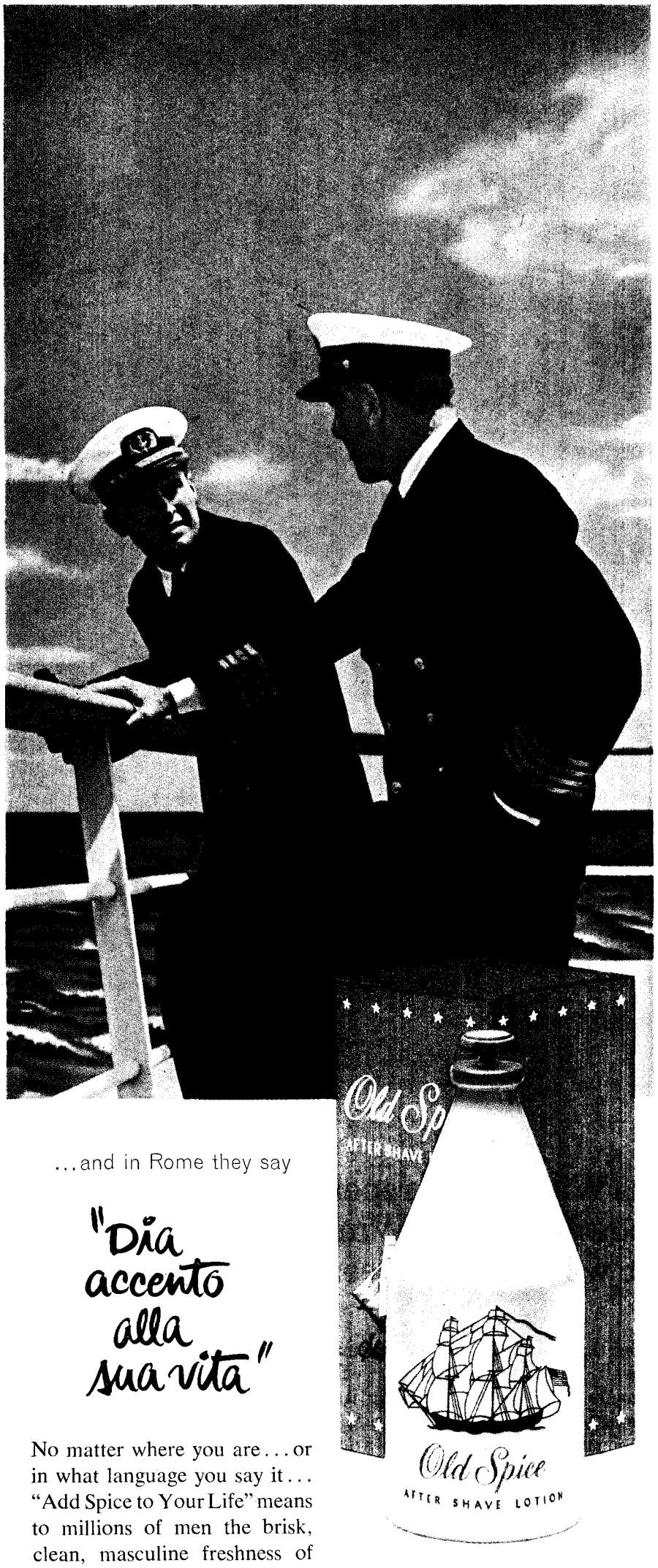

...and in Rome they say

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THE LAWBREAKER

rum fleet on the Eastern seaboard, and such boats were expensive. One of them cost as much as three or four smaller boats, or five or six. Now and then a small boat was seized by the Coast Guard, but the expense to the rumrunners was minimized by having the cheaper boats closer inshore.

"He as good as told you to cut your tongue out, Ruggles," said one of the group. "You gonna take that?"

"He's going to take it, and so are you," said Morton. He got up and hit the speaker with a left hook to the right eye. No one else made a move. It was a situation that needed one fighting man to begin mixing it with Morton Whitehill, whereupon the others would have joined in. But in this gathering there was not that one man who would stand up to Morton, and in the minds of some there may have been recollection of the rumor that he carried a knife.

"If you wanta fight, fight outside," said the owner, who was behind the counter. "Or I'll send for the police."

"There won't be any more fighting, Tony," said Morton. He laid a dollar bill on the counter and went out.

Reports of the scene were exaggerated in the next few days, until the accepted version depicted Morton Whitehill as a hero in a bloody brawl when set upon by four bruisers who tried to rob him of his bankroll. Since none of the actual participants in the scene wished to boast of his part in it, the new legend had it that the attackers were members of a rival rumrunning gang. Morton, by denying everything, became not only a hero but a modest hero, and only a few cranks among the summer people continued to call him a hoodlum and a disgrace to his family.

Thus, on the strength of his two fights with the Portuguese brothers and one left hook to a man's right eye, Morton Whitehill had established a reputation as an invincible man with his fists. He was invited to appear in the local weekly boxing matches, but he declined. "You don't pay enough, and anyway I don't fight Marquis of Queensberry rules," he said.

Twice or three times a week he would fill the *Nancy*'s gas tanks and, just before dark, put out to sea. He would pick up a couple of hands from one of the smaller boats, then proceed to the ship that lay never less than fifteen miles out. The extra men would load the *Nancy* with whiskey and brandy in cases, and Morton would get his orders from the syndicate representative on the ship, a Bermudian who was no stranger to these waters. Morton's responsibility ended when he had delivered the case goods to the smaller boats, and he would then move out of the immediate vicinity, cruising without lights i the dark in an effort to deceive any Coa Guard cutters that might be listening fo the sound of his engines. At first light he would head for home, his night's work accomplished, and with the knowledge that in a day or so a deposit would be made to an account he kept in a Boston bank. At the end of his first summer he had, in the name of Martin White, $6,000 in the account. It was more than he would have earned in coffee, tea and spices, and he would double the amount before the Atlantic weather forced him to suspend activity and put the *Nancy* up for the winter.

In his previous winter in Florida he had made enough money to buy the *Nancy* (at City Island, New York, and not at Woods Hole, Massachusetts). He now planned to buy out his Florida partner, a married man with a timorous wife. It could be done if he cut down on various extravagances. He got along very well with the English members of the Florida syndicate; he knew about boats, which was more than could be said for the American members of the syndicate, who cared about nothing but money. The Englishmen were not a bit concerned with the illegal aspects of their trade; the laws they violated were American laws and ridiculous, and young Whitehill was a gentleman, which was also more than could be said for his compatriots in the syndicate. Rather wild, he was, or adventurous, t say the least, but a gentleman. Th recognized him as an American copy o the English prototype of the younger son, a recognition that came easily since they had among them a couple of the prototypes. The recognition was mutual, and Morton was counting on the Englishmen for future financial backing when he would need cash to add more boats to his personal fleet. He failed to recognize this as American optimism.

At the end of October he pulled the *Nancy* out of the water and took off in the Jordan for Miami Beach, stopping over in New York to pick up Rosalie Jerriman, his best-kept secret of the summer season. Rosalie was at the most thirty-five, but for three years she had been making a success of Jerriman's Inn, a summer hotel in East Chop that she inherited from her husband. Those in the know were aware that Rosalie had been the real manager of the Inn for more than the three years of her ownership.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Maybe it's that hot line to Moscow."

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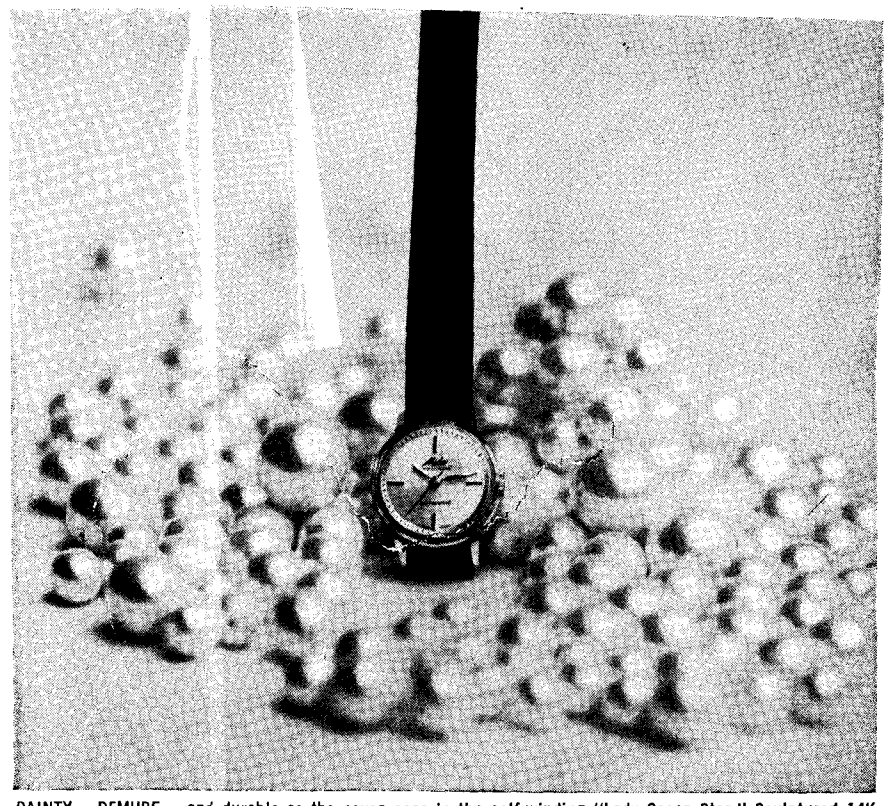
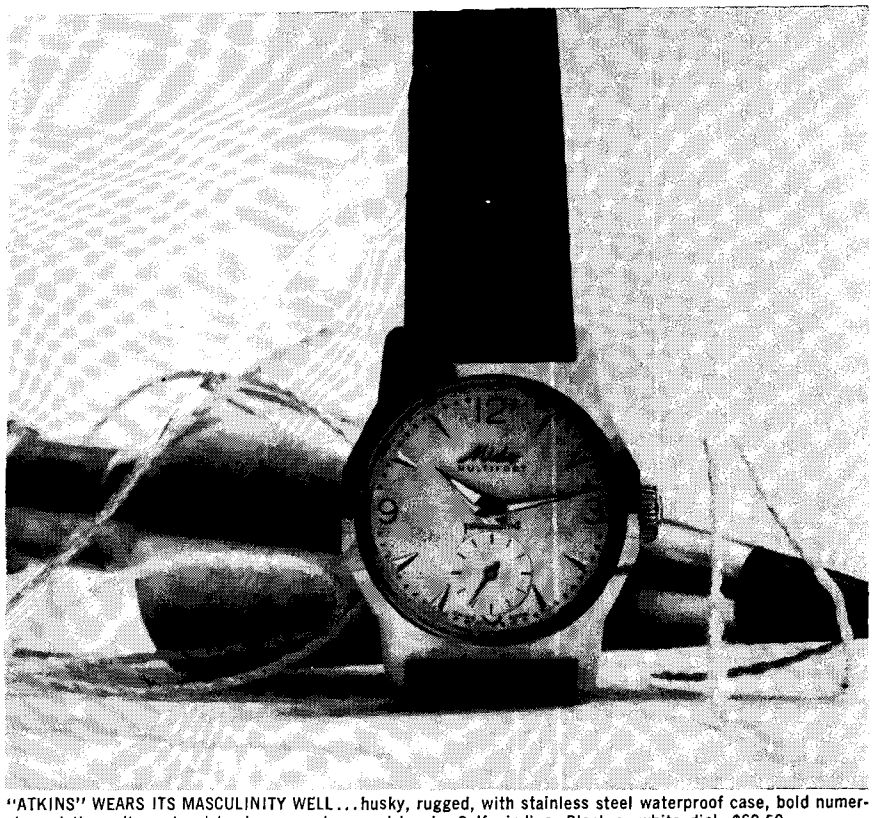
A DOZEN DIAMONDS blaze forth from the "Ocean Star." This magnificent dress watch is self-winding, has seamless, waterproof case. Stainless steel with black or white dial $210. Yellow Midoluxe $225. 14K gold $310.



DAINTY...DEMURE...and durable as the seven seas is the self-winding "Lady Ocean Star." Sculptured 14K gold hour markers; stainless steel waterproof case $110. Yellow Midoluxe $125. 14K gold $175.



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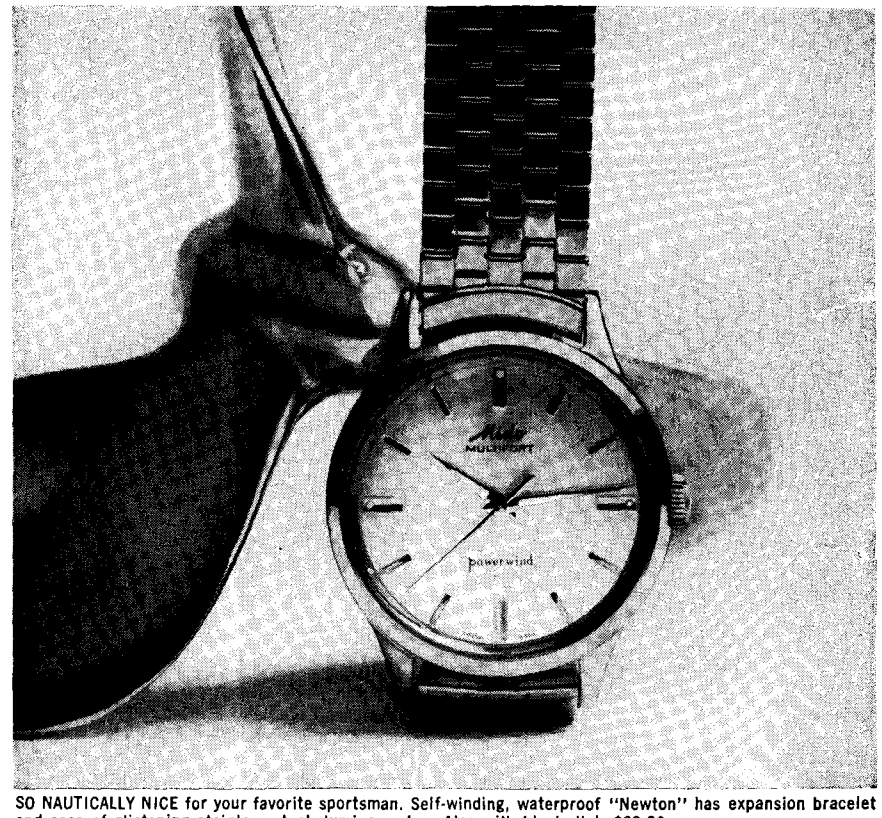

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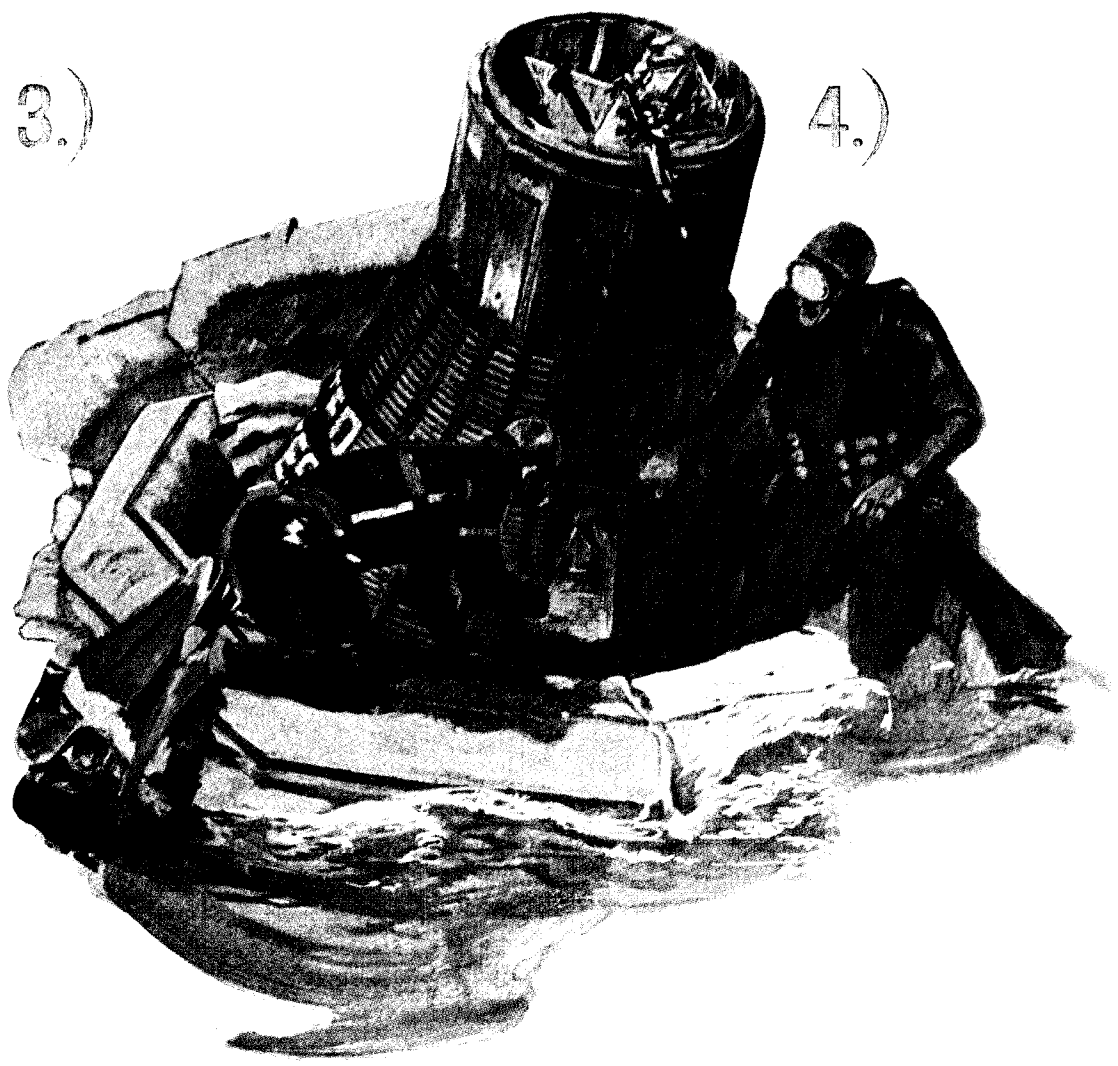
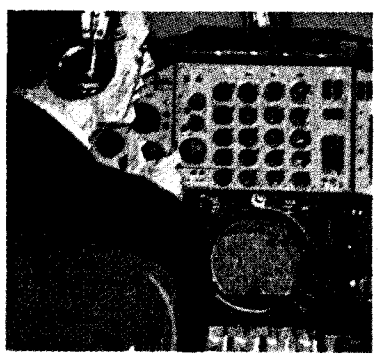
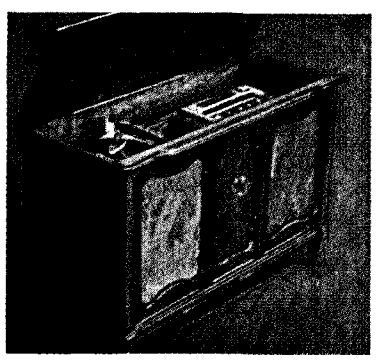
...USE A BANK... OR WATCH ASTRONAUTS...



...RCA IS PART OF YOUR LIFE

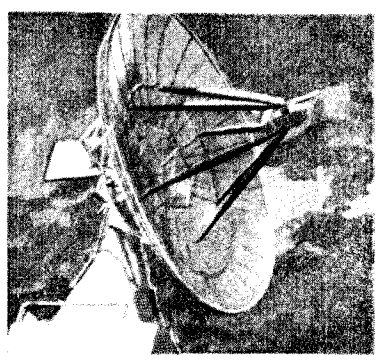


1. **If you sometimes fly:** Radars by RCA, both in planes and at airports, help control traffic flow for greater safety. On the way is a new system which uses RCA computers to control air traffic with new exactness.



2. **Enjoy music:** RCA is music to millions of people with RCA Victor records—both classical and popular—as well as the very finest in all types of radios, black and white or color TV, and stereo record players.

3. **Use a bank:** RCA computers are now at work in banks, in government agencies, the armed forces, and industry. The newest RCA computer can handle 20,000,000 bits of information in a single second!



4. **Or watch astronauts:** More than 3,000 RCA engineers at Cape Canaveral, and on the Atlantic Missile Range, collect and process data vital to space exploration and development of U.S. missile systems.

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meaty new idea...

RIBS IN A CAN

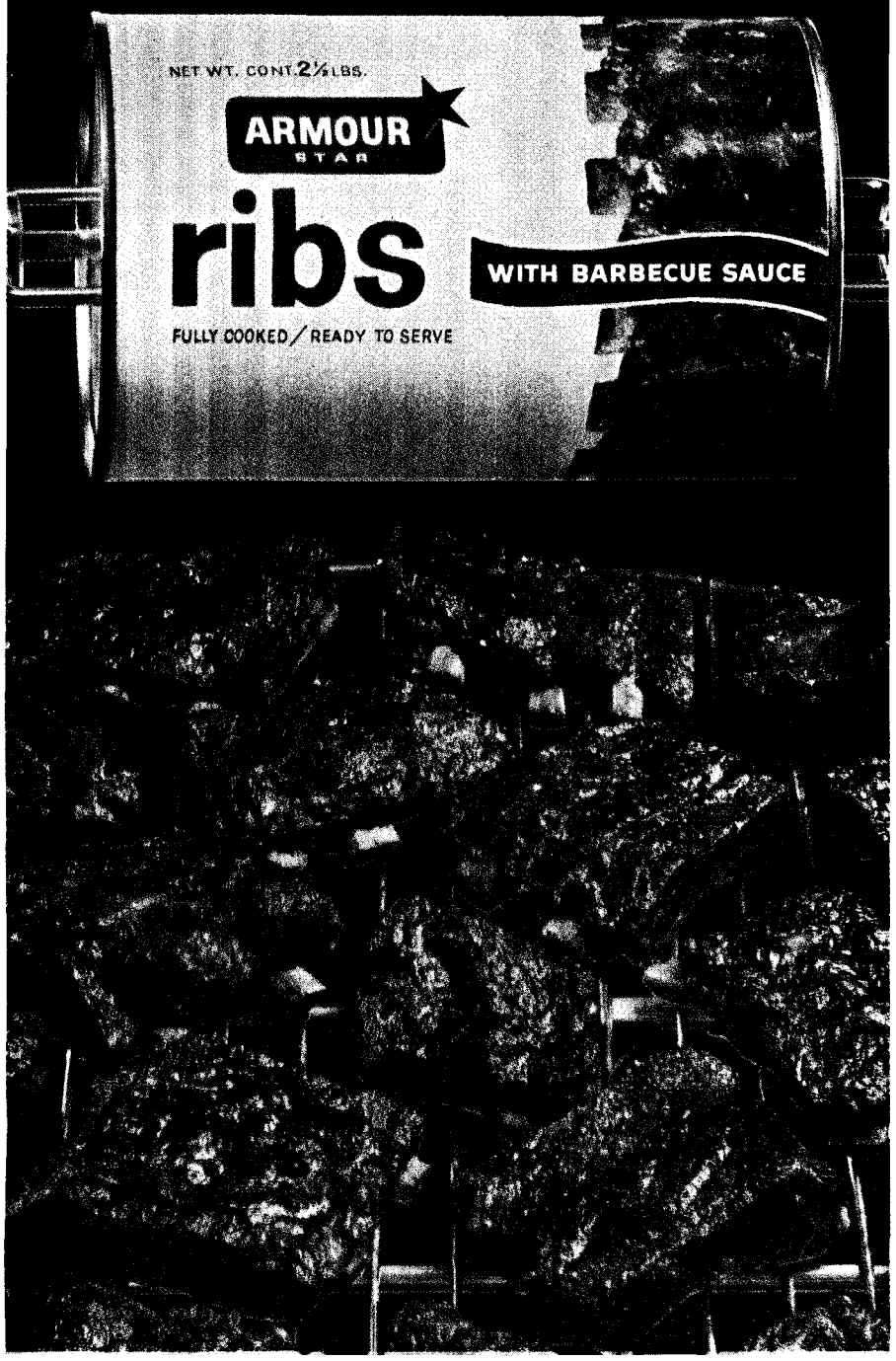
2½ POUNDS...
ALL SMOKED, SAUCED AND COOKED!

A big 2½ pound can of royally good ribs. No ordinary spareribs—but ribs specially selected, specially cut. Slim in bone—heavy on the good, rich meat.

ALL SMOKED. For meat this good, only the best will do. So we use sweet hickory smoke. A mellow drift.

ALL SAUCED. And this Barbecue Sauce never saw the inside of any bottle. Nine special ingredients in it—six worldly spices.

ALL COOKED. Nothing for you to do but heat. The big 2½ pound can serves 3 to 4. If you're looking for the cheapest ribs, forget ours. If you are hungry for the meatiest—come a-running!



THE LAWBREAKER

Tom Jerriman, who had inherited the Inn from his father, could never have held on to the business without Rosalie. He had come out of the army at thirty-one, legal owner of the Inn but with no talent for hotelkeeping and no interest in it except the interest he had always had in the waitresses and chambermaids. Rosalie, the daughter of a Yankee father and an Irish mother, was the most beautiful waitress Tom had ever laid hands on, but she resisted him until after the quiet but nevertheless binding marriage ceremony. Then he found that she was too much for him. His casual little affairs in the past had not prepared him for the demands of this healthy young woman who had been a virgin for twenty-six years. She said she wanted a child—children—but in her efforts to become pregnant she gave him literally no rest, and though Tom's death certificate gave pneumonia as the cause, he died of a complication of love and shame. He could not admit to anyone—certainly not to his mother—that Rosalie did all the work in the daytime and still had too much energy at night. And so he died, and his wife and his mother mourned his gentle soul and became close friends. The elder Mrs. Jerriman had always wanted a daughter, and now she had one who was a real comfort to her. The Inn was making more money than ever in its history, and the old lady would never have to worry about a place to live. The Vineyard in summer, and Rosalie's little hotel in Fort Lauderdale in the winter.

Not a soul had ever seen Rosalie and Morton together, even so much as chatting together. Their affair began, appropriately enough, with the approaching visit of a girl whom Morton had known in Florida. At his urging she agreed to spend a week at the Vineyard, but she insisted on stopping at some respectable hotel. Morton accordingly went to Jerriman's Inn to make the reservation, but when he told the clerk that the reservation was for a single young lady, the clerk was not sure. He hemmed and hawed until Morton asked to see the manager. The clerk retreated to the manager's office and came out a minute later. The manager would see Mr. Whitehill.

"Good morning, Mr. Whitehill," said Rosalie.

"Good morning. I want to see the manager."

"You're looking at her," said Rosalie.

"You're the manager? Since when? Where's Tom Jerriman?"

"You're behind the times. Tom passed on a couple or more years ago. I'm his widow. The manager and the owner. What's your trouble?"

"I want to reserve a room for a young lady, the first week in August. That pansy at the desk was no help at all."

"He was using his head. You're familiar with Jerriman's Inn. A very respectable place for over forty years. We're very careful who we let in. Your own mother and father had people stay here."

"I know they did. Now what about this reservation?"

"No," said Rosalie.

"*No?*"

"Not a chance. If your parents asked, that'd be a different story, but I hear they're leaving the Vineyard for good. In fact, I hear a lot of things."

"About me, you mean?"

"Uh-huh," said Rosalie. "Why don't you get your friend a room at Mrs. de Paulo's?"

"Because I want to get her a room at this dump."

"Well, this dump, as you call it, has no room for her. If she gets in Mrs. de Paulo's she'll be lucky, with your reputation."

"She'd take one look at Mrs. de Paulo's and take the next boat out."

"I can't help that," said Rosalie.

"Yes you can. Come on, be a sport. This girl is no tramp, and it's only for a week anyhow."

"Do you want to know why I really won't give her a room, Whitehill? Because I can't afford to have *you* hanging around here. The young lady may be as pure as the driven snow, although I doubt that, but my regulars know you since you were a young kid, and they'd complain. You'd give my place a bad name. You're starting to give the Vineyard a bad name. If my mother-in-law came in and saw you here she'd faint dead away."

"I notice *you* didn't, though."

"Not me. I'm not afraid of you. I think you're just a show-off kid that never grew up. Where I come from I saw a lot of bad little boys."

"Were you a bad little girl?"

"No, not that it's any of your business."

"What's your name?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And how long have you been sneaking out on your wife?"

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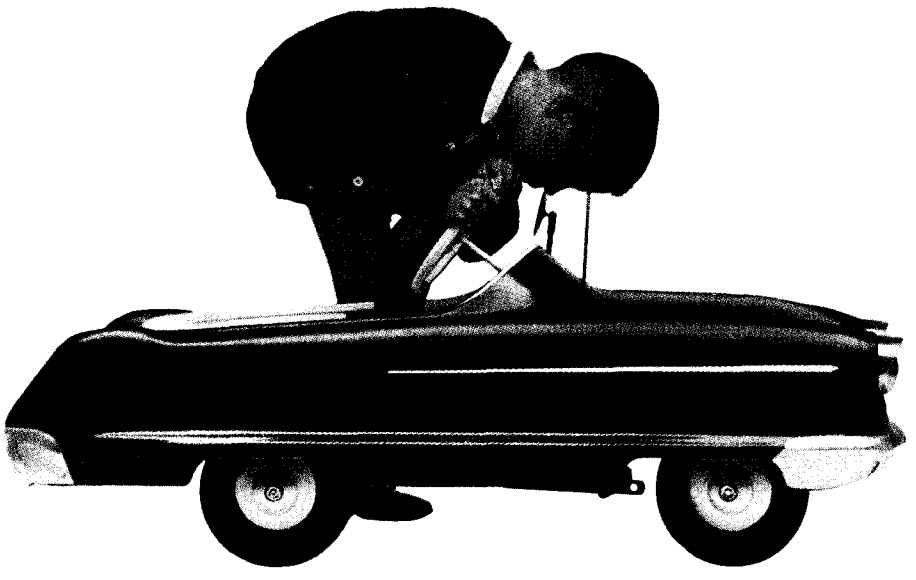
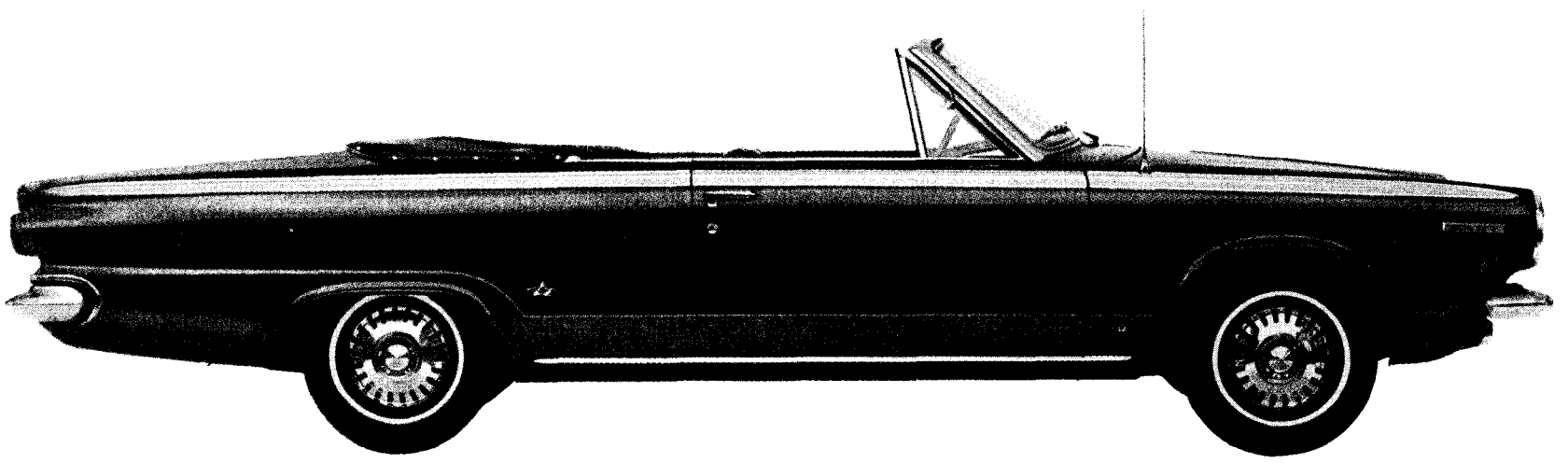
INTRODUCING THE DEPENDABLES FOR '64



We didn't invent the compact . . .



we just enlarged upon it!

The original idea about compact automobiles has little similarity to the 1964 Dodge Dart idea.

Now don't get us wrong. Dart certainly is a compact. It parks almost anywhere. It steers quickly, handles lightly. It's about as easy on gas as you hope to get. But from there on out the old idea and the new part company . . . Because the 1964 Dart is a compact in the large economy size!

Dart looks bigger. It sits bigger. It's powered bigger. And at the rear—where luggage belongs—is a vacation-size trunk that's larger than many standard-size cars.

When you add it all up, here's a lot of car going for you. A lot of room and comfort. A lot of durability and service-saving features. A lot of good looks that take you out of the compact class without taking you away from a compact price. '64 Dodge Dart! America's new family-size favorite!

Compact Dodge Dart

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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If you take aspirin, you don't get any of the relief from sneezes, sniffles and nasal congestion that Contac gives.

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Nothing else does as much for head cold congestion as the tiny "time pills" in Contac. That's why Contac is today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy.

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Proprietary Pharmaceuticals made to Ethical Standards

THE LAWBREAKER

"My name? Rosalie Jerriman. Mrs. Thomas P. Jerriman, owner and proprietor of Jerriman's Inn."

"Rosalie, huh? Well, Rosalie, just from standing here and listening to you blabbing about respectability, I found out one thing."

"You did, did you?"

"Yeah," he said. "You can be had."

"Perhaps. But not by you."

"By me," said Morton. "Nine o'clock tonight I'll be in a red Jordan roadster outside your garage. Is it a date?"

She laughed. "Go on, peddle your papers."

"Nine o'clock," he said.

She was there, as there was never any doubt in the mind of either that she would be there. She was wearing a blue linen dress and had a scarf on her head that also served to hide her face. "Where are we going?" she said.

"Oh, I know a place."

"I'll bet you do, but where?"

"You'll see," he said. He reached behind him and handed her a pint-size silver flask. "Have a snort?"

"Fresh off the boat? No thanks, I don't drink."

"It's real cognac. You'd pay twenty dollars a bottle for that in Boston."

"I wouldn't pay twenty cents for it unless I could sell it."

"Why, you have the heart of a bootlegger," he said.

"No, but that kind of a profit," she said. "I wish I would of thought to bring my bathing suit."

"Don't let that stop you," he said.

"No, I would of had to bring towels and all. I don't want to get my hair wet anyway. We have to be back by eleven. That's final."

"On a night like this?"

"Listen, you, if I'm not back by eleven, this is the last time you'll ever see me."

"I like the sound of that," he said.

"Then it's understood?"

"All right," he said.

"Then I can relax," she said, and slunk down in her seat and closer to him. "You're about what? Twenty-five?"

"Correct."

"Kind of robbing the cradle, but you seem a lot older," she said. "If I didn't know I would of said you were around thirty-one or -two."

"You get a lot of wrinkles around the eyes when you've been to sea as much as I have."

"The wind does it as much as the sun, I guess," she said.

"Yeah, it does. Dries up the skin, too."

"You're darker than most of the Portuguese."

"Well, I was in Florida all last winter."

"Bootlegging?"

"Charter boat. Fishing."

"In other words, bootlegging," she said. "What happens if they catch you?"

"First they have to catch me," he said. "Then they have to prove I was breaking the law. And that goes for you, too, Rosalie. Stop asking those questions."

"Well, one of these days I suppose I'll be reading in the paper how Morton Whitehill got shot by the Coast Guard. It'll break your mother and father's heart. Why do you do it? Your parents have plenty."

"Why do we do a lot of things? Why did you come along tonight? You can't explain it. How did I know you would? I can't explain that, either."

"Oh, I can explain about myself. You talk to nothing but old ladies and dried-up old men all day long. When you came in my office this morning it was like a breath of spring. Honestly. I don't mean to just flatter you personally. It was anybody young. Once in a while we get a young honeymoon couple, but it's mostly people over fifty. They don't give me any trouble and they pay their bills right on the dot, but I sure as hell welcome a young person."

"You didn't welcome *me*. Or the dame I wanted to get the reservation for," he said.

"The dame, huh? Then I was right, if you call her a dame. Is she a prostitute?"

"No, you wouldn't call her that. She's a cabaret singer. She isn't famous, but she makes good money and she could pass for a—well, not a schoolteacher. But not a prostitute. She's better than that."

"How long have you known her?"

"Oh—maybe six months. Since last winter."

"Were you living with her?"

"Listen, I don't live with anybody. Male or female. I have to stay independent. Anyway, she has a husband somewhere. He was working in Palm Beach last winter, and I think he goes to Saratoga around this time of the year. But the hell with her, what about you? Who have you got?"

She did not answer.

"Huh? I said who have you got?"

"I heard you," she said. "I was just thinking. Who *have* I got?"

"Well, temporarily—me." He looked at her and smiled.

She smiled back. "M'm-h'mm."

He got her back to the Inn well before eleven. "The bridge games will be just breaking up," she said, as he stopped the car. "Will you phone me tomorrow?"

"Not till the day after tomorrow," he said.

"Oh. You're going out with your boat, huh?"

"Well—I won't be near a phone," he said. "But I'll phone you day after tomorrow."

"Say you're Mr. White, if anybody wants to know. Mr. White from the supply company. That sounds harmless enough. But I won't say much to you. That pansy listens in on the switchboard, and I'll call you back from my room. I have a separate phone that doesn't go through the switchboard." She smiled. "I had it put in when I didn't trust my mother-in-law. She used to listen in on the switchboard."

"Busybody," he said.

"I had a lovely evening, Morton."

"So did I."

"I don't feel a bit sleepy, but I have to go now. Good-night, honey. Till we meet again."

If they saw each other on the street they did not speak, and when his name came up in porch conversations she showed no interest. They met at irregular intervals, some as much as a week long. He put off the girl from Florida by telling her he could not get her a suitable room, and it was the last he heard from her. He had other women besides Rosalie, but it amused him to provide each girl with a cheap scarf for her hair to confuse anyone who saw him with Rosalie. As the season was coming to an end he thought of Rosalie and of the *Nancy II* in the same terms—putting them up for the winter. But he discovered that Rosalie could be and had been as reticent as he: Throughout their affair she had not mentioned to him that she and her mother-in-law had leased, with an option to buy, a hotel in Fort Lauderdale.

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TAPPAN

'Fabulous 400' Gift Certificate Sale!

From now until Christmas...the first $45.00 you put toward the purchase of a 'Fabulous 400' is a gift from your Tappan dealer

Why put it off any longer. This *could* be the year you roast your Christmas turkey in a 'Fabulous 400' reach-in oven. (It will be done to a turn, too. Tappan's automatic roast control eliminates the guesswork.)

This *could* be the year you bake a Christmas pie in the other oven at the same time. (*Without* bending or stooping.) Even the controls are at eye-level height.

Or this *could* be the year you make every pot and pan you own an automatic appliance. Tappan's Set 'n Forget burner does it. Holds foods at the exact temperature you dial . . . automatically.

Your Tappan dealer is making all this easy for you. He has a $45 gift certificate waiting—good on the purchase of any Tappan 'Fabulous 400' with matching base cabinet. Choose gas or electric. The 40-inch size shown here, or a space-saving 30-inch model. Choose Coppertone finish or gleaming White. Whichever you choose costs $45 less if you buy now—during your Tappan Dealer's Gift Certificate Sale. *The Tappan Company, Mansfield, Ohio. In Canada: Tappan-Gurney Ltd., Montreal.*

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Dallas, Texas, "just one jump ahead of water disaster—or one jump behind"—until it went to work.

DALLAS—THE CITY THAT DECIDED

As they raised their eyes from dust clouds puffing around their feet to cloudless skies, people in the Southwest wondered if there'd ever be enough rain again.

It was 1953—second year of a drought that had four more years to go—and Dallas faced the most serious water crisis it had known in a long history of water shortages. Lake Dallas, the city's main water source, was rimmed by cracked earth that was once the lake bottom. Fishing camps once at water's edge were far from shore.

New lakes, tripling Dallas' storage, were empty. Wartime restrictions had delayed their completion until after the drought began.

In the city, lawns dried, then died, as sprinkling was curtailed. Extra firemen and equipment rushed from one brush fire to the next.

To get water—any kind of water—Dallas went fifty miles north to the Red River. The supply was adequate for the emergency—but the water was salty and hard. Even after treatment, the taste of salt remained. And Red River water was as mean as it tasted. It ate through water heaters and pipes. Car radiators were replaced at four times the normal rate. Shrubs died of poisoning.

Dallas tapped into old wells to get better drinking water. Even so, pure mountain well water trucked into stores sold for fifty cents a carton.

In 1954 Dallas made a further study of water needs and resources—one that went far beyond the immediate problem and looked at the entire Dallas metropolitan area in the year 2000.

From this came the Dallas Water Plan, which provides water growth faster than projected metropolitan area growth. Unless there is a drought far worse than any the city has ever experienced, the entire area will have an abundance of water for the next 50 years.

The price—nearly 150 million dollars. This will buy lakes and dams to store water; pipelines and pumping stations to get it to the city. It will buy purifying facilities and sewage systems to reduce downstream pollution. The people of Dallas are paying the cost—through a rise in water rates averaging 34%. They pay willingly because the increase is actually an investment. They know the cost of water shortage is at least as great as the cost of water development.

Looking at it another way, Dallas really is buying more than water development alone. The assurance of abundant water provides growth

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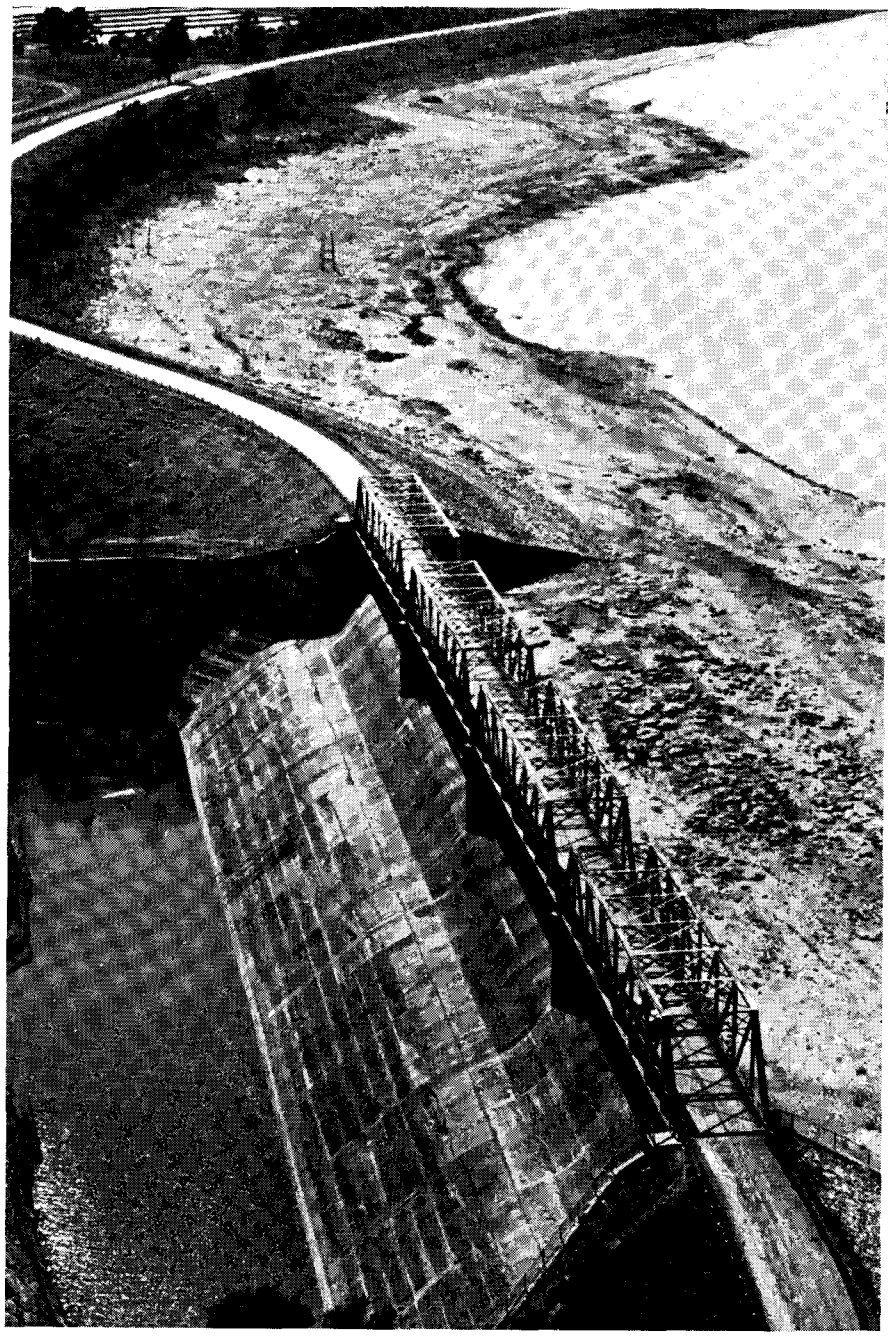
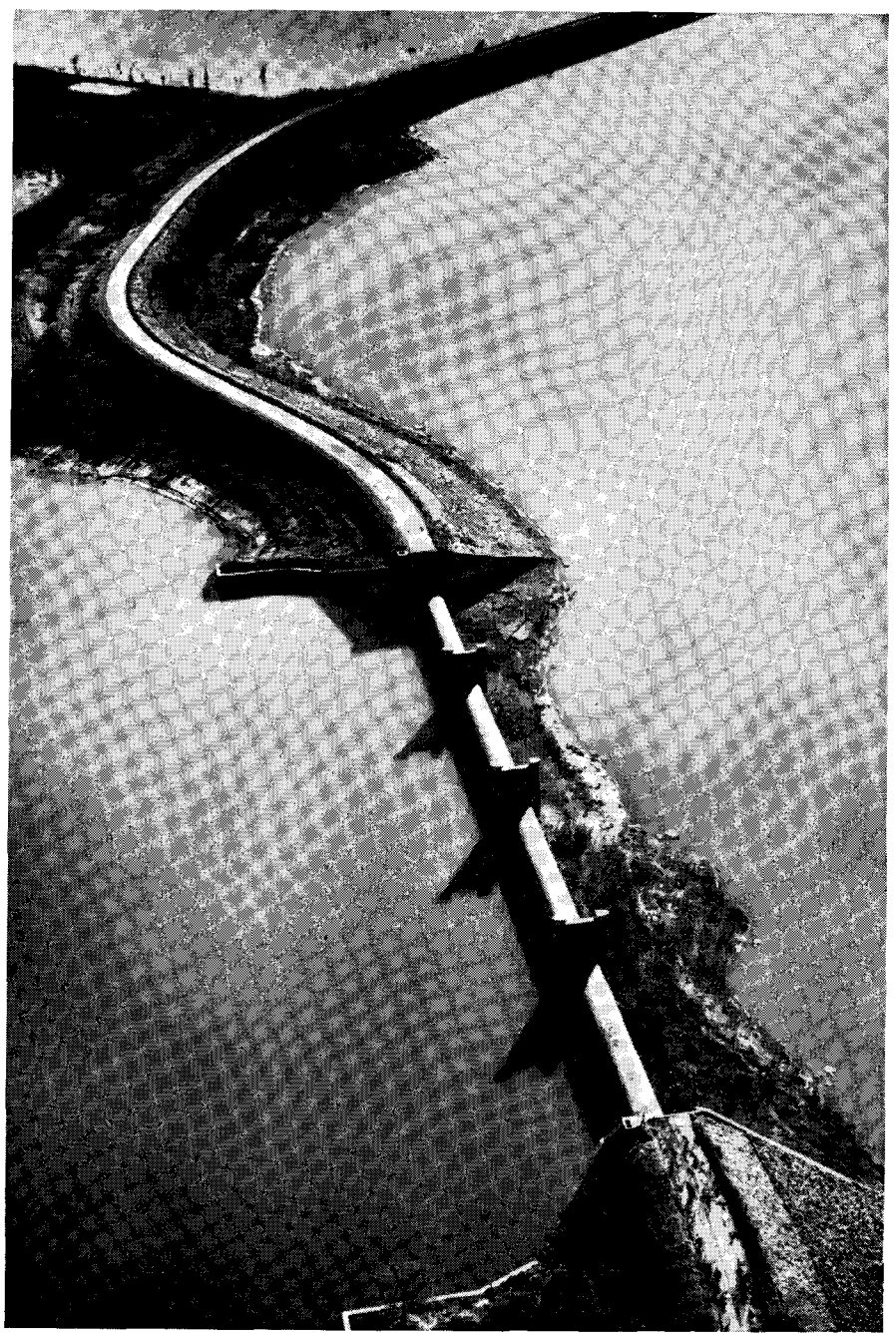


Lake Dallas, city's principal water source in early fifties, shown during drought. Even before the drought, the heavily silted reservoir was being enlarged by building another dam downstream. But lack of rain brought on a water crisis.



The old dam, now useless, sits in the middle of a greatly enlarged Lake Dallas—renamed Garza-Little Elm Reservoir. But its capacity is still too small for the growing city. Additional sources, some now completed, will triple the water available.

NOT TO DIE OF THIRST

for industry and more jobs for Dallas residents. It also attracts new industry and employment.

Water shortages are not restricted geographically. The facts are shocking. In a recent year of subnormal rainfall, one quarter of our nation was rationed for water. Shortages exist even in areas where rainfall is abundant, for there water is often shamelessly polluted. Yet, by 1980, we'll need twice the water we're using today. Our margin of safety grows thinner daily.

Will there be a water crisis where you live? Or will you do something about it before it happens? For information on the nation-wide water problem, write Dept. P-23, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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50¢ a carton for drinking water! Never again in Dallas. The city now has adequate water and a master plan to provide water in quantity for years to come.

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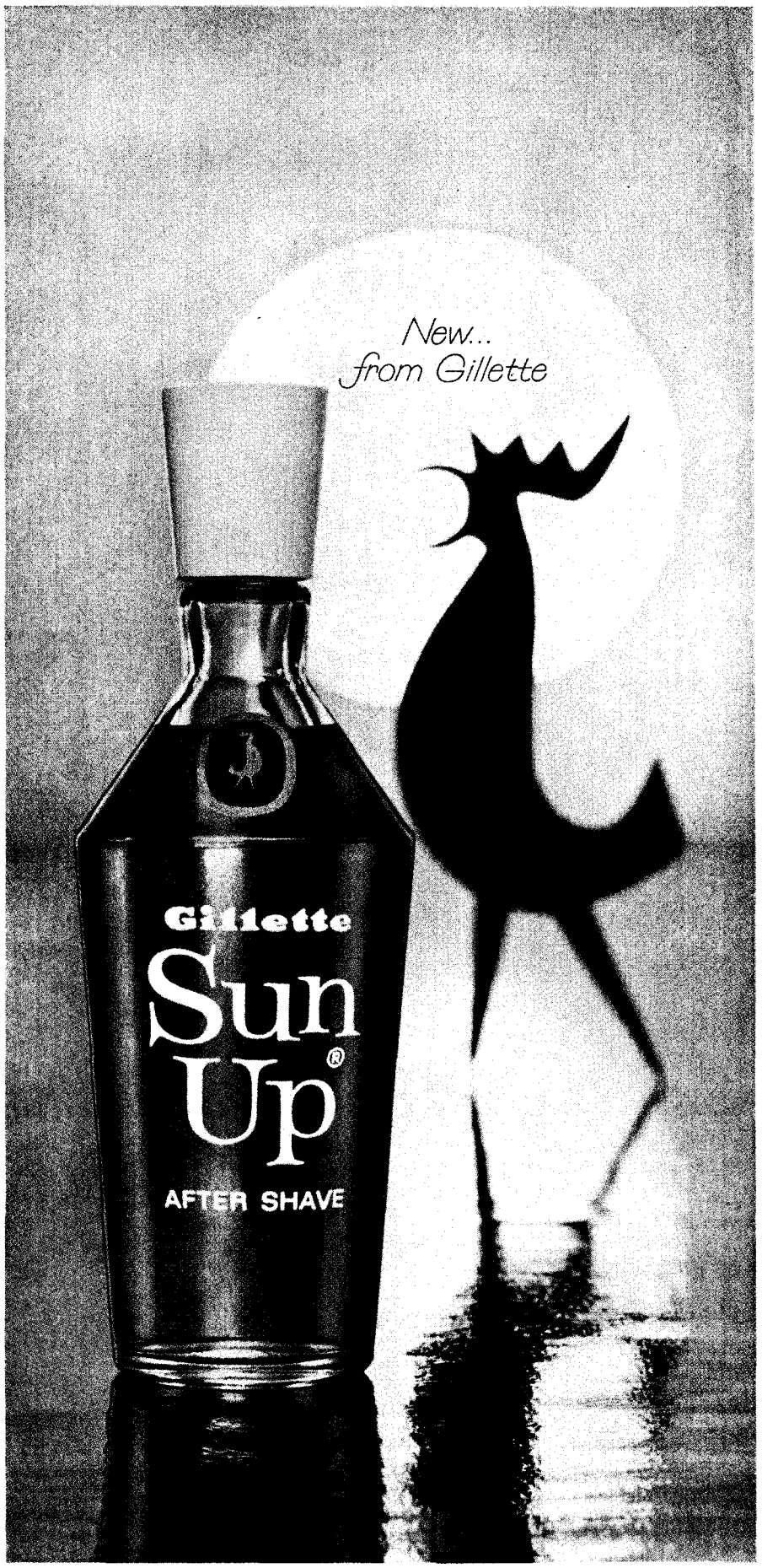

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after shaving...anytime you freshen up

SUN UP is Gillette's exhilarating new after shave lotion. What a lift you get *whenever* you use it! After shaving—morning, noon or night—freshen up time is SUN UP time. The fragrance is brisk, buoyant... the ladies like it, too. Get that top o' the morning feeling any time o' day with SUN UP. 4 oz., 79¢; 6 oz., $1 plus tax.

From the people who know men best Gillette
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THE LAWBREAKER

"I'm going down there right after Labor Day," said Rosalie.

"That's early for Fort Lauderdale," he said.

"Oh, then I'm coming back up north. I'll be in New York for a couple weeks. We won't open the Lauderdale Jerriman's till November sometime."

"You're a smooth one, all right. Never said a word," he said.

"Listen to who's talking," she said.

"Where are you getting all this money?" he said.

"I didn't have any trouble. *I* have a *good* reputation, honey. The bank in Fall River for some of the money, and some of my own, some of the old lady's, and the rest from my summer people. I could have got it all from one old man, summer people. But that's not good business. This way I have five couples and three others, all thirteen of them stockholders in my company, and all wanting to stay at the Lauderdale Jerriman's. But it's my company, honey. They can't sell their stock to anybody else but me. And you know why it was so easy to get the money? Because I was always nice to the old lady. Those other old people, they appreciated that as much as if I was doing it for them. But thank God for you, honey"

"Why me?"

"I had to have somebody young to be with. You'll never know what you did for me this past summer. Wait till you're thirty-five. You won't think it's so old."

"I never did think it was old."

"It's ten years more than you are. If it was only five I'd make you marry me, but twice five is too big a difference."

"You couldn't *make* me marry you, Rosalie."

"Couldn't I? I think I could. You're in love with me but you don't know it."

"Sure I know it," he said. "I've told you I am."

"Oh, I never went by what you told me. For a long time you weren't. But now you are, as much as I am with you, but in a different way. If I went to California, you'd follow me out there."

"You're pretty sure."

"Oh, if you went there I'd follow you, too."

"Make me marry you," he said.

"You mean you dare me to? I could. But I won't and why? Because it wouldn't last. This isn't going to last, but when we break up it's just a fellow and a girl. Not a married couple Nobody even knows you and I were anything to one another, let alone married. I'm that good-looking young widow that runs a hotel for a lot of old people. I wish one thing. I wish you and I could have a child. That's my only regret. The mortal sins? Well, maybe I'll go to hell if there is a hell. But I do regret it that I couldn't have your child. I wasn't thinking about you being much of a father, but you're strong and healthy. A man."

"I'm not a show-off kid anymore?"

"No, you're not."

"Who changed, Rosalie? Me, or you?"

"You. You love me like a man now. The first night you loved me like a show-off kid. You tried to hurt me the first night, but not lately. Now you can love me like a real man loves a woman. I'll bet you never loved another woman the way you loved me lately."

"No? Well, maybe I didn't."

"Every woman you ever love from now on, they can be thankful to me," she said.

"You keep talking as if we were bidding a fond adieu."

"Well, not tonight, but soon," she said. "You're going to Miami Beach and Bimini and all those places. And I'll be in Fort Lauderdale. I might as well be at Bangor Maine, and you in South America. If you don't get shot *before* then."

"You mean by the Federal men?"

"Them, or stabbed by one of those hoodlums in Oak Bluffs. You have a lot of enemies."

"I'll be able to see you in Fort Lauderdale."

"I doubt it."

"What's so different about there from here?"

"Me," she said.

"You? How?"

"A new place. A whole new business. I won't be able to sneak away there, the way I can here."

"Are you giving me the air?"

"I'm just telling you what I know it's going to be like. Here I know where everybody is at such and such a time. But down there it'll be all different, and I won't be able to take chances. The old lady and all my stockholders, I'm going to be like in a convent. Twenty-eight rooms there, all in the one building. Here I have forty rooms in the main building and the two cottages to wander around in."

"Well, I guess you call this breaking it gently," he said.

"I told you more than I started out to," she said. "But now I'm glad I did."

"You just got finished telling me you love me, and in the same sentence you start giving me the air."

"That's something about me, Morton. I was a decent girl till I got married. Twenty-six years of age, and fellows after me from the time I was sixteen. And I was pretty, too."

"You're still pretty, what are you talking about?"

"I just want to tell you about myself. Old and young were after me, married and single, but I stayed decent. Tom Jerriman didn't want to marry me, a waitress, but it was that or nothing, so he did."

"But you didn't love Tom Jerriman. you can't tell me that."

"No, I didn't. But I didn't love anybody else, either, so why not marry a fellow that owned a hotel and didn't have any brothers and sisters, only a mother in her sixties. Believe me, I saved the Inn from going bankrupt, so I'm entitled to it. The old lady'd be in the poorhouse if it wasn't for me."

"I thought you told me she's your partner. Where did she get the money to do that?"

"One thousand dollars. That's all she has in it. I put her on the payroll when I inherited the Inn."

"What do I care how much Mrs. Jerriman has in your hotel?"

"Just listen a minute, will you?" said Rosalie. "I feel an obligation to take care of the old lady as long as she stays alive. I like her now, and she brings me luck. Not only luck. She's a front. With her around you know it's a respectable place. I get fresh guys, salesmen and guys like that; they come in my office and start getting personal, and I tell them just a minute, I want to get my partner to hear what they have to say, and I bring in the old lady, and from then on they stick to business. Another thing, maybe I'll need more cash next season, and I'll be able to get it from those old people."

"Back again to where we were," said Morton.

"No, I'm getting there. All this is why I am giving you the air, only I'm not giv-

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ing you the air. I'm giving you up because I have to think of my future. I'm not going to die poor, like my father and mother."

"One of these days you'll hook on to ome rich guy, one of your summer eople."

"I want to have my own, then I won't have to marry a man because he's rich. Unfortunately I don't see any rich guy my own age wanting to marry me now."

"You know, Rosalie, you're a cold-blooded proposition."

"Where I have to be," she said.

"With me you don't have to be," he said.

"Ho-ho! If I didn't watch out you could ruin the whole thing for me. You even cheated on me this summer. If I didn't see you one night over in Menemsha, with some girl in the car, I would of come pretty close to losing my head over you."

"What were you doing in Menemsha?"

"Taking the old lady to a friend of hers. It scared me, you know, to think how close I came to falling for you. I mean really falling. That was an act of Providence, seeing you that night."

"Well, we never made any promises to each other," he said.

"I know. In some ways I guess we have a lot in common," she said. "How old was she, that girl?"

"I don't know. Eighteen or nineteen, I guess."

"Yeah, I couldn't tell with that scarf on," said Rosalie. "Eighteen or nineteen. Young enough to be my daughter if I matured a little earlier. So you see? I don't have all the time in the world, even if I am only thirty-five years of age. And that's what makes the difference between you and I, and why I have to be cold-blooded, you call it."

"Who will you get in Fort Lauderdale?"

"Who will I get? For loving, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I don't think of that. It'll be all I can do to keep from getting in the car and driving down to Miami Beach. I'm not looking forward to that part of it. You know what I'm like."

"Oh, some guy'll come in some day and want to reserve a room for his girl friend ——"

She slapped his face. "That never happened with anybody else, and it never will again. Take me home, you bastard."

He saw her once again before meeting her in New York, and they had four lovely days together on the southward journey. At Jacksonville he put her on the train so that she could arrive in Fort Lauderdale by rail. "A farewell present," he said, and handed her the diamond wristwatch his mother had spurned.

"Oh, honey, and I never got you anything," she said.

"That's all right," he said. "Maybe you'll bring me something to Miami Beach."

"Ah, I wish I could, honey. I wish I could," she said.

He had a profitable winter, but in terms of his larger schemes the season was a failure. It became apparent in January, for instance, that his partner, Red Williams, had resisted the pleadings of his wife and was not of a mind to be bought out. "I told her I said I'd sell at the end of the year, next December or November if you still want to buy," said Williams. "By then I'd have enough to go back up north and open a garage. She wants to be with her folks in West Virginia. What for, I don't know. Her old lady wants to live down here, and she might as well, she's here enough."

"I thought we kind of shook hands on this deal, Red. That I was to buy your share and you'd have so much a month for two years, a steady income."

"You don't call it a steady income when the money's owed to you on the installment plan," said Red.

"No, that's true, but you did say you'd sell."

"Mort, when you got a wife pestering you to sell, but she don't have the least idea how long it takes to start a new business, and two kids and a mother-in-law—as far as that goes, *I* could buy *you* out and you go partners with another guy. Do you want to sell?"

"No, I want to buy."

"There you are, so I guess we put it off till December," said Red. "I got another thing I want to talk about, Mort. You only come down here from November to June."

"Correct."

"I know you got your boat up there on the Martha's Vineyard. But I'm honestly gonna need help this coming summer. I don't mean somebody to load. I want to have a fellow I can trust with the boat. Last summer I made every trip myself, and look at me. My face, my arms. That's from too much sun. I cover

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up with cold cream but it don't do much good. The cold cream clogs up my pores and I get one infection after the other. She says I look like I had leprosy."

"Maybe you have," said Morton.

"Huh?"

"I was kidding."

"Listen, it ain't a kidding matter, a wife afraid she'll catch something from her husband."

"Lulu exaggerates it because she wants you to quit."

"She ain't that smart," said Red. "Anyway, Mort, what if I found a guy that could take half of the trips? Would you be willing to sell your share then?"

"Why should I?"

"Only one reason. Money. We're in this on the basis of nine months of the year we split even, but three months of the year you don't get anything."

"Correct," said Morton.

"Well, say toward the end of May a guy came along and offered you three thousand for doing nothing all summer, would you be willing to sell your share of the boat?"

"For how much?"

"Twenty thousand," said Red.

"I'll let you know in April," said Morton.

"Think it over, Mort. It's a fair and honest proposition. We're going to need new engines this year, I'm almost positive. Maybe even a new boat. You know what a pounding the *Lulu* takes."

"I'll tell you in April," said Morton. "Who's the fellow you've been talking to?"

"Well, there was a couple different parties inarrested," said Red.

On his next trip to Bimini Morton had the first of several conversations with the Englishmen. Only after the fourth conversation did he fully comprehend what should have been obvious in the first, that the Englishmen thought him a good fellow and a fine seaman but were not going to lend him one red cent. Moreover, they reported the conversations to the American member of the syndicate, and he was summoned to headquarters in a large, no longer first-class hotel. It was a suite of rooms, with some of the hotel furniture moved out to make way for the business-office equipment. Behind the steel desk in the inner office was a man named Terry Cassidy, and seated at his right in a Louis Quinze chair was Jack Elias. Elias was smoking a cigar, and he nodded but did not speak when Morton entered the room. The meeting was to be conducted by Cassidy, with Elias there as an observer. As to their respective standings in the syndicate Morton was not certain, but they were not the top command, although they were so much higher than the men Morton had worked with that this was only his second meeting with Cassidy and his first with Elias.

Cassidy was a fortyish man with an abundance of white hair brushed back in a pompadour. He was wearing a striped silk shirt with sleeve garters and a white soft collar with a loud, heavy silk tie. Elias was wearing a black mohair suit but with a tie as bad as Cassidy's. "Hello, there, Whitehill," said Cassidy. "Sit down. Care for a cigar? Oh, shake hands with Jack Elias."

Elias nodded and extended a limp hand, and Morton took a seat across the desk from Cassidy. "Let's get down to business," said Cassidy, and his momentary affability vanished. "Why did you want to go to those other fellows when you wanted money, Whitehill? Why didn't you come to us first?"

"I thought I knew them better."

"We're Americans, they're English. Wouldn't it look funny to you?"

"Maybe it does to you, but it didn't to me. They seemed more like friends of mine. And it's all the same syndicate. There was nothing secretive about it."

"Four times? Pretty secretive, I call it. You could of tried us once."

"I thought I was making progress with them. It turns out I was wrong."

"You were wrong from the start, Whitehill. We want to find out how wrong you were."

"Ask them. All I wanted was enough money to go in business for myself. Williams won't sell out to me, and lately he's been talking about buying my share."

"We know all about that," said Cassidy.

"Look, Mr. Cassidy, all I did was try to get backing from some members of the syndicate. I don't see anything wrong about that. Are you trying to make me look bad?"

Elias spoke. "Ask him which Englishman he knew best," he said.

"Yeah, which one did you know best?" said Cassidy.

"I didn't know any of them very well," said Morton. "But I guess you'd say I knew John Haydock a little better than the others. He and I used to talk about sailing."

"Sailing? Where were you going to sail to?" said Cassidy.

"We weren't going to sail to anywhere. We talked about the sport of sailing. Yachting. The way you might talk about horse racing. Haydock used to sail in England and Norway, and I used to sail around Massachusetts and the state of Maine. Don't try to make anything out of that, Mr. Cassidy. It won't get you anywhere."

"Keep your shirt on, young fellow."

"I will. I like *my* shirt," said Morton.

"Wuddia mean by that, may I ask?" said Cassidy.

"He means he don' like your shirt," said Elias.

"Yeah, well I got two dozen and they cost fourteen dollars apiece. The one he got on you can get for a deuce," said Cassidy. "What else did you know about Haydock?"

"Not much. I never even went to his house. I only mention him because we had that one thing in common. Boats."

"Well, it's too bad he didn't know more about them," said Cassidy.

"*Terry!*" said Elias.

"Hell, he'll find out the next trip to B," said Cassidy. "Your pal got drownded."

"Haydock? Not in these waters. He sailed boats in the English Channel."

"I don't know about that, but he went out in his little sailboat the day before yesterday. They found the boat but they didn't find him. So he must be feeding the fishes."

"He was a damn nice guy," said Morton.

"Nobody said he wasn't," said Cassidy. "For an Englishman I thought he was a *pretty* nice guy."

"I guess there's no use asking whether he was in trouble with the syndicate?"

"In trouble? How would he be? He was a *member* of the syndicate. We're taking excellent care of his wife and kids. Excellent."

"Excellent," said Elias. "A good thing he *didn't* loan you any money, Whitehill. The wife would most likely want it back,

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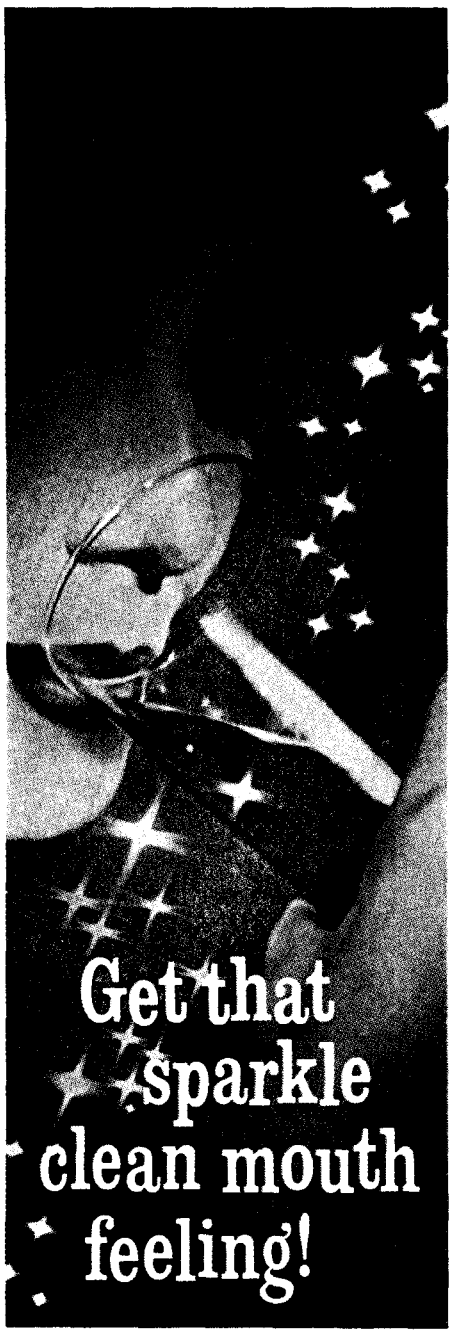

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now. You wouldn't of had the use of it very long."

"I'm sorry to hear about Haydock. He was a real gent," said Morton.

"Well, they're having a service for him the day after tomorrow. You could go over to B for that. Pay your last respects. We'll pay for the gas. Williams is over there today, isn't he?"

"Correct," said Morton. "But I'll pay for my own gas, this trip, and come back empty."

"Suit yourself, Whitehill," said Cassidy. "We made the offer. One more thing. Did you hear from New York lately?"

"No."

"As far as you know, you're going back to Martha's Vineyard this summer?"

"Correct. Why wouldn't I?"

"Just checking up on your plans," said Cassidy.

"Go ahead and tell him," said Elias.

"Well, there's some talk that New York is pulling out of your section. Concentrating on Long Island and New Jersey. You didn't hear anything to that effect?"

"No."

"Maybe just a rumor."

"They wouldn't tell me anything important," said Morton. "I just run a boat."

"But you have ambitions to run more than one boat," said Cassidy.

"You can't shoot a man for trying," said Morton.

Cassidy chuckled. "No, I guess not," he said.

"Or maybe I said the wrong thing," said Morton.

"No, no," said Cassidy. "Well, Jack, do we have any more questions to ask Whitehill?"

"No. But if he hears anything from New York we'd appreciate him passing the information along to us," said Elias.

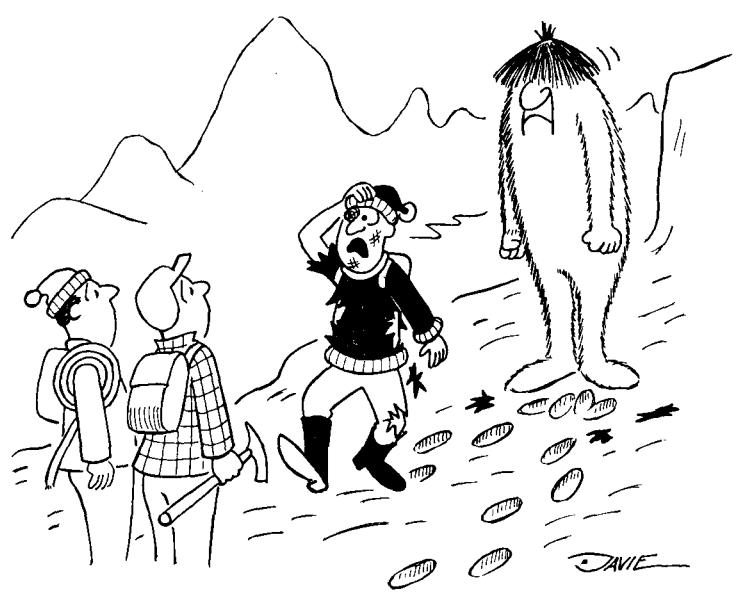
"Yes," said Cassidy. "We'd appreciate that, Whitehill."

Morton was dismissed, and he wandered around Miami and Miami Beach that night, having drinks with acquaintances but reluctant to remain long in one place or with any of his friends, male or female. The murder of John Haydock—and he was convinced it was nothing else—had a more depressing effect on him than the rubbing out, as they called it, of two other men he had known better than he knew the Englishman. The British were more thorough and relentless about murder than the Americans, even when the victim was a member of a gang. The syndicate must have had their own extremely good reasons to defy the British. Morton doubted that he would ever know their reason, and he doubted that Haydock's body would ever turn up. In all probability he had been shot first, or, better yet, killed with a knife so that his body would not fail to attract the sharks.

Morton recalled that he had never seen Haydock on American soil, although all the other non-Americans frequently came to Miami on business and pleasure trips. Thus the only way to execute Haydock would be to go to Bimini and do the job there. It seemed likely that Haydock knew what he was doing when he stayed away from Florida. Incidental comments during their conversations had revealed Haydock as a man who liked women and parties, and the syndicate parties were notorious. No one as far down as Morton in the syndicate operations ever got invited to the parties, but they were worth the trip to important gangsters from St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Jersey City, New York and Boston.

Morton's sources of information were girls who had attended the parties and who were perfectly willing to supply details that concerned everyone but themselves. Thus he had known, while sitting in Cassidy's office, that Cassidy had certain peculiarities and Elias certain others, and the knowledge had made him more flippant than he had intended to be. He wondered whether he had been too flippant, but flippancy alone was not in the catalog of offenses that called for capital punishment, and he was not alarmed. The only grounds for fear were Cassidy's remark about ambitions and the fact that early in the conversation Cassidy seemed to be trying to make something of Morton's attempts to borrow money from the English members of the syndicate, with special reference to Haydock.

As he went from one joint to another, drinking ale and staying sober, Morton realized that Haydock was undoubtedly the man who had reported his attempts to get backing from the Englishmen. But he did not feel that Haydock had in any sense betrayed him. It was the proper, so typically British proper, thing for Haydock to have done. It was one thing for Haydock to have committed some act of treachery that would cost him his life, but something else again to let their harm-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"One thing—he doesn't like to be called 'abominable.'"

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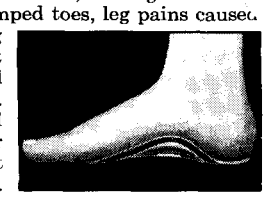

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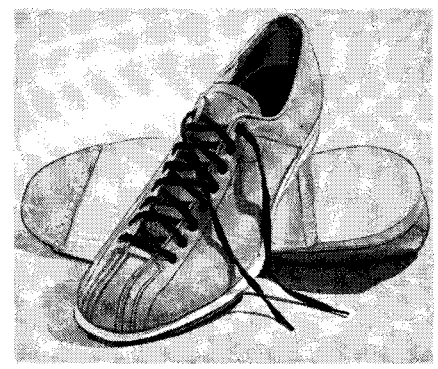

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less conversations go unreported. Haydock was a man of great charm, the pleasantest of company while inspiring instinctive distrust. Conversationally he rmed with the English public-school s that make it possible to be reticent without being rude. He contradicted you not with a flat statement but with a question. ("Oh, do you really think you could pay it back inside a year?" instead of, "You couldn't pay it back in a year.")

Haydock was a thin man with a large, long nose and a very long neck. The first upper molar was missing from the right side of his mouth, and his lower teeth popped up haphazardly in his gums, but he talked so rapidly and well of many things that you listened rather than looked. *He* didn't care about his bad teeth, and they might not have been so bad if he had ever gone to a dentist. But he could not have had much time for dentists while living the life that had provided him with so many odd bits of information. "It isn't much of a plane, you know," he once said of an airplane settling down in the bay. "It handles very badly on takeoff. Needs every bit of its power to lift itself out of the water."

"Can you fly?"

"Oh, I have. There's nothing to it. I could teach you in two hours," said Haydock.

"Did you fly in the war?"

"Heavens, no. Wish I had. I was cooped up in a dreadnought most of the time. Got in too early for the R. F. C. Wish I'd waited and had some fun."

e spoke a great deal of fun in relation omen, liquor, sailing, shooting, flying and gambling, but in doing so he maintained an unsmiling expression, as though fun were a synonym for activity that gave him pleasure without cause for laughter. And always, even when he was at his most entertaining, he seemed to be preoccupied with some unfinished task that would take him away—literally, away from the table, or figuratively back to some moment in the past. Curiously it had not occurred to Morton that Haydock's preoccupation might be caused by any of the activities of the syndicate, or anything to do with his wife and children, whom Morton had not seen. Haydock's wife and children were a fact of his life; he went home to them. But they were kept out of his conversation, as was much of his personal history. "Are you an old Etonian?" Morton once asked him.

"Hardly that, my dear chap. Eton—a bit rich for our blood. My school has never had a prime minister, not in two hundred years. No chance I'll be the first, do you think?" He spoke without personal bitterness but rather with pity, as though it would be nice to supply his old school with some distinction. That was a thing he had: the surprise in store not only *when* you least expected it, but of a nature you did not expect. In this case it was a softness toward his old school that was conventional enough in an Englishman but not in this Englishman, who had probably not had a school record that he or the school would boast of. In age he was somewhere past thirty, hard of muscle and large of feet and hands, surprisingly so for a man who was so slender. Morton had seen him squeeze tle caps with thumb and forefinger, ually, without making a feat of it. In a mall boat he would not have been easy to kill with a knife, and Morton now theorized that Haydock had been shot first with a rifle bullet. It made no great difference how he had been killed, except that Morton wanted to know and could only guess.

On the day of the services for Haydock, Morton took the *Lulu* to Nassau, but his plan to go alone was altered by Red Williams's insistence on going along. "I liked old Haydock," said Red. "And anyway that's too long a trip for you to make by yourself."

"Afraid I wouldn't get her back alone?" said Morton.

"Not that exactly, but it is too much of a trip for one man, I think," said Red.

Haydock had a cottage on the outskirts of Nassau, and when Morton and Red found it they were given another of Haydock's surprises. The cottage was on less than a half acre of hilly ground, surrounded by a wire fence, with a small stable back of the cottage. A family of goats wandered about. The cottage itself was in poor condition, with signs of neglect everywhere. The two men knocked on the front door, and a stout woman appeared. She had a cigarette in her mouth and she breathed smoke while resting a baby on her hip bone.

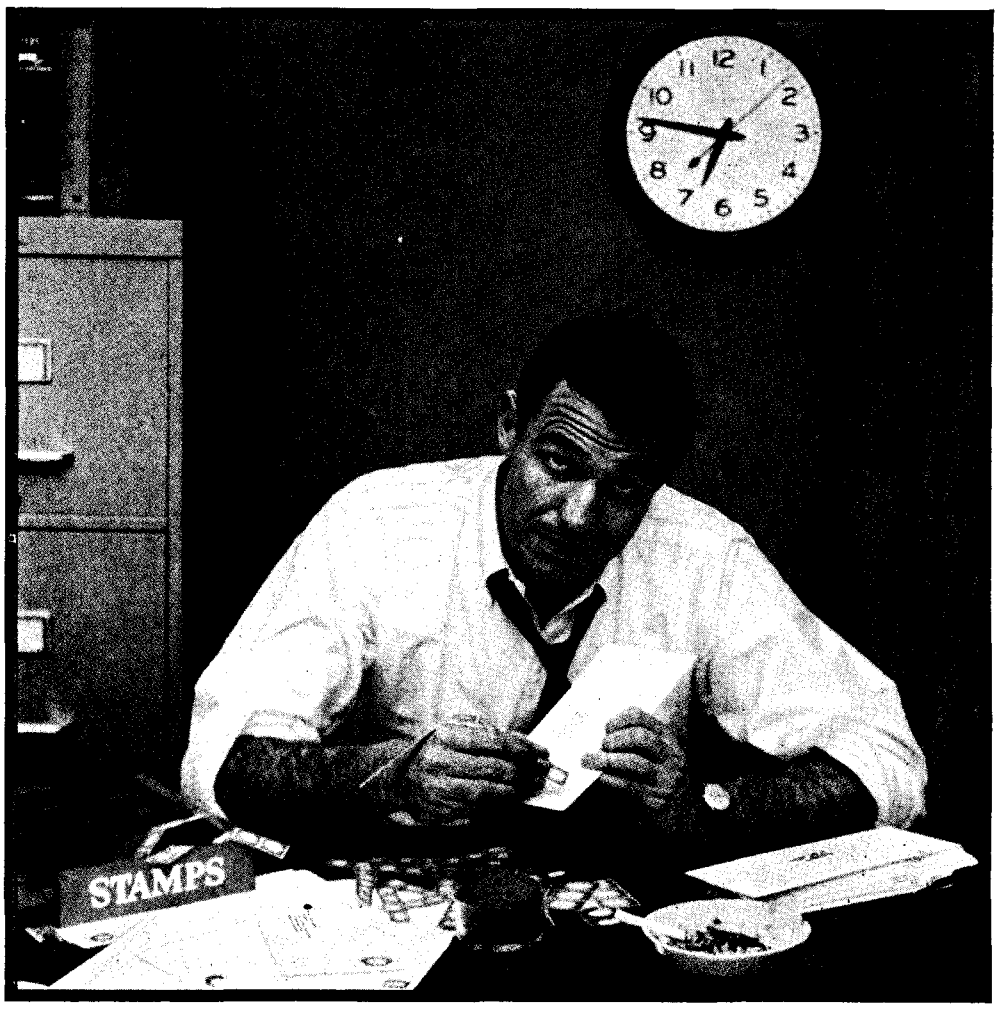
"Could you tell us where we'll find Mrs. John Haydock, please?" said Morton.

"I'm Mrs. John Haydock. May I ask who you are?" The woman was of mixed white and Negro blood.

"We're friends of his that came over for the services. Americans," said Morton.

"No services," said the woman. "I dispensed with them. You wish to come in and rest a bit?"

"Don't want to bother you," said Red Williams.



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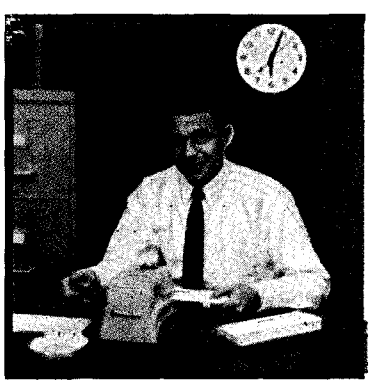

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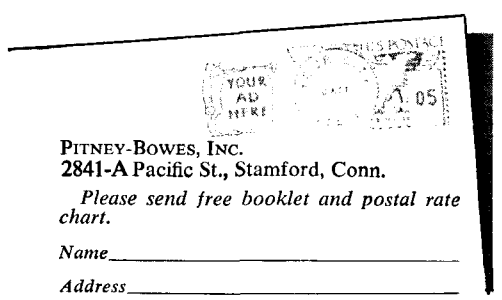

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"My husband may not be daid, though they did find the boat. Gentlemen care for a bottle of beer? Come on in, please, and I get you a bottle of beer off the ice. Not very fond of warm beer myself."

The two men went inside, took chairs while Mrs. Haydock went to get the beer.

"One thing, sure," said Red Williams. "Haydock didn't squander his money on this joint."

"No," said Morton. "It makes me wonder what he did with it. What would you say she was?"

"She don't talk like Florida. Jamaica, maybe. Pretty, once upon a time, you can see that."

"Beautiful when she was sixteen, probably. But there's too much of her now."

Still with the cigarette burning in her mouth and the baby on her hip, Mrs. Haydock returned with three bottles of beer which she held by the necks. She set the beer on a table beside a portable phonograph. "Get you some glasses," she said. "Tastes better coming out of a glass." She got two shell glasses and a water tumbler and a bottle opener.

"Help yourselves, gentlemen," she said. "What do the gentlemen think of this thing? Is it your opinion John is alive, or dead?"

"Well, there's always hope," said Red Williams.

"Mr. Harry Carstairs—you gentlemen acquainted with him? My husband's business associate? He don't hold out any hope, and I fear he's right. Nevertheless I don't like to give up entirely. My husband was so proficient sailing boats, I continue to expect him to walk in that door. But I may be hoping forlornly. The beer the right temperature?"

"Fine. Just right," said Morton.

She looked at him. "I guess you gentlemen were with him in business, too?"

"Yes," said Morton.

"I deduced that. My husband wasn't acquainted with very many American gentlemen. Or any others, truth to tell. English, you know. Not one for social mingling. Reading was his pastime. Reading books and sailing his boats. I never went over to Bimini, but I know that boat was smaller than the one he had here. Not being a very proficient swimmer I never went sailing with him, he wouldn't let me. Well, he prophesied right. He said if one of us got drowned, there'd still be the one to take care these children. My other child is at school, but this one, it'll be a few years before he starts his education. Isn't that right, little fellow? You keep me company a few more years, little fellow?"

"Well, we hope everything turns out for the best, Mrs. Haydock," said Red Williams, rising.

"We mustn't keep you," said Morton.

"I do thank you kindly for wishing to pay your respects. Thank you very much, gentlemen."

They had kept their taxi waiting. "Now what do we do?" said Morton. "Go see Carstairs? Maybe we should have done that first."

"We should have, but we didn't know any better," said Red. "Yeah, we bet' go see Carstairs. Driver?"

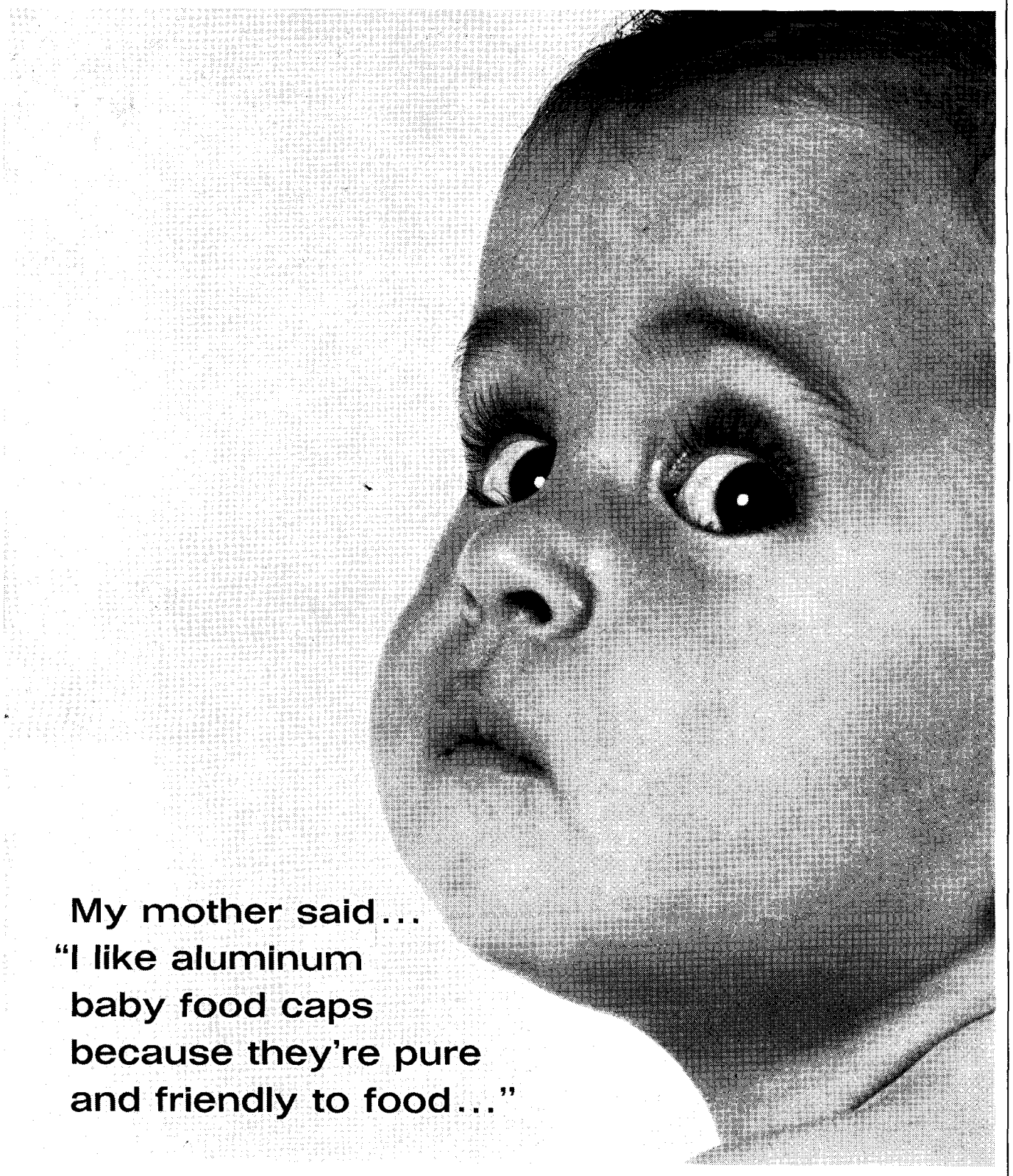
"Yes sir, I take you to see Mr. Harry Carstairs," said the driver.

Carstairs's office was called the Inter-American Export Co., Ltd. "Too bad you gentlemen had to come all this way. I could have cabled you if I'd known. I take it you did meet, the—uh—Mrs. Haydock? Bit of a shock if you're not prepared for it, but I must say she was a beauty and not too long since. Must go fifteen stone now, but when I first saw her she was no more than a man's woman, if you know what I mean. Something there to take hold of, don't you know. Yes. M'm. I believe she might have some legal difficulties lying ahead. Appears old Haydock had a wife in England who never divorced him, or he her. A bimbo, as you chaps would say, but with a perfectly legal claim to her share of Haydock's estate. If and when, that is. Presumed dead isn't quite the same thing as declared dead, is it? We'll do the right thing by the lady you met today, at least for the time being. But now, gentlemen, what about you two? Have you come to a decision, or, in other words, is one of you going to sell out to the other? No immediate problem, but we don't like to have these things hanging in the air."

"We'll know in April," said Red Williams.

"April. Well—all right, then," said Carstairs. "And now is there anything I can do for you while you're in Nassau? Cash a check, or—uh—female companionship? I know where you could spend a very pleasant evening or afternoon, for that matter. These are two young women who aren't exactly professionals, but I assure you they're not amateurs eithe Five quid is what you're expected t leave on the way out, so you see they're not common tarts."

"I'm a married man," said Red Williams.



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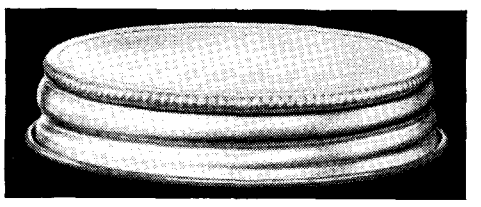

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Carstairs chuckled. "Yes, but you see these are married women, and being a bachelor I'm inclined to be cynical about the vows."

"Twenty-five bucks," said Morton. I'm game."

"You'll save a little if you use English money, Whitehill," said Carstairs. "And we don't want to spoil them do we? Williams? Are you unshakable?"

"Aw, I'm game if Whitehill is."

They spent the next two nights in Nassau, and now Morton had something on Williams. It was not much, but it was enough to improve his position, as Red Williams inadvertently revealed on the homeward journey. They were out in open water, Williams at the wheel, before Red displayed his troubled conscience. "I swarr, I wish I woulda never listened to that Carstairs," he said. "Lulu ain't gonna believe a thing I tell her—unless I was to tell her the truth. She'd believe that soon enough, because that's what she's thinking anyhow."

"Well, you enjoyed yourself for two days."

"I guess maybe I did, what I can remember of it," said Red. "I never knew a woman like that Vickie. Some woman! Burn my clothes!"

"She liked you, too," said Morton.

"Seemed to, but that didn't keep her from taking me for two hundred dollars. Two hundred for what started out to be twenty-five. Pig drunk. Hung over. Out two hundred. And the worst is yet to come."

"Blame it on me," said Morton.

"How so?"

"I mean, tell Lulu I got into some kind of trouble and you had to stay and bail me out."

"I could do that, providing you fix up a good story. My mind ain't working so good. This'll be one time I won't stick up for you."

"Oh, I know what Lulu thinks of me," said Morton.

"You sure you don't mind?" said Red.

"I've got nothing to lose," said Morton. "You tell Lulu I got into a fight. We don't have to say anything about women or getting drunk. If you say anything about getting drunk, she'll put two and two together and start asking you questions. Just say—just say I caught a fellow on board the *Lulu*. A stranger. Looked as if he was going to steal something. I hit him, and he had me arrested."

"Where was I at the time?"

"Talking to Carstairs, in Carstairs's office," said Morton. "The first you heard of it was when the police asked Carstairs if you knew me. They wouldn't let you go my bail. They kept me in the can because I was a foreigner, an American. Then they gave me a hearing and fined me two hundred dollars. No, that's stretching it. Keep it simpler than that. Just tell her you waited over till they gave me a hearing."

"Where did I stay those nights?"

"On the *Lulu*, of course."

"That's good. I like that," said Red. "If I get away with this story I'm your friend for life." He glanced at Morton. "And I guess I better be, huh?"

"Hell, I wouldn't want to see you in any trouble, Red."

"I love Lulu," said Red. "I never play around much. She don't give me much chance to, but I wouldn't anyhow. She don't, so I don't. I know *she* don't, because her old lady's with us half the time, and she's more scared of her old lady than she ever was of me. So am I, to tell you the truth. I couldn't get away with this story to the old lady. I'm just gonna tell Lulu and make out like it's a secret. She'll right away go and tell the old lady, but that'll be all right."

They ran into a squall that made the sea choppy enough to discourage casual conversation during the next two hours, and when the weather was calm Red went below to take a nap. He slept until the different sound and vibrations of the *Lulu* in the bay awakened him. He came up and stood beside Morton.

"You look better," said Morton. "The sleep did you good."

"I feel better," said Red. "Maybe I won't have to tell her any story."

"Just have it ready," said Morton. "But if you don't think you're going to need me to back you up, I won't go out to your house with you."

"Maybe it'd be better if you didn't come," said Red.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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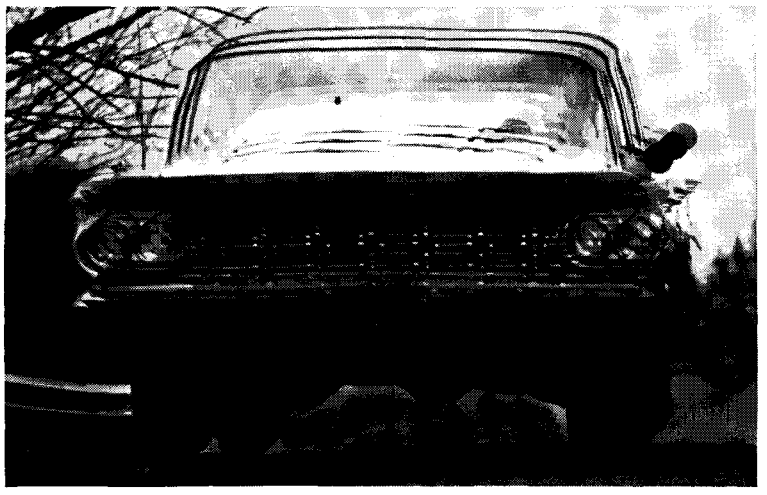

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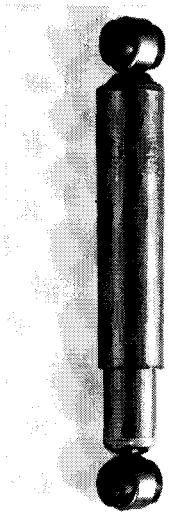

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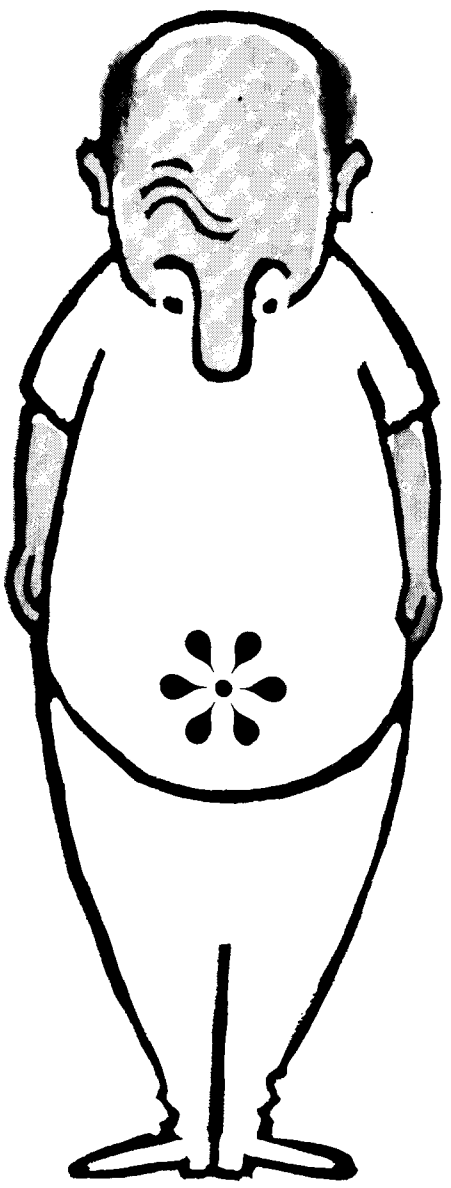

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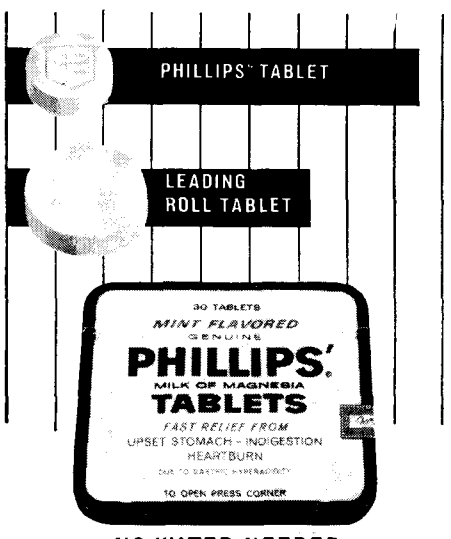

NO WATER NEEDED

THE LAWBREAKER

"Suits me all right," said Morton. "I can use some sleep myself."

"Thanks anyway, Mort," said Red.

He was so transparent. A few hours' sleep had restored his physical well-being, and now he wished to be free of obligation to Morton.

"Got the old self-confidence back, eh?" said Morton.

"How do you mean, Mort?"

"Just that. You think you can handle her now," said Morton.

"Lulu? Yeah. I was shaky back there, but a little shut-eye, you know?"

"Sure, Red," said Morton. "Sure."

"Now not that I don't appreciate," said Red.

"Listen, I get it. You don't want to owe me any more favors than you have to," said Morton. "Well, I'd be the same way in your position."

"I don't mind owing you a favor," said Red. "We're pardners."

"All the more reason why you don't want to owe me anything," said Morton. He eased the boat into the berth and Red, agile again, leaped to the dock and tied up.

"Can I give you a ride anywhere?" said Red.

"Got my car up at the garage. Having a valve job done," said Morton.

"You're always spending your dough on that car," said Red.

"Well, why not? Some day I may want to get away fast," said Morton.

"Who from?"

"I don't know yet," said Morton. "Maybe some jealous husband."

"Oh."

"Why? Who did you think, Red?"

"Nobody in particular," said Red.

"I don't think a fast car would have saved Haydock," said Morton.

"Nothing would of saved Haydock. "He double-crossed everybody."

"You must know something I don't know," said Morton.

"No, but I can guess. So can you. That's all we better do, is guess. But a double crosser gets it sooner or later."

"Let's sit in your car a minute, Red," said Morton. "I want to talk a little."

"OK, if it don't take too long," said Red.

"Only a minute or two," said Morton.

Red had a Buick Master Six sedan. "You've got room in the back here for a dozen cases," said Morton.

"Never used this car to haul with," said Red. "Car belongs to Lulu." He sat behind the wheel, and Morton got in beside him.

"You're anxious to buy me out," said Morton. "I thought by this time I'd be able to buy *you* out, but what's your offer?"

"Why do you want to sell all of a sudden?"

"Come on, Red, what's your best offer?"

"Well, I have to think," said Red. "I'll give you five thousand for your interest in the boat, and five thousand for you to quit the partnership."

"I said an offer, not an insult," said Morton.

"I heard what you said," said Red. "You didn't answer me, though. Why do you want to sell, all of a sudden?"

"Give me forty thousand dollars cash, and I'll shake on it," said Morton. "I'll get out of town, leave Florida the same day."

"Nope. Ten thousand dollars."

"We're two guys that ten thousand dollars isn't a lot of money to," said Morton. "But one of us seems to have some information that's worth about thirty thousand."

"How do you mean, Mort?"

"I wish I knew what you know," said Morton. "Have you been talking to Cassidy? Elias, maybe?"

"No more than usual," said Red.

"Maybe no more than usual, but I wish I knew what they said. What *did* they say?"

"I offered you ten thousand, Mort. If I's you I'd take that," said Red.

"My guess is, Elias and Cassidy think I was mixed up with Haydock, but they're not sure. Whatever the hell Haydock was doing, I don't know that either. But it sure looks as if I made one hell of a big mistake trying to get Haydock to back me."

"That may be, Mort. That may be," said Red.

"And so, Elias and Cassidy have hinted to you to get a new partner," said Morton. "They'd save you the trouble if they were sure I was in with Haydock, but they're giving me a break."

Red reached in the glove compartment and took out a couple of foil-wrapped cigars. "Have one?"

"No thanks. Cigarettes for me," said Morton.

Red unwrapped his cigar and made an ugly ceremony of biting off the end and spitting it out, spitting even after the last tiny leaf was gone from his lip. He lit a kitchen match with his thumbnail and slowly revolved the cigar between his lips to get an even light. Then he drew a deep breath and sat forward with his hands on the top of the steering wheel. "We been friends and pardners near two years, Mort. Liked you from the start. You done more than your share of the work, and you took your share of the chances. I got no complaints personally. Personally I just as soon we keep on being pardners. That's personally."

"*But*," said Morton.

"Well, yes. *But*. I ain't saying you guessed right or you guessed wrong. I ain't saying you was in with Haydock or in with anybody. I ain't saying *Haydock* was in with anybody. I don't know what happened to Haydock no more than you do, Mort. I'll say this much: If that little fat woman ever sees him again I'll be surprised. Or anybody else. You cut open some shark's belly and you'll most likely come across that big round wristwatch and that gold ring he used to wear. You remember that gold ring. You got one like it."

"Something like it," said Morton.

"That's where it is now, in some shark's belly—is my guess."

"Mine, too," said Morton.

"Oh, sure. We know that, even if we can't swear to it," said Red. "Mort, I'll give you fifteen thousand, and that's the most I'll say."

"The hell with that, Red. You were just getting started on telling me something. There's no Dictograph in this car."

"Ain't worried about no Dictograph," said Red.

"Then what *are* you worried about?"

"Talking too much," said Red. "I hinted too much already."

"All you hinted was that I may have guessed that Elias and Cassidy think I was in with Haydock. But that was my guess. You didn't tell me that."

Red put the cigar in his mouth and puffed on it a little. He looked at it. "Good cigar," he said. "All right, Mort. I'll give it to you straight. They're almost *sure*, they're almost *positive*, you was in

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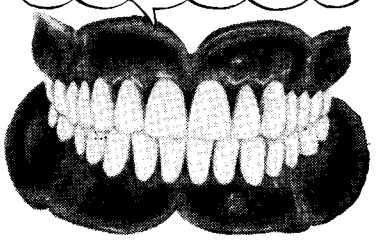

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with Haydock. If you wouldn't of gone over to Nassau with me, that would of convinced them you's afraid to go. And if you's afraid to go, *why* was you afraid to ? Because you and Haydock were in ıoots. You's in the same double cross .aydock was in—and I don't know what that was."

"And you were keeping an eye on me for them?" said Morton.

"Yep. Wherever you went, I went. Including them two hookers. Whoever you saw, I saw. That was my orders, Mort. I don't expect you to thank me, but I'll tell you this much, Mort. You's better off with me keeping an eye on you than if you's by yourself."

"I came that close, eh?"

"Very close," said Red. "So if I's you, Mort, the best thing you can do is take my offer. The fifteen offer. Because I know these fellows, Mort. Once they get suspicious of a guy, I don't care if they got no reason, they never get over it. The next time they don't like something, you're the fall guy. The Coast Guard knocks off a boat in Lake Erie, for God's sake—they'll blame you. They gotta blame somebody. They gotta take it out on somebody else beside themselves. Haydock knew he was gonna get it, and he was pretty high up. But this past year he was walking around in a cloud. You know why? He knew. Before you's in the business the Federal men knocked off a big truckload on the way north."

"Why blame Haydock for that?"

"The only time Haydock was in Florida for over a year."

"But he wouldn't tip off the Federal .n," said Morton.

"No. But he was in Florida, and he could of said something to some dame."

"Doesn't make sense," said Morton.

"Sense? Does any of it make sense?" said Red.

"Yes," said Morton. "Your offer does. I'll take it."

"You know what it means, Mort? You get out of the business and stay out. You *know* that?"

"Up north, too?" said Morton.

"I would, if I's you. But you sure as hell gotta get out of Florida."

Morton smiled. "Do I have to drive fast?"

"Well, maybe not as fast as that Jordan'll go," said Red.

"I want to make one stop, in Lauderdale," said Morton.

"Take my advice and keep going. Lauderdale is too near."

"When will you have the money—and how do I know I won't be knocked off when I get it?"

"I'll send the money to that bank in Boston. If it ain't there when you get there, you can come back and knock *me* off."

Morton smiled again. "And I would, you know."

"Oh, I know you would," said Red. "I'd do the same."

"Have you ever?"

"Knocked anybody off? Mort, that's a question you got no business asking."

"But I got my answer."

"Then why did you ask it? Cassidy didn't have to ask it. Elias didn't have to. You know why they didn't? Because for he same reason I know you never *did*. it you would. You'd knock me off if I ouble-crossed you. Then you'd be one of the boys, Mort. You and Cassidy and Elias and me and Haydock."

"Haydock?"

"Are you kidding? It wouldn't no more bother Haydock than squeezing one of them bottle caps. You ever take notice to him doing that?"

"Often," said Morton. "I guess I never knew much about Haydock."

"What was there to know? A skinny English double crosser that got what was coming to him. And I wonder what he done with the money."

"I thought you liked him," said Morton.

"Well, now liking a fellow—I like you, Mort, but I'll be sure and put that money in the Boston bank. Because you'd come back and knock me off."

"Yes, I would."

"With Haydock, for instance. With him there had to be a first time, and I bet it was something like that. Had a grudge against somebody, went gunning for him and got him. You're ready to do the same thing, and I don't want it to be me. So don't worry about your money, Mort. It'll be there. And if I don't see you again, good luck."

"We saying good-bye?"

"I guess we might as well, as good as any time," said Red. "Go on, have a cigar."

"I'll take one, Red," said Morton.

They shook hands and Morton got out of the car. "Luck, kid," said Red.

"Thanks, Red. Same to you." He watched Red pulling away in the motherly Buick. As the car came to the first intersection there was something excruciatingly funny about Red slowing down and putting his hand out to signal that he was making a turn. THE END

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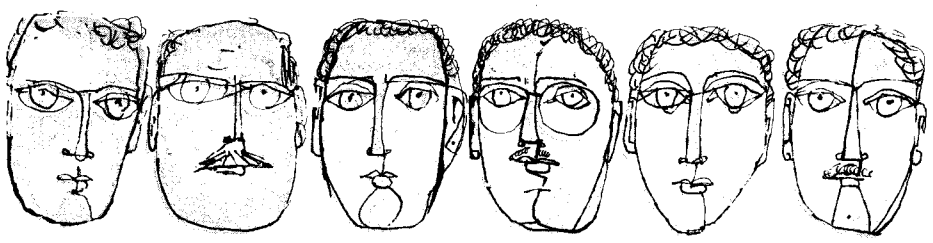
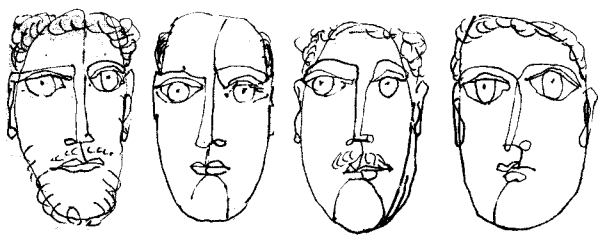


The Indelible Spot

By Juan Bosch



INTRODUCTION: THE STRIP of beach known as Los Caracas stretches between two mountainous outcroppings about fifty miles from the capital of Venezuela. In one corner of a modern development constructed there for workers, a house had been built for the president of the republic. But President Betancourt was not making use of the house, and on most weekends I stayed there with my family. At that time I was living in Venezuela in exile.

The house stands by a stony slope, opposite a little garden. Before it is an enormous tree. On Saturday and Sunday nights my wife and I would sit on a little veranda from which we could see the slope, the garden and the tree. There we would listen to music and exchange thoughts, indulging ourselves in the sensation of well-being induced by having bathed for two long periods each day in the rough surf.

One Sunday night toward the end of 1960 I asked my charming wife to bring paper and pencil: I wanted to dictate something to her. Only once before in my story-writing career had I dictated a story, and that had been many years earlier. Usually I write directly on a typewriter. What I dictated that night at Los Caracas was *La Mancha Indeleble* [The Indelible Spot].

That Venezuelan setting plays no part in this story. In reality the city that provides its background is Rome, and the place where the character takes his coffee is doubtless the one in the Italian capital at which, some years ago, I used to drink a cup of *espresso* each night.

What does indeed play a role in the story is my fear of regimentation—of the absence of freedom to think, to create, to believe. But I shall say no more, lest I give away the secret of the story. If I have succeeded in expressing what I wanted to express that warm and starry Venezuelan night, then the reader will understand what I have refrained from saying.

All those who had passed through the door before me had given up their heads, which I saw placed in a long row of display cases against the opposite wall. Surely no contaminating air could be entering those cases, since the heads were admirably preserved. Some even looked alive, though no blood flowed beneath the skin. I must confess that the sight produced in me a sudden and intense fear. For a while I found myself paralyzed by terror.

But, though scarcely able to think or act, I was there: I had passed the threshold, and now I had to give up my head. Nobody could prevent that macabre experience. Truly, the situation was terrifying.

It seemed that there was no distance between the life that I had left behind on the other side of the door and the one I was now about to begin. In a physical sense the door was ten feet away, perhaps slightly more. But the separation between what had been and that which was to be could not be measured in human terms.

"Deliver your head," said a soft voice.

"Mine?" I asked, so afraid now that it was difficult to hear myself.

"Surely. What other?"

The voice was not commanding, but it filled the whole room and resounded from the walls, which were covered with luxurious tapestries. I could not determine from where it came. I had the impression that everything I looked at was a source: the black-and-white marble floor, the red carpet that ran from the stairway to the great table in the anteroom, another carpet in the center of the floor, the great columns of painted tile, the gilded cornices, the two enormous chandeliers of Bohemian crystal. I only knew for certain that none of the heads in the display cases had emitted the slightest sound.

Perhaps with an unconscious desire to gain time, I asked, "And how shall I take it off?"

"Seize it firmly with both hands, press the thumbs in under the jawbone, push up, and you will see how easily it comes off. Then put it on the table."

If this had been a nightmare, I might have understood the command and my situation. But it was not a nightmare. This was happening to me while I was in a completely lucid state, standing alone in the middle of a luxurious room. Not a single chair was to be seen, and my whole body was trembling from the deadly chill that had entered my veins. I needed to sit down, or at least take hold of something. Finally I leaned with both hands on a table.

Translations: Story by Harry W. Shlaudeman; Introduction by Herbert Weinstock

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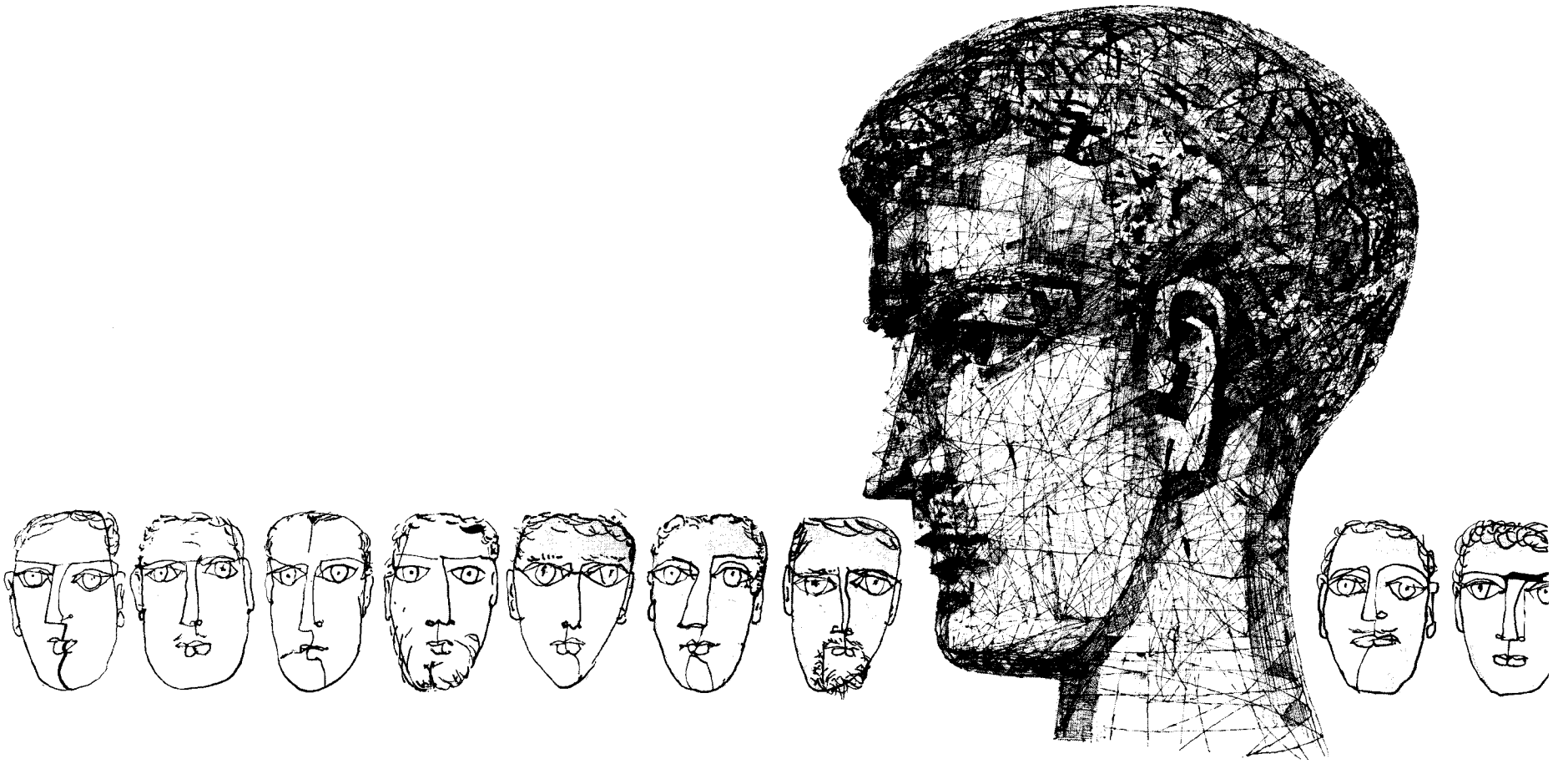

ILLUSTRATED BY LAJOS SZALAY

"Did you not hear, or did you not understand?" asked the voice.

I have said that the voice was not commanding, but soft. Perhaps this was the reason it seemed so terrible. It was incredible to hear the order to remove my head pronounced in such a calm—even matter-of-fact—tone. I was certain that the owner of that voice had repeated the instruction so many times that he now gave not the least importance to what he said.

Finally I was able to talk. "Yes, I heard and I understood. But I cannot rid myself of my head just like that. Give me some time to think about it. Understand that it is full of ideas, memories. It is the depository of my whole life. Also, if I am left without it, how am I going to think?"

The words did not come out all at once. They strangled me. Twice I had to stop in order to gasp for air. I fell silent, and it seemed to me that the voice uttered a faint grunt, or perhaps a mocking laugh.

"Here you do not have to think. We will think for you. As for your memory, you are not going to need that anymore; you are going to begin a new life."

"A life with no relation to myself, without my ideas, without my own emotions?" I asked.

I looked toward the door by which I had entered. It was closed. I turned my eyes from one side of the great salon to the other. There were doors at either end, but neither was open.

The room was so large and the ceiling so high that I felt abandoned, like a child lost in a great city. There was not the least sign of life. I was alone and helpless in that room. Worse yet, not alone—the voice was there. But the voice was inhuman. It could not belong to a being of flesh and bone. I sensed that thousands of malignant eyes, also inhuman, were looking at me from the walls, as if a multitude of invisible beings were spying on my thoughts.

"Please let us not lose more time. There are others waiting," said the voice.

It is not easy to explain the significance of those words to me. I felt that someone was about to enter, and I turned my head toward the door. I was not mistaken. A hand had grasped the edge of the great slab of polished wood; a foot was coming down on the threshold. The opening of the door revealed that outside there was little light. Without doubt, this was that indecisive hour between the dying day and the night that has not quite yet closed in.

In the midst of my terror I acted without thinking. I threw myself toward the door, pushed aside the one who was entering and leaped into the street. There were people; I realized that they were alarmed to see me running, that perhaps they thought there had been a robbery and that I had been caught in the act of stealing. I realized that my face was pale and that my eyes were rolling wildly. If there had been a policeman about I would have been chased. But it did not matter to me. I had no choice but to run away, and I ran like a crazy man.

For a week I did not dare to leave my house. Day and night I heard the voice, and everywhere I saw those thousands of inhuman eyes and those bodiless heads. But on the eighth night, my fears having somewhat subsided, I dared to go out and down the block to a dingy café—a café often visited by strangers. I sat there. The table next to mine was vacant. After a bit two men came in and sat down at it. One of the men had sunken eyes; he stared hard at me and then said to the other, "That's the one who ran away after he was already . . ."

I had been drinking a cup of coffee. My hands trembled so hard that a few drops spilled from my cup onto my shirt.

Now I am at home trying to wash the shirt. I have used a soap, a brush and a special chemical product which I found in the bathroom. The spot will not go. There it is, indelible. Even worse, every attempt to eradicate it seems to make it stand out that much more.

My misfortune is that I have no other shirt and no means of acquiring a new one. While I try to make the spot disappear, I hear over and over the last words of the man with the sunken eyes:

". . . after he was already signed up."

Fear has left me in a cold sweat. And I know I cannot free myself of this fear; I will feel it whenever I encounter a stranger, because the truth is that I don't know if the two men in the café were members of the Party or enemies of it. THE END

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David Ely is the author of the recently published novel "Seconds," hailed by Eric Ambler as "the most original novel I have read for a long time and one of the best written too." Earlier this year Mr. Ely published a first novel entitled "Trot." Born in Chicago in 1927, he was educated at the University of North Carolina, Harvard, and at Oxford, where he was a Fulbright scholar. He has worked on newspapers in the Midwest and in the East. His stories have appeared frequently in national magazines. Last year he received the Edgar Allan Poe Award from the Mystery Writers of America for the best mystery story of the year, "The Sailing Club."

THE HUMAN FACTOR

It was a magnificent church, traditionally Gothic in design and yet wholly modernized with the latest technological refinements.

The pulpit was constructed on a hidden elevator, so that the minister could inch toward heaven to heighten the effect of a peroration; the chandeliers, too, could be raised or lowered electronically during the service to suggest, alternatively, the insignificance of man or the close communion of worship. The pews were fitted with adjustable bucket seats, each equipped with an amplifier, permitting the sermon to be tuned to suit individual tastes. The stained-glass windows, being backed with electric lamps, did not depend on the sun for their brilliance, and the aisles could be tilted so as to slope down to provide a subtle physical encouragement on those occasions when the flock was intended to advance to the altar.

Outside the church a vast parking area had been outfitted with miniature closed-circuit television sets, so that those who wished to pause for worship en route to the golf links and bathing beaches could remain in their cars and still see and hear all that went on within the church. A special feature was a drive-in counseling service open twenty-four hours a day, so parishioners could discuss personal problems with the minister on duty at the window without being required to alight from their cars.

It was, altogether, the most distinctive and fashionable church in the entire city, so popular in fact that it had drawn the patronage of the wealthiest citizens, who vied with one another in their donations.

As it happened, the most munificent gift was made to replace the only element in the church that was not of the latest design—the church organ. The old organ was of splendid appearance, it was true, and there was nothing wrong with it, but the church authorities had for some time wanted something finer that would correspond more exactly to the rest of the establishment. Therefore, they were determined to commission the construction of a special new organ of almost limitless versatility and power. For this project they did not approach the usual manufacturers, for they did not want an instrument that would be essentially the same, even if larger, than the one they already had; instead they went to the leading engineering firm in the country, one heavily engaged in space projects, and gave it carte blanche.

The church organist, Doctor Alpha, spent several sessions with the engineers, poring over their designs, and although he could not make head or tail of the drawings, their professional enthusiasm was communicated to him, and he had visions of himself exalted to the peak of his career by the instrument being constructed for him. Sometimes he would awake at night in a sweat of trepidation wondering whether he would find himself equal to its demands, but at those times he would take a pill and pace the room and sometimes listen to recordings of great organ masterworks for their soothing effects. After all, he reasoned, an organ was an organ, no matter what frills might be added here and there by the engineers, and the Bach that he would play upon it would still come out as Bach.

Nevertheless, Doctor Alpha was in a highly nervous state on the day when the new organ was brought to the church to be installed, for he feared that he might not have time to accustom himself properly to it by Sunday. There would undoubtedly be a hundred little adjustments to be made by the engineers, problems which would reveal themselves only gradually as the various mixtures were tried in actual practice.

Doctor Alpha hastened toward the nave, where the chief acoustical engineer, Mr. Gill, was busy directing the workmen. "Excuse me," Doctor Alpha asked, "but how long do you think it will take?"

"How long? We'll have it up by the end of the day. Fully installed," the engineer declared, "and ready to go."

"What about testing?"

"Testing?" Mr. Gill seemed surprised.

Doctor Alpha waved his hands over an imaginary keybc "You know—adjustments."

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR SHILSTONE

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There was madness in the music of the great organ–and no way to make it stop!

By DAVID ELY

"You won't need any adjustments."

"But—suppose there's some slight malfunction. Something's sure to need adjustment from time to time."

Mr. Gill smiled tolerantly. "It's been done already. This organ's been pretested and preadjusted. Do you imagine," he asked sternly, "that we'd install a million-dollar piece of equipment that wasn't in perfect condition, doctor?"

"It's not that," Doctor Alpha began, but the engineer had gone off to direct the hoisting of several long tubes of metal into the gaps left by the removal of the old organ pipes.

Doctor Alpha fidgeted unhappily in the midst of the clutter. The noise was getting on his nerves. Someone was using an electric drill, which whined piercingly in his ears, and nearby two men were battering away on metal surfaces, creating a fearful din. He made his way out of the nave, heading for his own tiny office, where he spent the remainder of the afternoon with the door shut, reading Bach fugues and singing them aloud to drown out the occasional echoing crashes that came from the main part of the church.

The next morning Doctor Alpha went to the church and cautiously ked to the organ loft, where the only sign of the previous day's activity was a workman's cigar butt to one side of the altar, which had escaped the janitor's attention.

Mr. Gill had been right: The organ—massive, shining with ivory and brass and steel—was installed. It could not be called beautiful, nor did it have the familiar charm of its conventional predecessor; it had the customary keyboards and pedals and other accouterments, but the longer Doctor Alpha examined it, the more it seemed to be a machine rather than a musical instrument. But a magnificent machine.

He sat on the stool and lightly touched the knobs and keys, just to feel their cold textures. His fingertips tingled with a sensation of enormous power. He pressed one key down firmly. There was no response. He tried another, without result. He danced his feet across the pedals, he experimented with the mixtures to no avail. Apparently the organ was not plugged in.

He searched all around it to find an electrical connection, even climbing into the loft behind the metal pipes, but he could discover no switch or socket that might answer his purpose. There was a good deal of equipment in the loft, however; an arrangement of little steel boxes linked by wires, rising in staggered rows up to the very top. He gingerly ascended the ladder to inspect them. Every other box was faced with dials and gauges and knobs. Just like hi-fi equipment, thought Doctor Alpha.

He telephoned Mr. Gill and inquired about the organ.

"Don't worry about it," said Mr. Gill, soothingly. "It's absolutely A-OK. All systems are Go."

"But I can't play it."

Mr. Gill uttered what sounded like a chuckle. "You've got nothing to worry about," he repeated. "I'll be over in the morning and check you out on it. Roger?"

"Um, well," said Doctor Alpha, "I'd really prefer ——" But Mr. Gill had cut him off.

The acoustical engineer did not appear the following day, however, and when Doctor Alpha tried to reach him by phone, he was informed by a secretary that Mr. Gill had made an emergency trip to the East Coast to deal with a defense crisis. Doctor Alpha frantically explained his predicament, and the woman assured him that Mr. Gill had taken care of the matter, and in fact that he had left full instructions which would be delivered in plenty of time.

Nevertheless, it was not until Sunday morning, barely half an hour before the services, that a messenger arrived at the church to deliver a small package to Doctor Alpha, who had not been able to muster the courage to inform the minister and the music director that there might very well be no organ music that day.

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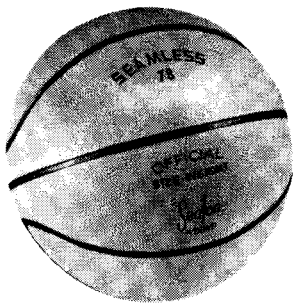

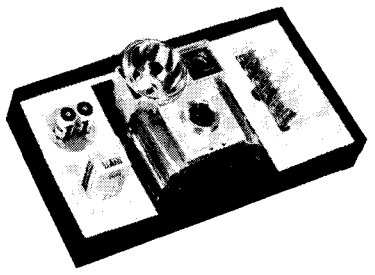

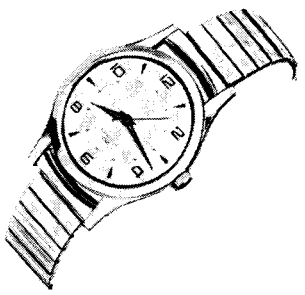

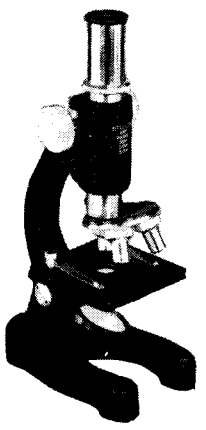

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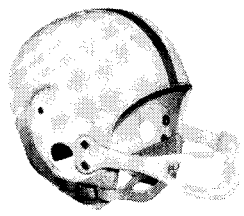

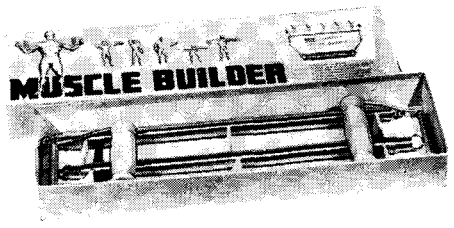

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THE HUMAN FACTOR

Doctor Alpha tore the package open. Inside was a stack of stiff cards, oddly perforated, and a brief handwritten note from Mr. Gill: "Insert in Slot A."

Doctor Alpha gathered up his robe and dashed from his office to the rear entrance. Already the congregation was filing in. The choir was all in place; the music director, cracking his knuckles, gave Doctor Alpha an annoyed glance. The processional must be started immediately.

Hastily, Doctor Alpha managed to locate Slot A, and without trying to puzzle out the precise function of the cards, chose one at random and thrust it into the opening.

The machine hummed and quivered. Doctor Alpha gasped in relief and stretched his hands eagerly over the keys. Before he was able to bring them down to begin the Bach prelude he intended to play, however, the organ itself burst out with the opening of Handel's *Messiah*.

Doctor Alpha sat transfixed, his hands poised in air above keys which moved by themselves. He was aware of the wonder of the music director, of the alert attention of the choir—and, even more, of the glory of the music, which sounded and resounded throughout the church. It was magnificent beyond imagining, and yet Doctor Alpha thought it not quite right that the organ should have taken the initiative, when he, after all, was the organist. Besides, the *Messiah* was not appropriate for the occasion. He tried to assert his authority by beginning the Bach, thinking he could somehow manage a transition, but the keys he pressed refused to move, while those operated by the machine continued perversely to sink and rise again. There seemed to be no way of stopping the Handel.

Doctor Alpha glanced guiltily about. The music director was leaning raptly against the choir stall, his eyes closed; the members of the choir were as still as if carved from wood, and a quick glimpse of the congregation disclosed a similar state of immobility. Some stood in the aisles, as though impaled there by the beauty of the music, and it seemed that others had actually been arrested in the process of sitting in the pews, for they remained half-crouched, like figures in a frieze.

Doctor Alpha tried to take stock of his situation. The organ played marvelously, it was true, but on a basis that was not fully to his liking. He examined the perforated cards. Each was labeled with the title of a composition and the name of the composer. Of course! It was like a player piano, operating by cards instead of a roll; or rather, it was a musical computer, whose electronic memory had been stocked with organ compositions activated by the insertion of the cards. He was forced to admit that the engineers had done an excellent job. The Handel was faultless.

It finally ended; the *Messiah* card was neatly ejected through a slot marked "B" and into Doctor Alpha's lap. The music director emerged from his reverie and headed toward the organ. Doctor Alpha quickly slipped the stack of cards beneath his robe. The music director extended his hand; there were tears in the man's eyes, and as Doctor Alpha nervously accepted the handshake, he sensed an ecstatic flow of delight within the church. There was even that unheard-of phenomenon—a rush of spontaneous applause. The music director smilingly led Doctor Alpha out of his niche to acknowledge the response.

The organist bobbed his head, then hastened back to the machine. He had gotten the credit, for although his head was visible to others, his hands and feet were not. He thumbed anxiously through the cards—yes, the hymns were there, fortunately, and during the remainder of the service he inserted the proper card at the proper time, and sat dumbly at the machine listening to it produce music that was now delicate, now commanding, now inspiring, all with an artistry beyond his own powers.

It was wonderful—and also humiliating, particularly when he was forced to bow and smile at the end, accepting the enthusiastic approbation of congregation, choir and minister, all the while aware of the stack of computer cards he had thrust for safekeeping inside his shirt.

That night he telephoned Mr. Gill long distance.

"Excuse me," Doctor Alpha said, "but this organ—it plays by itself."

"Of course."

"But—*I'm* the organist."

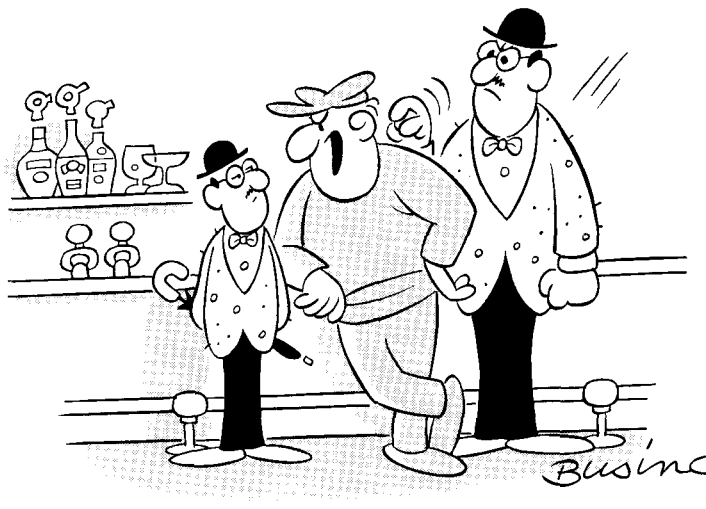
"Who said you weren't?" asked Mr. Gill.

"But how am I supposed to play?"

"You aren't," said Mr. Gill cheerfully. "We engineered out the human factor."

"But I *want* to play."

"Look here, Alpha. You're taking a pretty old-fashioned approach to the question. Think of those boys of ours up in space—the astronauts. How would it



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sure I'll repeat it! I said, I don't like your looks!"

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be if they wanted to foot-pedal their way in orbit, eh? Do you think they'd be out there at all if we took your attitude about human factors—if we didn't have the whole business operating on ystems, eh?"

"But I'm not an astronaut. I don't even think I'm a human factor. I'm an organist."

"That's your problem, not mine," returned Mr. Gill. "If you've got any complaints about the machine, get in touch with my office, but it's got a fifty-year guarantee on it, Alpha, so it occurs to me," he added consolingly, ' that it will very likely outlast you."

"I see," said Doctor Alpha, and when the conversation was over, he replaced the receiver and sat down on his bed, staring at his hands.

The next few months were difficult for Doctor Alpha. Each Sunday, and on rehearsal days, he surreptitiously inserted the cards into Slot A and then pretended to play the music which the organ produced, for he never knew when someone might approach from behind, and it would not do to let the keys be seen moving by themselves. As his hands wandered uselessly over the boards, he often reflected that, whereas in the old days he had played the organ, now this new organ was playing him.

And yet he was forced to admit that the organ was a success. The church was packed as never before; the motorists, even, were coming inside to the pews, in order to obtain the fullest values of resonance emitted by the engineers' creation.

But Doctor Alpha was restless. He wished the machine would just once play a sour note, or fumble a phrase. At the same time he had a guilty horror of being found out. Suppose, for example, he had a fainting spell in the midst of a hymn and toppled backward off the stool while the organ played on? Suppose Mr. Gill happened to mention the automatic nature of the machine to the church authorities?

Doctor Alpha also wondered to what extent his artistic skills were being impaired by disuse. In another year, perhaps, he would be unfitted to play anywhere except in some humble little church where few went and no one cared. He became jealous of the organ. During its recitals the congregation sat with a dreamy, breathless stillness, enfolded by the music as it had never been when he had been the performer. This hurt his professional pride.

As time passed, he lost weight and sleep. He had nightmares in which he was the victim of the machine: It would vanish, leaving him playing on nothing; or its teeth-like keyboards would bite off his hands. At length he decided that he must somehow assert himself or lose his reason.

He began to experiment. First, he snipped two cards in half and glued the odd halves together. Obediently, the organ played half of each composition, not missing a note in the abrupt transition. That was something, thought Doctor Alpha. But not nearly enough.

Next, he punched an extra hole in one of the choral variations. The result was a tremendous bass belch in the midst of a complex contrapuntal passage, which caused a thousand heads to jerk up—but only for a moment, as the organ proceeded to render the rest of the work in its usual impeccable style.

Doctor Alpha became possessed by the implications of that belch. If he could not perform, he might at least compose. He set to work fashioning blank cards identical to those supplied by Mr. Gill, and then perforated them here and there. He had, of course, no idea of the effects these random holes would produce, and so he went quietly into the church at night to find out. The results were remarkable. Some of his compositions, drawing liberally on the computer's memory, sounded like kaleidoscopic mélanges of all the organ music ever written: snatches of fugues, of chorales, of masses, leaping back and forth across centuries of styles and skills. Others caused the organ to execute absurdities. One card, for example, elicited an explosion of jazz so compelling that Doctor Alpha found himself shuffling about in the shadowy nave, snapping his fingers and giggling with delight.

But of course he could not play anything like that in church. He continued to experiment, and although he failed to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"First dollar I ever made—a quarter of an inch too long!"

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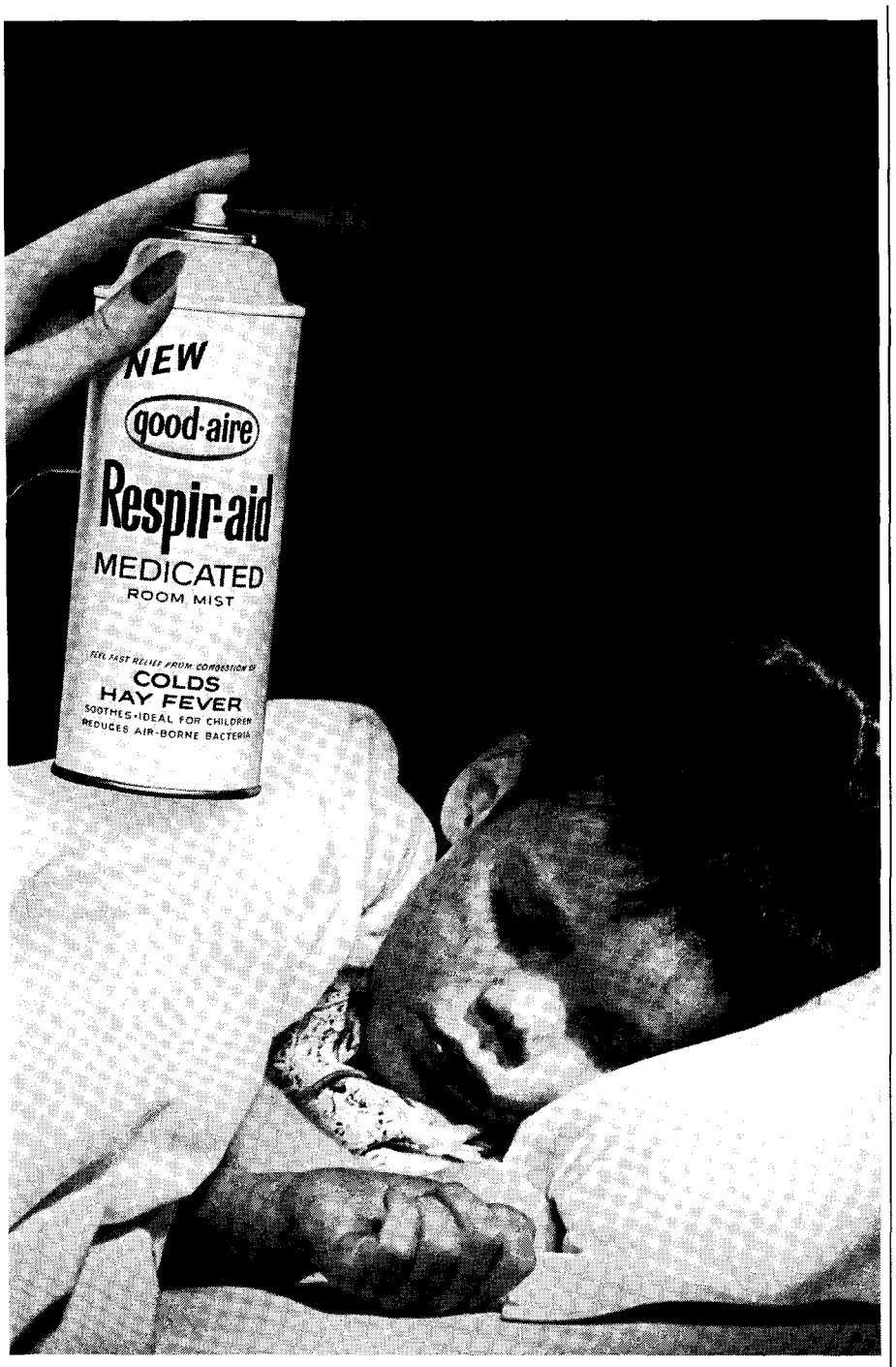

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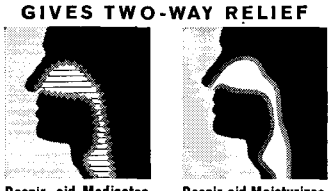

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HOME PRODUCTS DIVISION—SHULTON

discover any rational method of composition by hole-puncher, he did manage to come up with several cards that he felt Bach himself would not have disowned. These he puckishly labeled *Alpha, Ôpus I*, and so forth, and used from time to time as processionals or during collection interludes, without causing any particular notice.

The blow fell on a Saturday. The music director revised his program for the following day, including a Buxtehude choral fantasia which, as luck would have it, had been on one of the cards Doctor Alpha had snipped in half in his pioneer experiments and had ruined.

Doctor Alpha blanched. "I'm sorry. I—I can't play it."

"Of course you can play it. You've done it dozens of times."

"Isn't there something else? How about the Chaconne in C minor?"

The music director was a busy man and easily vexed. "Come now, Doctor Alpha. The fantasia is what I want," he grumbled, stalking off.

Doctor Alpha rushed to a telephone, hoping that Mr. Gill might have a second set of cards in stock, but the engineering office knew nothing about any spare cards. As for Mr. Gill, he was unavailable, being himself in orbit. "Don't you read the papers?" asked the secretary, rather crossly.

Doctor Alpha did not sleep at all that night. When he failed to perform the Buxtehude, he would be severely cross-examined by the music director, most likely in the presence of the minister, and he knew he would be unable to stand it. He would break down. He would blurt out the truth. He would be dismissed, disgraced, humiliated, and then they would hire one of the choirboys to take care of the simple function of inserting cards into Slot A. The machine would play on just the same, while he would end his days in lowly circumstances.

The clock struck one. Doctor Alpha leaped from his bed. Very well, he thought. If the machine could not play Buxtehude, then it would play—Alpha. And it would play an Alpha the like of which had never been dreamed.

The organist set rapidly to work. He cut out a card and began punching holes in it. Then he decided that the conventional approach would not do for this crisis, and so he cast the card aside and fashioned another one. Instead of making it the usual six inches in length, he made it sixty, and in the process of perforating it, he not only used the puncher but also pricked it with pins and needles and stabbed it with an ice pick. Not yet satisfied, he slashed it with a knife, drove nails through it, and even took it into the basement, set it up on his dartboard and flung darts into it, and as a final gesture, took a big bite out of it with his teeth.

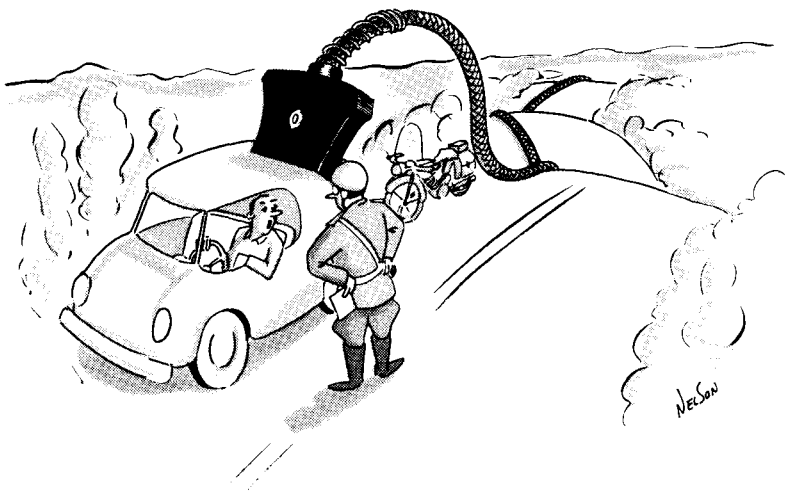
By morning, Doctor Alpha's giant computer card was so pierced and riddled that it lay limply in his hands, its ends trailing off on either side onto the floor (a fortunate flexibility, however, for it permitted him to wrap it about his waist like a cummerbund and thus sneak it into the church).

His loss of sleep, his worry over his future, and his furious attack on the huge card all combined to make Doctor Alpha unnaturally sensitive and alert. When he approached the organ, he thought that it shuddered, as if in anticipation of the ordeal awaiting it. He noticed, too, that the church had never been so crowded. People were standing in the back, for the lack of pews. Everything seemed to be possessed of a remarkable radiance. The black robes and white ruffs of the choir glistened as though freshly painted, and the stained-glass windows seemed to bulge with light.

The moment came. Doctor Alpha had uncoiled the card from his waist under cover of his robe, and when the music director gave him a curt little nod, he fed one end of it into Slot A. He had trouble inserting it; the machine seemed to be trying to spit it out at him, but he mercilessly forced it back in until he heard the hum of mechanical life begin. Then he sat back judiciously to see what would happen.

His opus began sedately enough. It was clearly not Buxtehude (and the music director scowled forbiddingly); still, it was proper church music, a gentle little fugue modestly working out its destiny in the middle registers. Soon, however, a different element was heard, a soft persistent bass that seemed to be climbing stealthily up toward the little fugue. The fugue, as if taking alarm, jumped an octave, became confused, began to ring a bell, and as its pursuer rose after it, took on a despairing tone.

Doctor Alpha was fascinated. He glanced at the music director, whose scowl had been succeeded by an expression of doubtful resolve, as though he



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"First electric car you've seen, I assume."

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a man again lets the pure white flame of the diamond tell of his enduring

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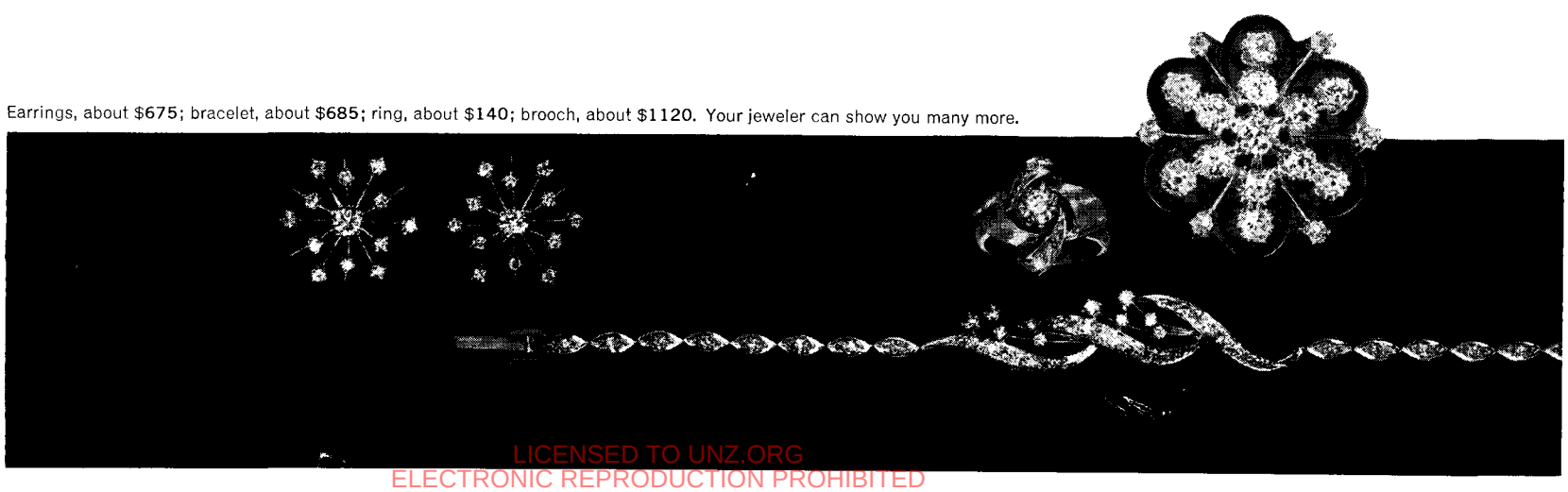

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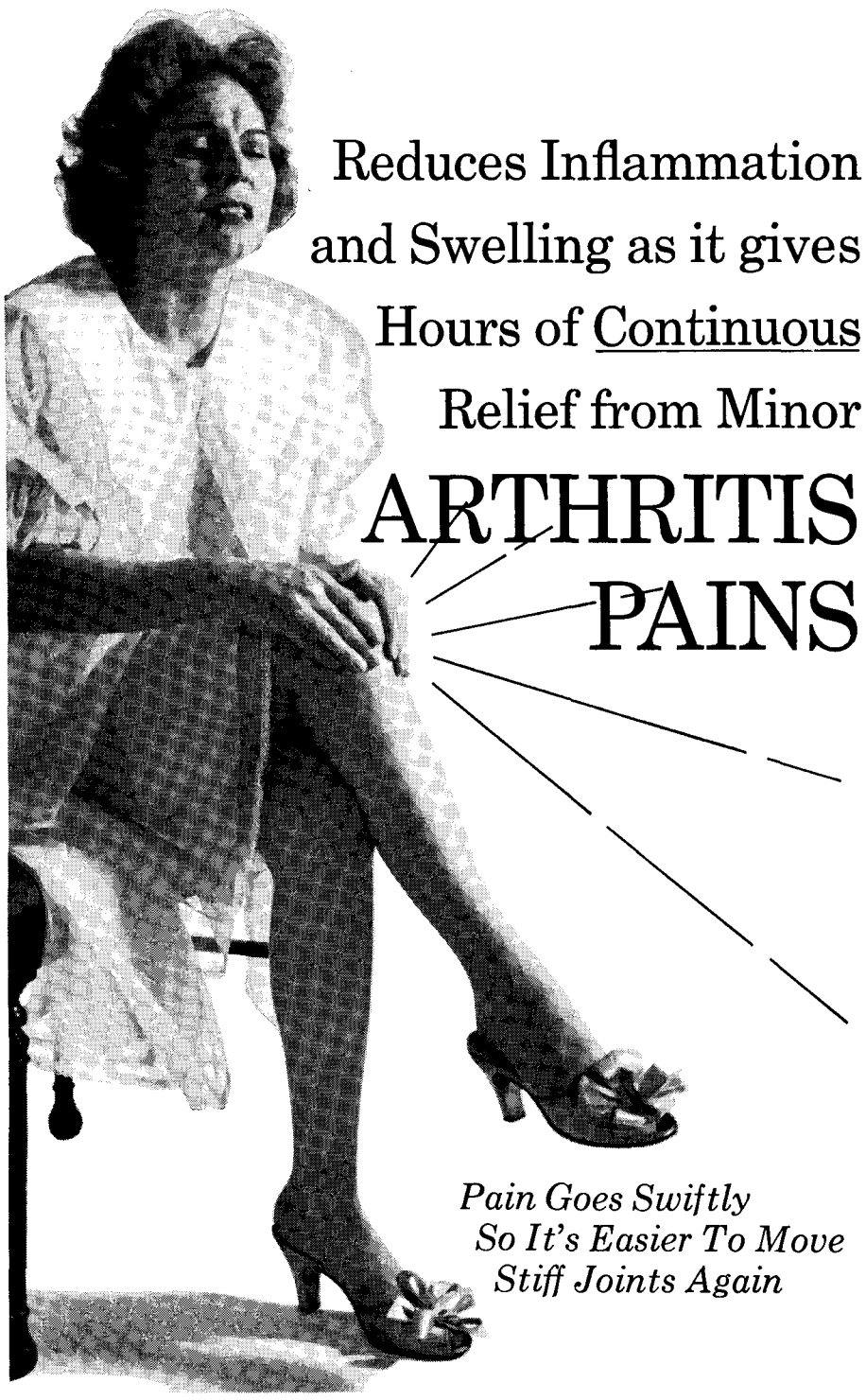

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Young people as well as old may be victims of rheumatoid arthritis—4 out of 5 cases occurring between the ages of 25 and 50.

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Medical Research Reports

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Contains the pain-reliever doctors recommend the most

THE HUMAN FACTOR

were debating whether to walk over and command the organist to end his unseemly improvisation. The choir members also were regarding Doctor Alpha in a puzzled way, and the congregation was muttering. The bell now rang steadily. The music director clenched his fists and took a step in Doctor Alpha's direction.

Then the organ screamed. It was a prolonged scream of high intensity which instead of gradually dying away rose in pitch and power until it vanished, as if it had ascended to a frequency beyond human hearing. The scream was followed by a cannonade of explosive blasts, on top of which came a furious machine-gun staccato pierced by siren-like wails, swooping dizzily from the highest to the lowest registers.

Doctor Alpha involuntarily pushed back his stool. The music director, he saw, was on his knees, staring open-mouthed at the organ. The choir members cowered in their stall, the congregation sat shocked all in place, and the minister, as if fleeing from goblins, had scampered up into the pulpit.

The organist wondered if perhaps he had not gone too far. His head was throbbing with the din, and he had the impression that the organ was producing far more than could be heard, at terribly high frequencies, for the church itself seemed to be quivering, and the glass in his own spectacles had cracked.

The sounds of battle muted, and were succeeded by quick little melodies, jangling strangely together, some intense, others playful, and these in turn merged into a single theme which leaped and fell unpredictably before settling into a lush, ornate richness. Doctor Alpha removed his ruined glasses and squinted around the corner of the organ. No one was leaving. The minister remained in his pulpit; the music director was struggling again to his feet, but feebly, and the choir was huddled together.

That theme—it was growing in sensuousness. One could almost feel its texture in the vibrating air. Its counterpoint began, and the conversation of the two elements moved from introduction to familiarity to intimacy, becoming more urgent the more they were entwined, until at length the theme was made explicit with great climactic gasps of passionate affirmation. Nor did it end then, but increased in strength.

Doctor Alpha was perspiring freely. He alone seemed able to move. The organ's shameless performance held everyone else immobile, and answering moans of emotion now were heard here and there in the church. The earlier battle noises crept back in, pianissimo, and as the moods of love and war built gradually up in volume, Doctor Alpha was perturbed to hear among them other sounds: the neighing of horses, it seemed, and the yelps of foxes and honking of geese. And there was laughter—the organ was laughing . . . and sobbing too.

Doctor Alpha stood up, clutching his head. Something was happening in the church. There was movement. He saw the pulpit in elevation, slowly bearing the white-faced minister aloft. The chandeliers, too, were in motion, some rising, others descending, and the aisles had tilted down.

He must stop it somehow. The crescendo was howling up toward its climax, and he had the impression that when it arrived there, some barrier would be broken, and all the sounds would take on palpable shapes and forms, that demons and dwarfs and impossible animals would come tumbling out upon them all. H staggered over to the loft door and we inside to the ladder. The little meta boxes glowed red-hot above him, and their wires were spitting sparks. He climbed up a few rungs. A spark stung his cheek. He cried out and clambered down again.

The whole church now shook with sound. The organ was blaring away at a furious tempo, and everything was quickened. The pulpit was shooting up and down, with the minister clutching the lectern; the chandeliers were not only speeding up to the ceiling and down again, with icy metallic screams, but also were swinging from side to side; some had become entangled, their bulbs exploding. The aisles as well were in constant motion, and some of the worshipers who had left the pews—where the bucket seats were quaking—had lost their footing and were rolling and sliding to and fro.

And still the organ played. It was in eruption, belching out tortured rhythms, howls, roars, explosions, laughter and great whistling sighs.

Most of the congregation appeared to be in a frenzy. Indeed, many were tearing at their clothing; others were crowding into the aisles, not to escape, but in order to be swept back and forth amid the growing mass of tumbling bodies, while still others stood atop the rocking pew seats bellowing, flinging garments in the air, wrestling with one another. O elderly man had succeeded in leaping o a chandelier; as it swung him about, he shrieked with laughter.

Doctor Alpha rose to his feet. The choir was massed around the music director, pummeling him. There was a blast of light—the church windows were bursting, showering down flakes of colored glass.

He threw himself at the organ. From Slot B one end of the card protruded. He gripped it with both hands, braced his feet against the organ, and pulled with all of his might. The organ gave one last tremendous shout as the card was ripped from its workings. Doctor Alpha fell backward, his composition in his hands.

For several minutes he lay there, as the tumult in the church slowly subsided. Then he arose. Everything was silent. The minister was slumped on his pulpit. The man on the chandelier hung by his hands, then dropped to the motionless aisle.

Doctor Alpha advanced to the altar, trailing the shredded card from his hand. He gazed uncertainly at the people below.

"I'm—I'm sorry ——" he began, and then broke off.

The congregation seemed to be too stunned to hear him. They were bruised, bleeding, disheveled. Bits of torn clothing were scattered all around among broken glass and splinters of wood.

"I'm really . . . terribly ——" Doctor Alpha tried again, weakly.

Then the applause began. They were clapping their hands. They began to cheer him. Soon they were drumming their heels, banging on the pews, shouting, waving. They were calling fo more.

Doctor Alpha stood quite still for a moment. Then he gave a little sigh. And, as was his habit, he made a modest bow. THE END

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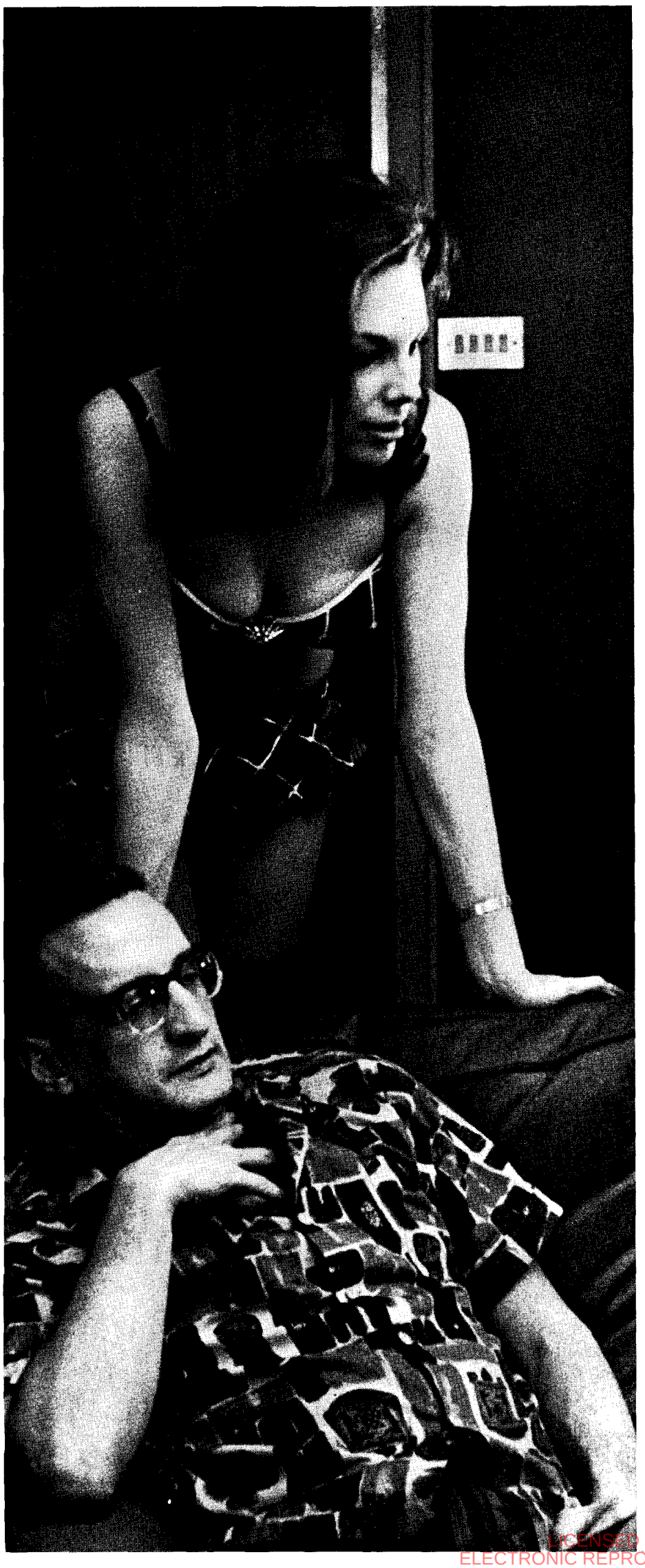

GREAT SCOTT

Now star of his own television show, George C. Scott one of our finest actors after a harrowing 13-year

By BILL DAVIDSON

One day in November, 1958, actor George C. Scott awoke in a New York City jail. He was then appearing in his first Broadway play, *Comes a Day*, but the police failed to recognize him when they took him in for arraignment.

"It was like a nightmare," Scott recalls. "They grabbed me and snapped handcuffs on my wrists and said I should be a nice boy and not get violent. I went to court, stood manacled before the judge and learned that while I had been drunk the previous evening, I had beaten up a man at a party. I was charged with felonious assault, but the man I had attacked was decent enough not to press the charges, so they let me go. But the nightmare was still there. I couldn't remember the party or the fight or anything. I realized then I had fallen into an abyss of alcoholism from which I *had* to pull myself out."

Today, five years after the incident, Scott not only has pulled himself out, but has established himself as one of the finest actors in the world. He has earned Academy Award nominations for his work in the movies *The Hustler* and *Anatomy of a Murder* and drawn raves for his performances on the stage in Shakespeare. This season he has won acclaim as star of his own successful CBS-TV series, *East Side, West Side*, in which he plays a social worker. "He's fantastic—he brings his own set of built-in batteries, and all you have to do is turn him on," says Robert Rossen, director of *The Hustler*. "Scott is the best actor I've had in a picture," says director John Huston, for whom Scott toiled in *The List of Adrian Messenger*. "He's in a class by himself."

Scott attained this professional reputation while drying out from a 13-year nearbender. Unlike most reformed drunks, however, Scott has retained the color that characterized his more violent years. His principal physical activity, for example, used to be fighting strangers in bars. As a result he has a twisted nose, fractured five times by alien fists. "Since I gave up drinking," Scott says, "I had to find another exercise, so I chose bricklaying."

As a result of this spare-time pursuit Scott's former dwelling, an ex-carriage house in Greenwich Village, soon looked like the home of the most diligent of the Three Little Pigs. Scott built brick window seats, brick bookshelves, even a massive brick bed. "The landlord was always threatening to evict us for our own safety—he was afraid we would crash right on through to the basement," says Scott, who has since moved to a 10-room house in suburban Riverdale, N.Y.

A better-known example of Scott's unorthodoxy occurred in February, 1962, when he was nominated for Best Supporting Actor for his performance in *The Hustler*. Scott growled his displeasure at the expensive campaigns of advertising and rampant press agentry that usually characterize the awards and tried to turn down the nomination. He was coldly informed that the nomination would stand. George Chakiris won for *West Side Story*.

But the incident had a curious sequel. It seems that Scott's father, George D. Scott, vice president of a corporation in Detroit, had sponsored an industrial documentary film, *Project Hope*. At thos same Academy Award ceremonies, *Pro, ect Hope* received the award as the best short documentary of the year. Son George promptly wired father George, IF ONE OF US HAD TO WIN IT, I'M GLAD IT WAS YOU.

The younger Scott obviously reveres his father. This, friends say, may have contributed considerably to the actor's problems, as he struggled, during what he calls his Dark Period, to emulate the elder Scott. "My father," says Scott, "is the prototype of the self-made man He was born in abject poverty in a cabin in the Blue Ridge Mountains of southwest Virginia. He worked in the mines, educated himself, moved to Detroit and rose from salesman to vice president in charge of sales for his firm. In Michigan, where I grew up, I had a pretty comfortable life, except for the shock of my mother dying when I was only eight years old. It always bothered me, I guess, that with the easy life I had, compared with my father's, I couldn't get anywhere."

The frustrations began to pile on young Scott at an early age. After an uneventful four years at high school in the Detroit suburbs, he enlisted in the Marine Corps and was stationed in Washington, D.C., for ceremonial duties. "I buried a lot of guys in Arlington Cemetery," he says, "and it began to get me down. I haunted sleazy bars in Washington It was another ten years before I got to be a violent drunk but I was drinking pretty good even then for a kid of eighteen."

When his enlistment ended in 1949, he entered the University of Missouri School of Journalism. Again he ran into disappointment. "The deeper I got into journalism," he says, "the more I realized I wasn't right for it. I was terribly em barrassed about asking questions of othe people." In his confusion, Scott eventually tried out for a college play, *The Winslow Boy*. He got a part and then

In new film "Dr. Strangelove," Scott relaxes with his movie girl friend Tracy Reed.

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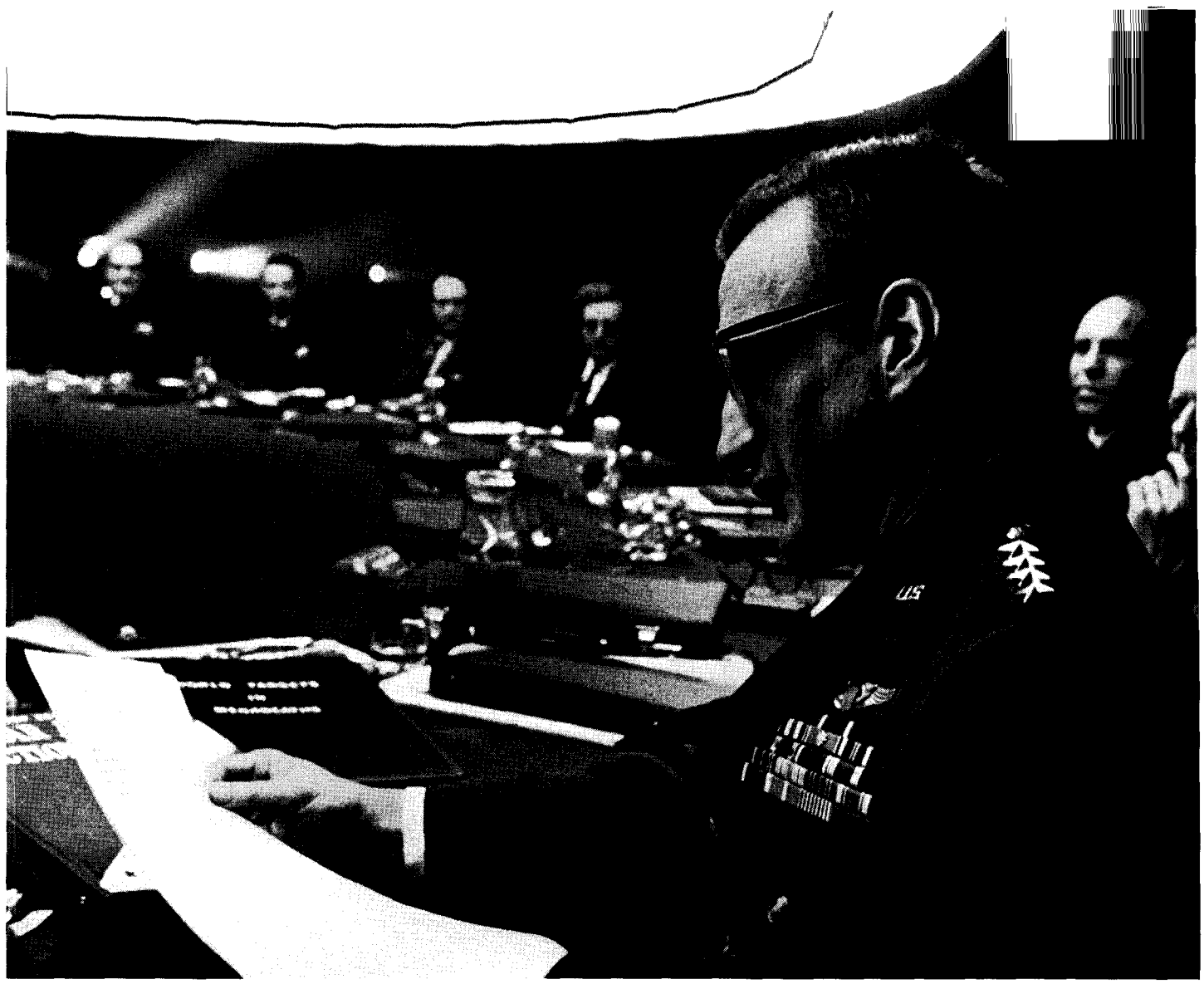
as established himself as
ttle against the bottle.



As an Air Force general in "Dr. Strangelove," George C. Scott discusses plans with other officials in simulated Pentagon war room.

performed in five more plays. "That did it," says Scott. "I was hooked."

While a student at the university, Scott also acted in a theatrical company at nearby Stephens College for women. Just before he was scheduled to graduate in 1952, he fell in love with Carolyn Hughes, a Stephens girl in the acting group, and they decided to get married. "We just walked off the campus one day and never came back," says Scott. "I got jobs acting in stock companies in Toledo and Detroit. We were living hand-to-mouth and then, when a baby came, it got worse. So did my drinking. Carolyn and I separated 953, and she got a divorce in 1954."

or the next year or so Scott bummed around the country, slept in flophouses and tried desperately to land acting jobs. Finally, with just 10 cents in his pocket, he arrived in Washington, D.C. He used the dime to phone his sister, who is married to a building contractor. For the next several months he lived with her and went to work in the construction business. "I drove a dirt truck, poured concrete and was a general handyman," says Scott. "I was eating well for the first time in years, and I never was in better physical shape. But in Washington I began to spend my evenings at a semipro community theater. I got a part in a Pirandello play, married another actress, Pat Reed, and the struggle started all over again."

The couple moved to New York. Scott worked as an I.B.M. operator at night, as a rug salesman by day, and looked for acting jobs in his spare moments.

In the fall of 1957 he heard that director Stuart Vaughan was casting Shakespeare's *Richard III* at an off-Broadway theater. "I read for the part of Richard twice and didn't get the job," says Scott. "I was very bad, and I knew it. I resorted to my usual remedy for such feelings in those days—I went out and got loaded. I woke up the next morning in the garden of a friend's house. I'll never forget that when I opened my eyes, my friend's two huge police dogs were looking down at me. They seemed disgusted, and I was disgusted with myself. I staggered to a phone and begged Vaughan to let me read again. I said, 'That part's mine. I've *got* to have it.'

"I went home and stayed up all night studying soliloquies. I felt that if I gave it " I had and still got turned down, I'd up acting once and for all. I read for ughan again, and I got the part. It was the turning point of my career."

Thus *one* of Scott's struggles ended, but the other didn't. He says, "My drinking got worse. The more successful I got, the worse the drinking became. I'd suffer blackouts and loss of memory. Life became a sort of hazy charade.

"The symptoms kept intensifying. I'd have these periods of violence, when I was drunk, about every three months, then every six weeks, then every two weeks and finally, a week or less apart. I busted up everyone and everything."

A friend says of that gloomy period, "George got very wild when he was drunk. It seemed to be a form of self-hate, and he was bent on destroying anyone's feelings for him. He's a powerful six-foot, 190 pounder, and once he terrified me by shouting, 'I'm going to kill you.' But then he caught his own reflection in a mirror and smashed it into a thousand pieces."

By this time Scott's second marriage had shattered. But brilliant even when sodden, Scott continued to grow as an actor. He did Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and then *Children of Darkness*, both in small New York theaters away from Broadway. His costar in *Children of Darkness* was the fiery actress, Colleen Dewhurst, who was to become his third wife.

He and Colleen fell in love, but, as Scott says, "She just didn't know what to do about my drinking." Scott made a picture called *The Hanging Tree*, and in one of his periods of violence he broke up a set. Then he did the play, *Comes a Day*, with Judith Anderson. "Most of the time I was drunk onstage," he recalls.

It was at this point that two important events took place. First, a story editor for Otto Preminger caught Scott in *Comes a Day*, went backstage, and encouraged Preminger to sign Scott for the part of the special prosecutor in the film, *Anatomy of a Murder*. That was the beginning of George Scott's spectacular career in films.

The second event was Scott's rude awakening in jail. "At this point," says Scott, "I got scared. For the first time I realized that I was destroying myself and Colleen. For the first time I realized I was sick. I went to a psychiatrist, and when that didn't work, I went to a friend who was a member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

"I was active in Alcoholics Anonymous for about two years. Drinking was not so much a craving for me as it was a habit. You begin to rely so much on a habit that it becomes a rhythm. If you get out of that rhythm, you're no longer helpless. But it's a lonely struggle.

"Colleen was wonderful because she never pushed me. I was in a vast labyrinth of self-pity, but she never succumbed when I looked for the easy out with traditional excuses like 'Be nice to me or I'll drink.' At any rate, I did pull out of it, and drinking is no longer a problem."

Since he gave up the bottle, Scott has channeled his enormous restlessness into more salubrious areas. He has, for example, become an almost compulsive bridge player, and often he, Colleen and friends will play from dinner until six A.M. When he goes to work, he immediately searches the cast and crew for a chess player, and he plays with dedicated ferocity between scenes. When he does a play, one of his first acts is to organize the cast into a softball team with righthanded pitcher Scott as player-manager.

His life with Colleen and their sons, Alexander, two, and Campbell, one, has been almost idyllic. She teases and flatters him alternately, and he is inordinately proud of her. Once, when he was starting his comeback and was broke, he extravagantly spent $150 for a maternity dress for Colleen when they had to appear at an affair with Paul Newman and his wife Joanne Woodward, who also was pregnant. "My wife is a better actress than Paul Newman's wife," explained Scott, "so she should have a better dress."

Scott's recent work load has been prodigious. Within the last two years he has played in *The List of Adrian Messenger*, directed two Broadway plays and acted in one, starred in several television dramas, done a summer season of Shakespeare in New York's Central Park, acted in 17 one-hour episodes of his new weekly CBS television series, and starred with his wife in Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* off-Broadway. He also labored in the film *Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, which will be released this winter.

Perhaps chief among Scott's current causes is an unrelenting battle against what he calls "a Broadway that has fallen into the hands of the tradesmen." Last year, in order to combat the increasingly commercial standards of Broadway, he founded and helped finance The Theater of Michigan to produce plays in Detroit and bring them into Broadway. Scott did bring two plays to Broadway, but both flopped. "Financially, I took a bath," he says. He hopes to revive the project, however, with his income from *East Side, West Side*.

Despite the fact that his rampant idealism has led him into a tangled financial web, Scott seems almost unreasonably buoyant nowadays. The reason may lie in an anecdote which a good friend tells. It seems that Scott was discussing his acting and financial affairs one evening when Colleen told George, "You know, you're getting more like your father every day. You're the only natural-born fanatic I've ever seen." At that, says the friend, Scott beamed. THE END

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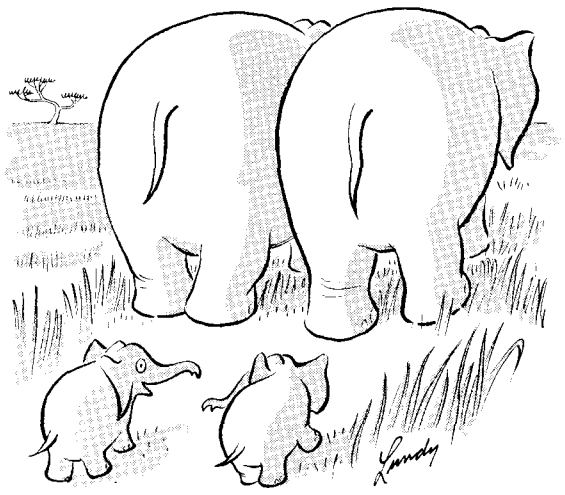
post scripts

"By George, that smells good!"

"Where have we failed?"



"My mother is prettier than your mother."

"So, Hartley, this is where all the office pencils go!"

"He's with the Marine Biological Research Institute."

"You've been subpoenaed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities."

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This 12-lb. capacity washer has exclusive MINI-BASKET. It is a washer for all your washables—giant 12-pound capacity for big family loads, and exclusive MINI-BASKET* for delicate "handwashables," nuisance loads, last-minute loads. Filter-Flo® System works for both. Model shown: WA-1250Y.

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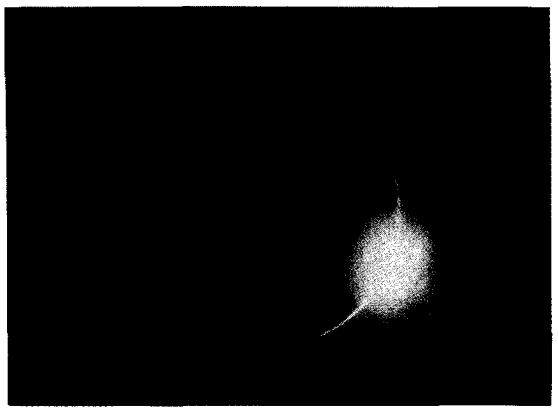

As the sun and the moon embraced, a man and his child watched in wonder.

ECLIPSE

By JOHN UPDIKE

I went out into the backyard and the usually roundish spots of dappled sunlight underneath the trees were all shaped like feathers, crescent in the same direction, from left to right. Though it was five o'clock on a summer afternoon, the birds were singing good-bye to the day, and their merged song seemed to soak the strange air in an additional strangeness. A kind of silence prevailed. Few cars were moving on the streets of the town. Of my children only the baby dared come into the yard with me. She wore only underpants, and as she stood beneath a tree, bulging her belly toward me in the mood of jolly flirtation she has grown into at the age of two, her bare skin was awash with pale crescents. It crossed my mind that she might be harmed, but I couldn't think how. *Cancer?*

The eclipse was to be over 90 percent in our latitude and the newspapers and television for days had been warning us not to look at it. I looked up, a split-second Prometheus, and looked away. The bitten silhouette of the sun lingered redly on my retinas. The day was half-cloudy, and my impression had been of the sun struggling, amid a furious knotted huddle of black and silver clouds, with an enemy too dreadful to be seen, with an eater as ghostly and hungry as time. Every blade of grass cast a long bluish-brown shadow, as at dawn.

My wife shouted from behind the kitchen screen door that as long as I was out there I might as well burn the wastepaper. She darted from the house, eyes downcast, with the wastebasket, and darted back again, leaving the naked baby and me to wander up through the strained sunlight to the wire trash barrel. After my forbidden peek at the sun, the flames dancing transparently from the blackening paper—yesterday's Boston *Globe*, a milk carton, a Hi-Ho cracker box—seemed dimmer than shadows, and in the teeth of all the warnings I looked up again. The clouds seemed bunched and twirled as if to plug a hole in the sky, and the burning afterimage was the shape of a near-new moon, horns pointed down. It was gigantically unnatural, and I lingered in the yard under the vague apprehension that in some future life I might be called before a cosmic court to testify to this assault. I seemed to be the sole witness. The town around my yard was hushed, all but the singing of the birds, who were invisible. The feathers under the trees had changed direction, and curved from right to left.

Then I saw my neighbor sitting on her porch. My neighbor is a widow, with white hair and brown skin; she has in her yard an aluminum-and-nylon-net chaise longue on which she lies at every opportunity, head back, arms spread, prostrate under the sun. Now she hunched dismally on her porch steps in the shade, which was scarcely darker than the light. I walked toward her and hailed her as a visitor to the moon might salute a survivor of a previous expedition. "How do you like the eclipse?" I called over the fence that distinguished our holdings on this suddenly lunar earth.

"I don't like it," she answered, shading her face with a hand. "They say you shouldn't go out in it."

"I thought it was just you shouldn't look at it."

"There's something in the rays," she explained, in a voice far louder than it needed to be, for silence framed us. "I shut all the windows on that side of the house and had to come out for some air."

"I think it'll pass," I told her.

"Don't let the baby look up," she warned, and turned away from talking to me, as if the open use of her voice exposed her more fatally to the rays.

Superstition, I thought, walking back through my yard, clutching my child's hand as tightly as a good-luck token. There was no question in her touch. Day, night, twilight, noon were all wonders to her, unscheduled, free from all bondage of prediction. The sun was being restored to itself and soon would radiate influence as brazenly as ever—and in this sense my daughter's blind trust was vindicated. Nevertheless, I was glad that the eclipse had passed, as it were, over her head; for in my own life I felt a certain assurance evaporate forever under the reality of the sun's disgrace. THE END

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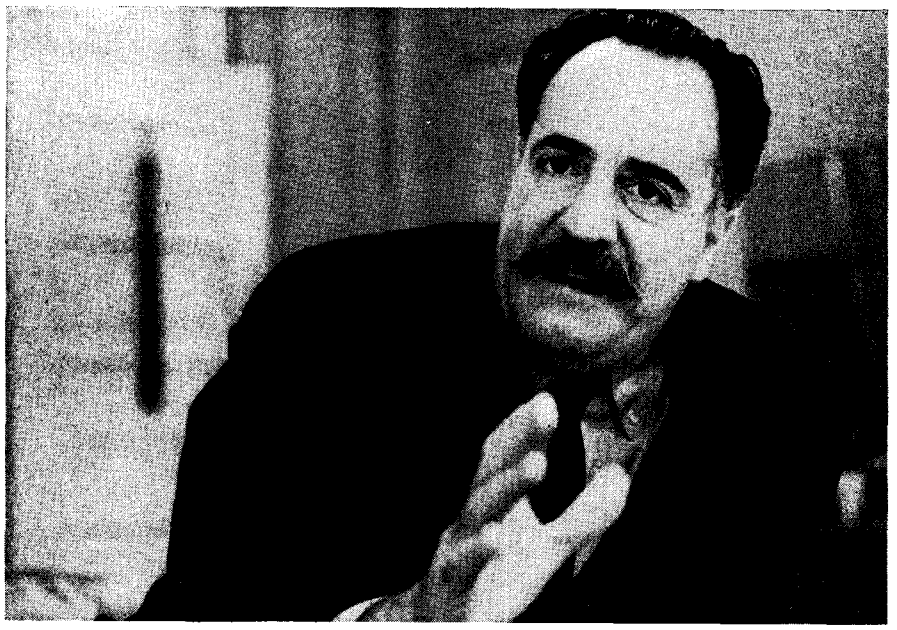

William Saroyan believes he was gypped when he got only $60,000 for the movie rights to his story, "The Human Comedy." Even worse, the film made him sick to his stomach.

The best angel God ever saw

He bragged, he lied and he cheated, but L. B. Mayer, late head of the M-G-M movie studios, actually was a much bigger man than even he knew.

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

A man named Louis B. Mayer once ran a movie studio named Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The Goldwyn was for Sam, who had long since gone into movie production on his own; the Mayer was for L.B. himself, and the Metro I have never been able to figure out.

Old L.B. gypped me, but as he *had* to, as he had no choice in the matter, as it would have killed him had he so much as *tried* not to gyp me, I don't see how I can hold it against him, or fail to notice that in his own way he was a big man. He wasn't a great man, but he was a big one. When he died, a Hollywood wit noticed the crowd at his funeral and said, "Give the public what they want and they'll be there every time." This was a paraphrase of a remark of the deceased himself on how to make a successful movie.

Well, the fact is his movies *were* successful, and perhaps it doesn't matter that they were bad too. He is the subject of at least one biography in which he is openly hated, even though the writer does not appear to have known him or to have been gypped by him. Apparently L.B. became a symbol of something that needed to be hated—a symbol, perhaps, of the contemptible power of money to maim, kill and corrupt. If that's so, then there are few people in America worth $50,000 or more who are not eligible for this same hatred. And I doubt if many of them could compare with L.B. in the possession of a variety of redeeming qualities.

For one thing, he could act.

He could out-act any actor at his studio, as he once bragged to me after a meeting in his office with one of his unhappy stars. Among others, his stars were Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Frank Morgan, Mickey Rooney; and a dozen or more actresses, including Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard.

The unhappy star had come to complain about the shabby treatment he was getting from the studio in the parts he was being given, as well as in the publicity. Mayer talked to him for five minutes, starting slowly and easily but soon getting up from his chair, walking, turning suddenly, pointing, kneeling, praying, crying, laughing, and thereby doing two things at once: telling the actor to please learn to act; and to be somebody in his own right if he wanted the publicity department to tell the world exciting things about him.

The actor wandered away, confused, but all too aware that he had been told two things, possibly three, even if he didn't know precisely what they were.

"He doesn't know the studio has wanted to fire him for three years, but I've kept him on," Mayer said. "I keep everybody on who behaves. That boy's not worth a nickel at the box office. If I told you how much he's paid every week, you wouldn't believe it. And he's going to stay as long as I stay—as long as he doesn't come crying to me because he can't act and isn't somebody. Just a nice guy who ought to be selling real estate. Now, if *you* work with me, there's no limit to what you can do. It's up to you, as long as you've got my approval."

As long as *what?*

We hadn't made a deal. He had sent for me to have a talk in private. My "agent," Stanley Rose, who was actually a bookseller, was on the lot somewhere, waiting; and Mayer's mob, his own associates, were in their own offices: Eddie Mannix, Sam Katz, Benjamin Thau and two or three others who always sat around like a Jury while Mayer and I tried to reach an understanding about how much I was going to get for *The Human Comedy*, which at that time, in the spring of 1942, was in the form of (my idea of) a scenario. It was only months later that I accepted the suggestion of my editor, J. V. Morley, at Harcourt, Brace, to make a novel of the story.

Mayer told me the first time we met about a young "genius" he had turned loose in his studio as vice president in charge of production, Irving Thalberg, who had suddenly died after a career that had been absolutely brilliant, as well as high-class. Thalberg had died at the height of that career while still a relatively young man. It seemed that Mayer wanted me to believe there was a similarity between Thalberg and myself. He pictured how we would work together, how I would become a famous and rich man, how I would write, produce, direct, outline publicity campaigns, commission other writing, discover new stars, and not waste my time struggling with magazine editors for a small income, or waste my time being foolishly drafted into the Army.

I watched and listened, while he in turn watched me watching him, and then he came to the point. He wanted me to sign a contract for seven years, and he would see that the money was big, and that it became bigger every year. He urged me to think about it.

"Sleep on it," he said, but I had already thought about it, watching him, and I said, "No, all I want to do is make a deal on *The Human Comedy*."

"How much do you want for this story?" he said.

And I said, "Three hundred thousand dollars."

All stopped breathing

His Jury, and Stanley Rose, all stopped breathing, and for a moment it looked as if Mayer himself didn't have any breath with which to say anything, and then at last he said very softly, "I didn't expect a *writer* to give me an answer like that. *Ten* thousand dollars is such a lot of money for a writer, but you say *three hundred* thousand dollars. Why?"

"I think my story is entitled to about a quarter of the cost of the picture."

After weeks of ridiculous talks, full of promises, deceptions, misrepresentations, and plain lies on his part, in desperation and boredom I accepted $60,000 for *The Human Comedy*. I gave Stanley Rose $10,000, so he could re-open his famous bookstore, which he had recently lost because his rich customers hadn't paid their bills. And I went into the Army, where I stayed for the next three years, at a salary of about $18 a week.

L. B. Mayer made *The Human Comedy*, and even the Government had loved it and had used it as American propaganda in foreign countries. But the slick, sloppy, soft, silly "epic" quality he had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to put into the simple story had made me sick to my stomach.

Four years later, in 1946, I met him accidentally one afternoon at Hollywood Park, after the war, just before the big race of the day, the seventh. He asked if I was free, because he'd like me to sit in b' box. I said I wasn't free, so then he sa "I've got a horse in this race and he look good. *I'm* betting on him. Why don't you bet on him too?"

I said thanks and went about my business. I forget the name of the horse. Busher? It was a good horse, at any rate, but it was in with a lot of other good horses, and after studying *The Racing Form* I put $200 on the favorite, and Mayer's horse won and paid six to one. Well, he *had* told me, but I hadn't cared for his horse, or for that matter for him, either, because I remembered the gypping he'd given me, and the lousy movie he'd made when he'd had perhaps the best chance he'd ever had in his whole career to make a truly good American movie.

I visited a friend at Mayer's studio about a year later, in 1947, and Mayer sent a messenger to ask me to have lunch with him in his private dining room, but I said I couldn't make it. I didn't feel like sitting there with five or six others trying to talk big, or to listen big.

And then it began to happen: Mayer himself began to be kicked out of the studio. Finally he was. And then instead of being mad at him, I sympathized with him, for he needed to be big in an obvious way. Like most big people, he was actually bigger than he knew, bigger in better ways than he even suspected, perhaps.

If I had taken him up, I would have made at least two million dollars in seven years, and a lot of other things in my story would have been different; but it had been inconceivable that I would even think of taking him up. To be free is the most important thing in the world to me. Had I taken his deal, I would have gypped myself out of the right to despise the contemptible. Or, in order not to l that right, I would have had to throw h out and take over, and I didn't want to

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Young Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, two of M-G-M's major box-office lures during L. B. Mayer's reign, exchange beams with the studio chieftain.

waste my time and energy going through a stupid rigmarole like that.

I throw nobody out, from anywhere.

He had *made* that studio. It was his. He had made that movie factory, that dream factory, that lie factory, and if you couldn't care for the product, you also couldn't deny that millions of others *did* care for it. And you couldn't deny that the product had earned millions of dollars for the big fat corporation, and made dozens of fantastic reputations.

He asked me one day in 1942 to write a story for Clark Gable, and then he said, "But don't put one thought in his head. Write the story from the neck down. Action, only. Keep him doing something. When he talks, all they've got to do is hear his voice. He doesn't have to say anything that means anything."

I haven't read the biography that tells old L. B.'s story, even though I've heard there's some stuff in there about me. If he weren't dead, he'd make the book look silly, not by denying anything, but by ignoring it, which a dead man really can't do. Who hasn't gypped? Who hasn't been shabby? Who doesn't fight to be top man?

"Make this world heaven," he wept soon after the departure of the unhappy no-talent actor, "and I'll be the first angel in the land. I'll spend all my time on my knees, like this, thanking God for making a world so right and true. I won't be a gangster among a lot of pickpockets and pimps; I'll be the best angel God ever saw, but don't expect *me* to make heaven out of this world. I can't do it. It's not my line. I make movies. I make the best and biggest money-making movies in the world."

A great deadpan kick

He was a big man. At his crookedest, he was, and very funny too. A lot of people who were close to him may have thought he didn't know he was funny, but I happen to believe he did, and that he got a great deadpan kick out of being funny on purpose. I was like him in many ways at my unacceptable worst, and so it was easy for me to write a play called *Get Away Old Man*, in which a man named Patrick Hammer might be considered to be somewhat like L. B. Mayer. Actually, Patrick Hammer is more like the restless, insatiable driving lunatic in me than he is like Mayer or anybody else. Harry Cohn, at the opening night of that play on Broadway in the fall of 1943, believed *he* was Patrick Hammer. Any bigshot in Hollywood *could*, I suppose. Years earlier, in 1937, I had had a few talks with Harry Cohn at his studio too: Columbia Pictures. I had had two books published: *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, a collection of 26 short stories, and *Inhale and Exhale*, a collection of 71. Harry Cohn had asked me to take him my latest book, so I handed it to him, and he riffled the pages and said, "What is this?"

"Seventy-one short stories."

"Can you put them in a one-page outline, so I'll know what they're all about?"

"No."

He laughed, but I never even got the book back. He didn't read it, though, he lost it.

In a world of gyps a man has got to go to a lot of trouble about not gypping anybody. If he doesn't go to a lot of trouble, he has got to gyp somebody; and when he does, he gyps himself. Sooner or later, though, he's got to be moved out of the place where the gypping has put him, and then what has he got? It's better to live straight, fail straight, decline straight and die straight. "Give the public what they want and they'll be there every time." Well, it wasn't the public that wanted Mayer dead; it was the other crooks. The public didn't even know Mayer had ever been alive. And they never will know. He was a crook's crook.

One of his arguments on the subject of why I shouldn't be paid $300,000 still amuses me: "The money won't do you any good. It puts you in a high-income bracket. The Government will take almost all of it." And of course there was no disputing the fact that there *was* something to this, but what he didn't tell me was one of six or seven other things he knew by means of which the Government would be entitled to take only a relatively small portion of the money. He didn't tell me, for instance, that I could spread the sum that I would receive over a period of 10 years, and thereby be required to pay the Government the taxes on only $30,000 a year, which with deductions for expenses would come to perhaps no more than $2,000 a year, or $20,000 for the entire $300,000. This was something that he knew well, along with six or seven other perfectly valid and legal ways to avoid excessive taxation, but I didn't hear a word about any of it.

Perhaps I should have bet his horse, though. But again, I wanted to be free. I wanted to bet my own horse. Not a horse I owned, as Mayer owned his, but a horse that I liked. I liked the favorite, and it ran second.

He *had* to gyp me, that is, because he had long since gypped himself in agreeing with himself or with his own belittlers and rivals in the business jungle that nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing is worth more than money and the things it can buy dirt cheap, especially people, especially himself, a big animal in the biggest cage in the biggest zoo in the world, living well and dying of loneliness, meaninglessness and despair. THE END

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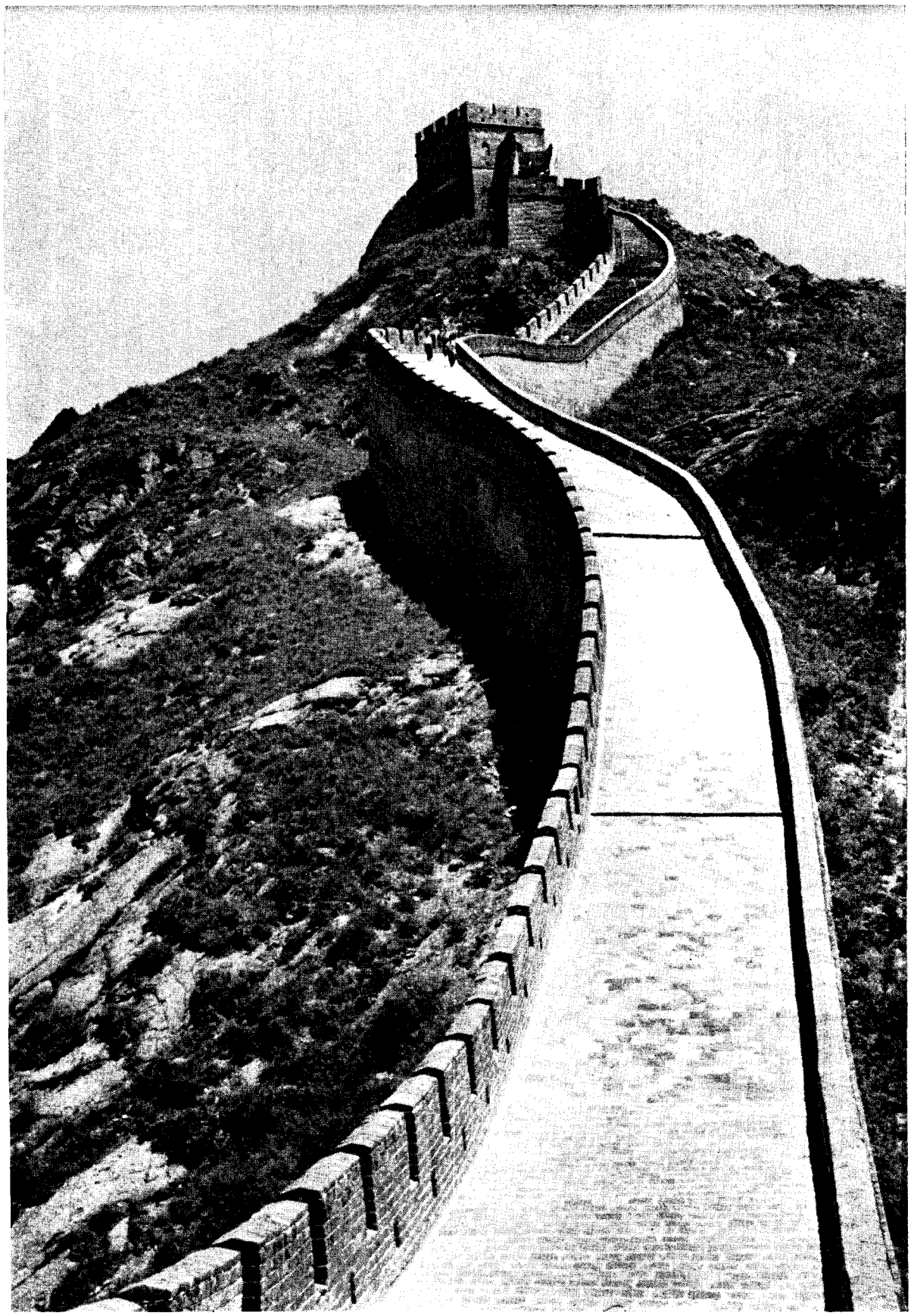

The Great Wall of China, for 22 centuries a barrier against the world, winds across a country sealed into itself.

AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT
FROM A VETERAN BRITISH DIPLOMAT.

BY SIR FITZROY HEW MACLEAN

INSIDE RED CHINA

What are the chances for a popular revolt against the Communist regime? Almost nil, says the author, who recently revisited the land where no American is allowed. He found conditions there harsh, but slowly improving.

There is a great deal to be said for approaching China by way of Siberia and Outer Mongolia. It gets clearly into your head the relative positions on the geographical and political map of two very important political entities—China and the Soviet Union. You are conscious of the 3,600 miles separating Moscow from Peking; of the vast empty expanse of Siberia with its barely tapped resources; of Mongolia, also largely empty, also with great untapped resources, forming a buffer between two giants (but a buffer which Mao Tse-tung has declared will someday become part of China).

The Peking Express, having left Moscow a week or so earlier, arrives at Ulan Bator railway station at six o'clock in the morning, shunts about for an hour or so, and then heads gently off on the last stage of its journey. First it chugs across Outer Mongolia; then, after a day spent crossing the dreary expanses of the Gobi Desert, over the Chinese frontier into Inner Mongolia and, on the evening of the second day, through a gap in the Great Wall of China and on to Peking.

The train was built and manned by Chinese. My sleeping compartment, elegantly upholstered in blue Chinese damask, was as comfortable as it could be, and an attentive conductor in a spotless white tunic brought me scented tea in fine blue-patterned porcelain mugs whenever I rang for it.

At the Chinese frontier post in the middle of the Gobi, civil but painstaking officials examined us and our luggage, leaving nothing to chance, and the train was held up for a couple of hours while I fought off an attempt to remove from me all the film I had shot in Mongolia.

The food in the dining car was cheap, varied and surprisingly good—in fact, by far the best I had on the whole trip. The service was provided by neat, friendly, patient girls who did not speak a word of any foreign language. Everything was scrupulously clean. Indeed, the whole train was scrubbed and dusted and washed down inside and out at every opportunity.

The dining-car menu included a wide choice of well-cooked Chinese and European dishes, including quite the best *Boeuf Stroganoff*, Chinese style, that I have ever eaten. Having bought at what seemed an appropriate price a bottle of mineral water, I was intrigued to find, on pouring out a glass, that it was straight white alcohol, almost tasteless but with a considerable kick to it. The wine list turned out to include Chinese gin and whiskey, to my mind better kept clear of, especially after the mineral water.

Apart from a couple of foreign diplomats on their way to Peking, the other passengers were nearly all Chinese officials or technicians with their wives and families, the young women well dressed and attractive, some in blouses and slacks, and some in quite pretty summer dresses, all laughing and joking among themselves, enjoying their food and drink and showing their children off to each other, like any bourgeois parents.

Meanwhile from the inevitable loudspeakers poured a steady flood of anti-Soviet and anti-Tito propaganda, only occasionally interrupted to give time for a short, sharp sideswipe at the Western imperialists, and fitfully interspersed with jolly jingling tunes. In the dining car I noticed with pleasure that a solid-looking pamphlet entitled *The Answer to Signor Togliatti* was offered for sale in Esperanto for light reading.

It has been said that the typical revolution is not so much won by the winners as lost by the losers. Certainly the impression I took away with me from Kuomintang China 17 years ago was one of confusion, corruption and impending

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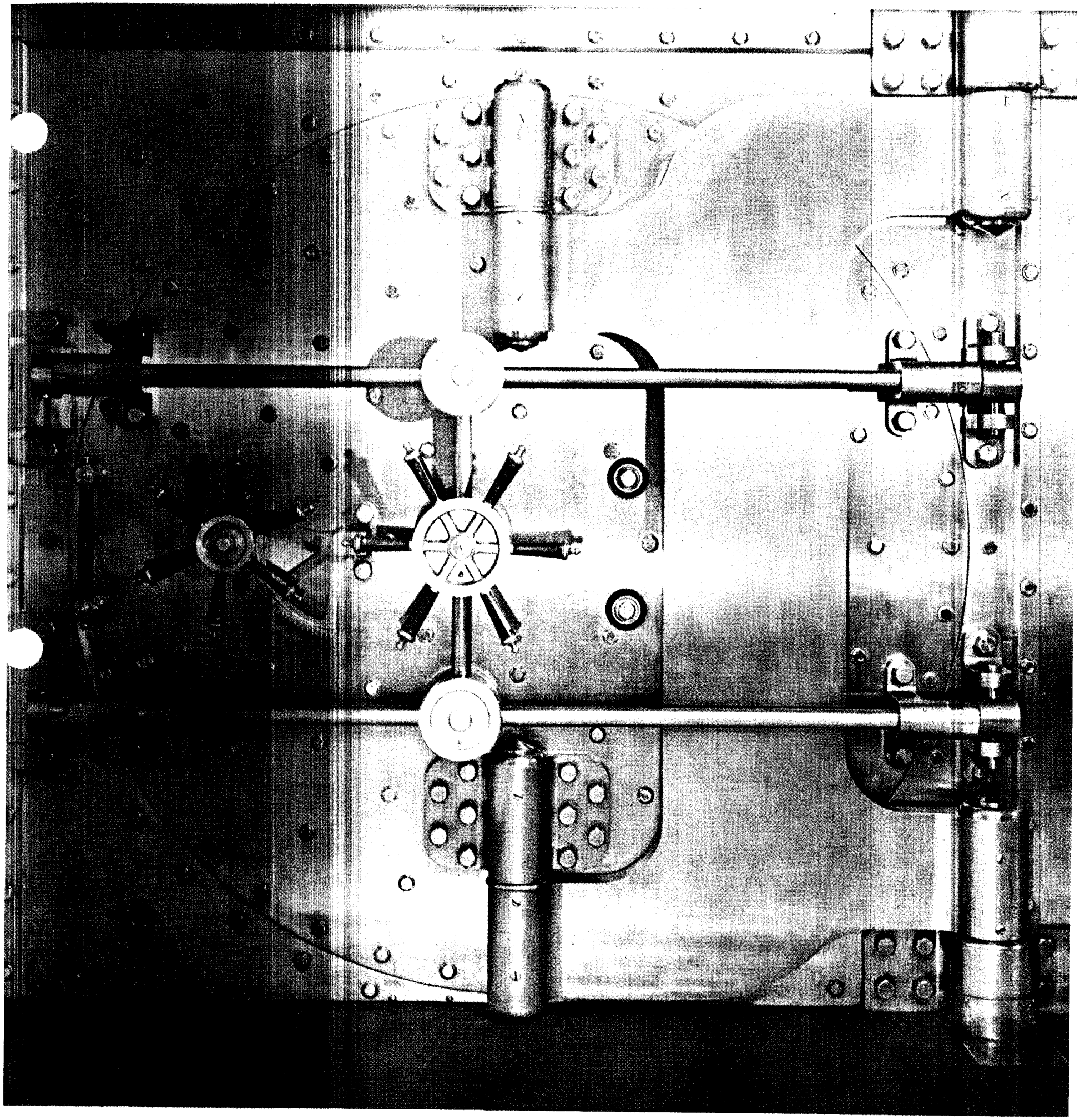

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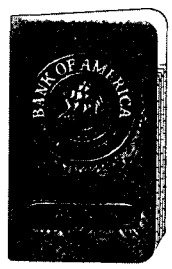

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collapse. My mind at that time, after two years in wartime Yugoslavia, was still influenced by my time there and in particular by having seen Tito's Partisans march to power. The Chinese Communists looked ready to do the same. But China had something which Yugoslavia did not have: a population of 500 million, more than three times that of the Soviet Union—a quarter of all the people in the world. "I will lift my little finger," Stalin once said, "and there will be no more Tito." Even he cannot have believed that China, if things went wrong there, would be so easily disposed of.

In the late '30's I had spent a couple of years in Moscow, observing Stalin and Stalinism at the time of the great purges when hundreds of thousands of alleged deviationists were put to death. In those days, for Communists the world over, the Soviet Union was the Communist fatherland, the country where Communism had triumphed, the source of unquestioned authority. As I traveled among the Chinese in 1946, I wondered how things would look if China turned Communist. And if she did, what sort of Communism would China have?

I had to wait until this year to get my answer. In the years since 1946 I had watched the changes in Soviet Communism, and on recent visits to the Soviet Union I had found a degree of liberalization inconceivable in Stalin's day. There are no signs of such liberalism in present-day China. Her leaders have achieved a degree of authoritarian control that would have made Stalin envious, and that makes present-day Moscow seem like Monte Carlo.

China, to me, has a different feel from the other Communist countries I have been in. The Chinese have taken Communism to themselves and are making something very much their own out of it, something un-European, something particularly relevant to Asia. Chinese Communism does not seem to be an alien political system imposed from outside, but a system that the Chinese have evolved for themselves and are adapting, by a process of trial and error, to their own requirements and (and this is significant) to those of their Asiatic neighbors.

Nor can there by now be much doubt that, as far as the bulk of the population of China is concerned, Communism is meeting their main needs at least as well as, if not better than, anything that came before. It would be a mistake to believe that the present regime in China is particularly unpopular.

After what I had read about the new China, I had half expected to see the countryside dotted with spectacularly modern communes in the style of 1984: great agricultural factories and barracks with a new rural proletariat swarming in and out, men segregated from women. On my excursions into the countryside I saw enough to tell that such a concept bears little relation to reality. In fact, the face of rural China—of 99 percent of it at any rate—has changed very little.

Wherever you go, you see hardworking men, women and children in faded blue denim and straw coolie hats toiling away in the fields from dawn to dusk as they have always toiled. You see their modest houses singly or clustered together in a hamlet or village, and occasionally you see some public building: a factory, a canteen or an administration center.

Although outwardly little has changed, socially and economically there has been a complete revolution. The landlords, the rent collectors and the moneylenders have disappeared. The land, which after 1949 was originally distributed among the peasants, is now owned collectively or by the state, and produce is marketed either by the state or by the collective, the peasants drawing either a wage or a share of the profits.

It is true that they still have, by European standards, a miserably low standard of living. It is true that they work appallingly hard. It is true that they are regimented and made to toe the line. But they do not, as they used to, have the fear of actual starvation always hanging over their heads. Nor are they perpetually harassed by the rent collector and the moneylender or by the marauding warlords and bandits who caused such havoc in the '20's and '30's. Whatever else they have done—and they have often behaved with utter ruthlessness—the Communists have at least brought peace and law and order to the countryside and put an end to corruption. Moreover, the peasants' health is better looked after, and their children's education—including, needless to say, ideological education—provided for. Finally, under collectivization, agriculture is now on a more rational and less wasteful basis, with the result that food supplies are increasing. At the same time, food storage and distribution are now better organized, which means that in a bad year there is far less likelihood of famine.

In the first flush of enthusiasm for the communes, those responsible undoubtedly went too far too fast, and the whole project has since been considerably toned down. Conditions today vary from one commune to another, but for the most part they now amount to little more than groups of farms and villages under an overall central administration and sometimes including one or more minor industrial projects. Stories of the deliberate disruption of family life seem to have been exaggerated, though under Communism, in China as elsewhere, labor is certainly liable to greater direction than would be supportable in a democracy. As for the much-talked-of communal-eating arrangements, there does not seem to be anything particularly shocking about them. Where they exist, either in industry or agriculture, they correspond roughly to workers' canteens. Apart from furnishing welcome free meals, they represent a considerable convenience to everyone, especially the housewife.

There could thus be no greater mistake than to see China's 600 million peasants as seething with discontent and waiting for the first opportunity to overthrow a hated regime. On the contrary, having never known democracy and having always been principally concerned with keeping alive, they are reasonably well satisfied with their present lot, while some of the younger generation undoubtedly feel genuine enthusiasm for the new China that they believe they are building.

In China's national economy, industry and agriculture are closely linked. For the further development of industry, more capital equipment is needed. Whether China can afford this equipment depends on the level of her agricultural production. When she had to buy grain from Canada and Australia in recent years, she had very little to spend on machine tools. On the other hand, until her industry can produce the agricultural machinery she needs, her agricultural production will not increase as fast as it should.

The question is sometimes asked: Can China go it alone? The answer is that China is to a very great extent already going it alone. In view of the embargo now imposed on them by both the United States and Soviet Russia, the Chinese have very little choice in the matter, a[re] are now determined to show the w[orld] that they need no one to lean on.

There can be no doubt of the ability of the Chinese to develop industrially. It is simply a question of time. With 700 million skillful and industrious people, with immense untapped natural resources and with a government that is already showing itself capable of exploiting these assets to the full, China is bound in time to become a great industrial power. In a dozen years the Communists have taken over such industry as there was and, with Russian technical, material and financial help, have greatly extended its scope. Between 1950 and 1959 the Russians sent over 10,000 experts to China. By 1957 at least half her coal and steel production was coming from Russian-equipped mines and Russian-built mills. The sudden withdrawal of Russian help, coinciding as it did with a succession of bad harvests and with the failure of the Great Leap Forward, has forced the Chinese to learn the hard way. China's iron-and-steel industry is developing, and many new projects are being realized at the Anshan and Chungking steel complexes. In the first three months of 1963, tractor production increased by 50 percent. Finally, in 1962, Chinese refineries produced six million tons of oil products and, though still importing one third of the petroleum she needs from the Soviet bloc, China is no longer at its mercy.

While the face of rural China largely remained unchanged, Peking certainly a very different place from the ghost town I saw in 1946. It is again the capital of China and has a population of six million. Though it lacks the intimacy and bustle of our own Western cities, it is already well on the way to becoming a great modern metropolis.

When one looks out over the city from the top of Coal Hill, one realizes the changes there have been and the amount of new building that is going on. Most of the gray-tiled roofs of the old Chinese houses that once lined the alleyways have gone, and their place has been taken by great Soviet-style blocks of flats, vast new hotels, and by the enormous new stadiums which seem to be the mark of any totalitarian regime. All are built in the rather ponderous official Communist manner, though enlivened here and there by the addition of a fancy pagoda-style roof or some similar architectural flourish.

Chagan Avenue, the great new thoroughfare which runs right across Peking from East to West, petering out at either end into an ordinary country road, is 240 feet wide. An occasional shiny black official car hurtles by, usually Russian-made. There are a certain number of heavily loaded trucks and a few crowded buses. But for the most part, the traffic consists of pedestrians, pushcarts, pedicabs and bicycles.

The new building to end all new buildings is the Great Hall of the People—the equivalent, very roughly, of Parliament. It was built in 10 months, by 14,000 workmen, to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the revolution. Its facade, fronted by 10 columns, is 1,100 feet long. The Great Hall accommodates an audie[nce] of 10,000. The banqueting hall se[ats] 5,000. There is a score of vast drawing rooms, each rather agreeably decorated in the style of a different province. The

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.
HAZEL by Ted Key
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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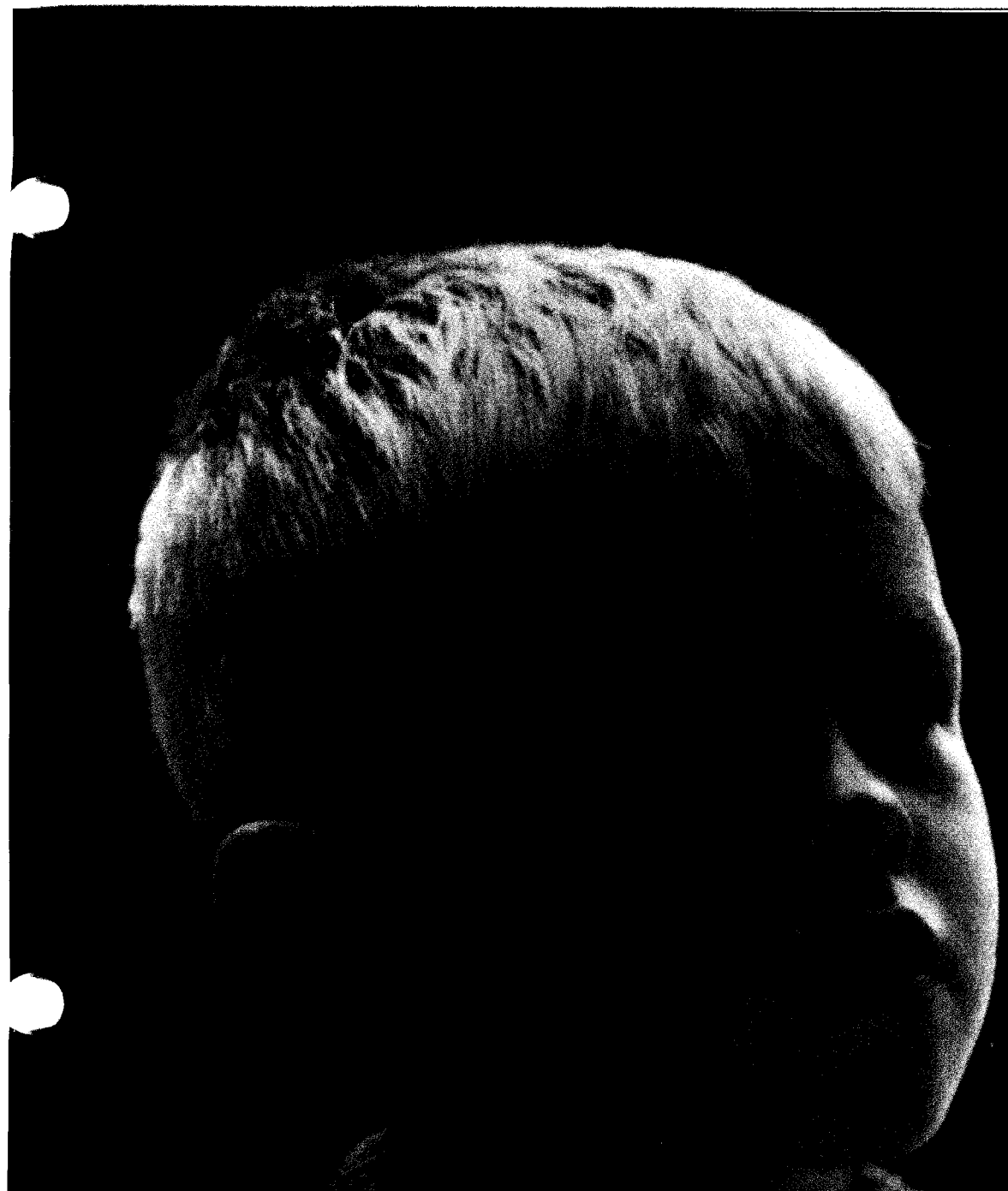


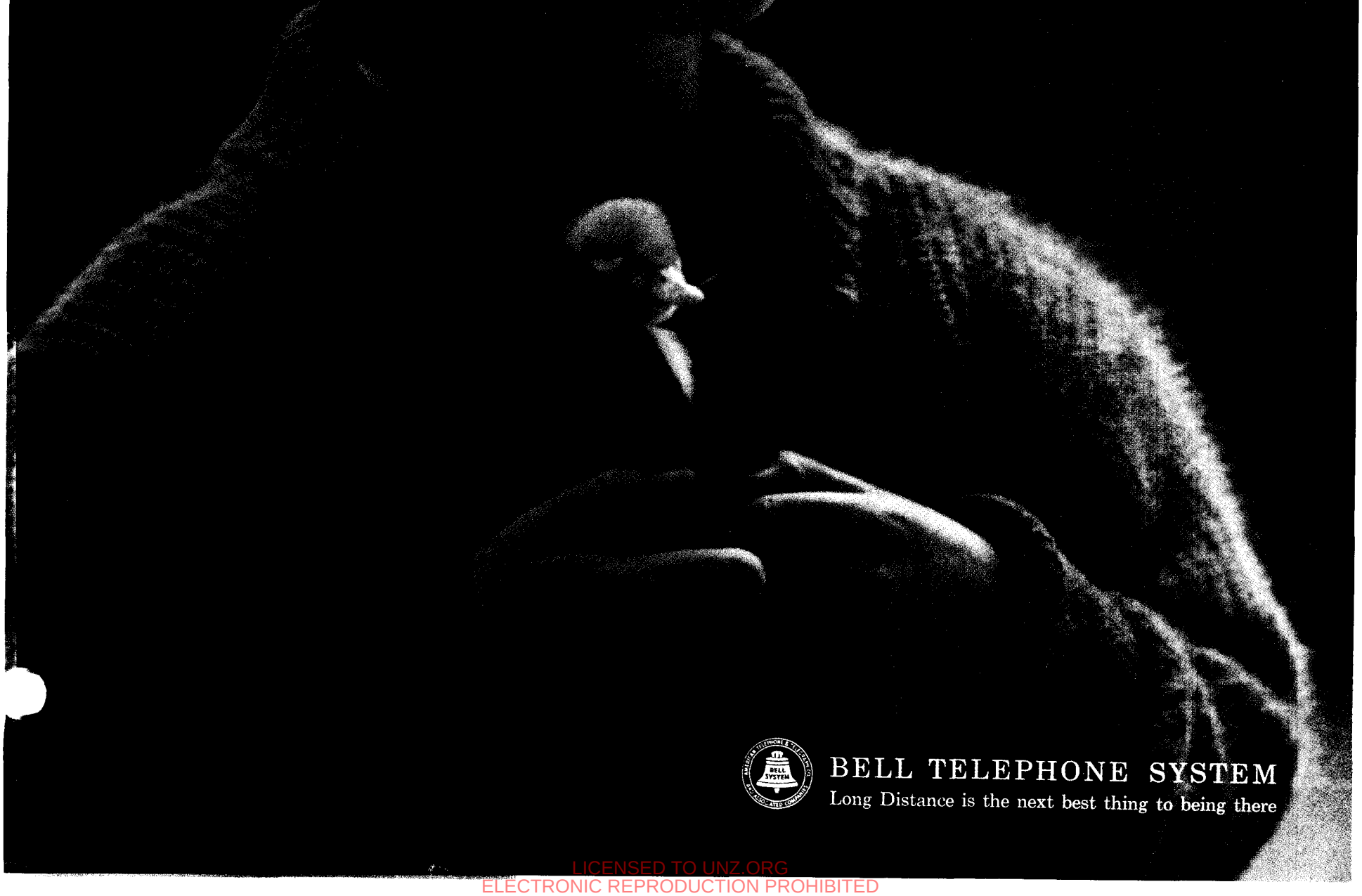
"Today I found a baby duck..."

"Yesterday I climbed a tree..."

"I can ride the bike you sent me..."

Share your grandchild's growing-up days by Long Distance

A visit by phone is a wonderful way to stay close to those you love. Why not call now?



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there

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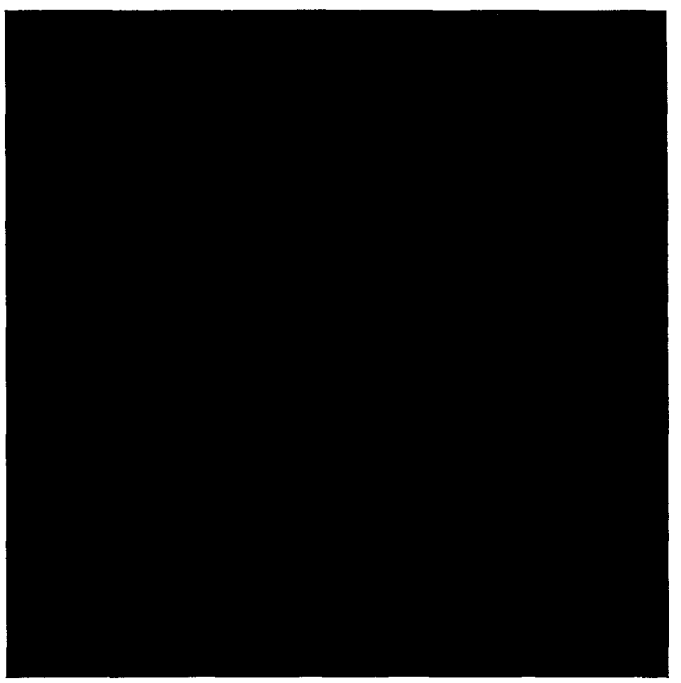
6 important things to remember:

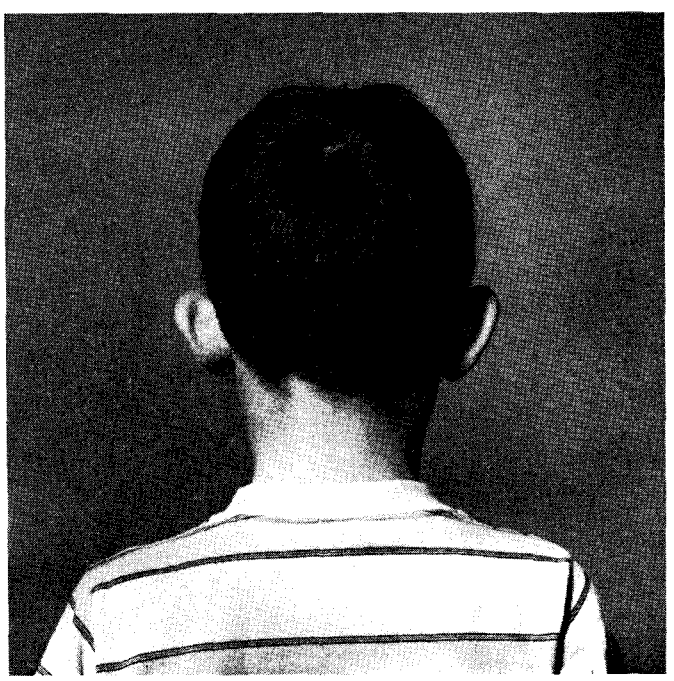
Her birthday.

His shirt size.

The Alamo.



To pay the light bill.



To wash behind your ears.

Holly Sugar.

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DESPITE EMBARGOES BY BOTH THE SOVIETS AND THE UNITED STATES, CHINA'S STRENGTH IS GROWING.

A Peking "school bus" driver halts his pedicab to collect three more passengers on their way to learn about China's destiny.

'INA

, is lavishly supplied with such things as chandeliers, candelabras, overstuffed armchairs, deep-pile carpets, pictures of battles, framed reproductions of exquisitely calligraphic poems by Mao Tse-tung, grand pianos and potted palms. The square on which this remarkable building stands is 100 acres in extent, five times the size of St. Peter's in Rome. Size means a lot in present-day China.

Peking's great State Department Store has a surprising range and variety of Chinese-made consumer goods, though prices are high. In addition to everyday requisites, such as combs, pocketknives, pens, pencils, soap, toothpaste and so on, all of reasonable quality, there are such things as cameras, gramophones, tape recorders, bicycles, television sets and, for those with plenty of money, grand pianos—all made in China.

Cameras cost the equivalent of about $70 or $80, which comes to roughly three month's earnings for the average worker. A bicycle costs rather more than a camera, and a watch or radio rather less. The prices of furniture, kitchen equipment and crockery are much the same as in the United States or Great Britain, and the price of clothes about twice as much, cloth being rationed at the rate of six yards a year per person.

Nor have the Chinese ceased to produce *objets d'art*. In the Street of Beautiful Objects or in the Street of Silks, you may still buy carved jade and fine silks of modern or ancient manufacture. Though you will be buying from the state or from some cooperative or guild, the shopkeepers are in many cases the same as before the revolution and still offer their s with the same knowing air.

recent months the food position has come easier. In the cities the staple foods are still rationed, the rice ration, for example, varying according to a man's job. An office worker will get 30 pounds a month—an industrial worker 50. The meat ration is just over one pound a month. Fish, poultry, eggs and vegetables are now off the ration on the free market and are reasonably plentiful. In terms of average earnings, however, prices are high: 10 hours' work for a chicken, two for a pound of fish and two days' work for a pound of ordinary tea.

In China, as elsewhere, how you live and what you buy depends on how much money you have. As in the Soviet Union, money is found among the privileged classes: officials, high-ranking officers, scientists, technicians and skilled workers. But to these must be added a small and peculiarly Chinese category: the Communist capitalists. These, surprisingly enough, are the former owners of factories taken over by the state, who receive annually a percentage of the capital value of the enterprise. As they are also often employed as managers of the factory, some are extremely well-off and able to spend their money on such things as Peking duck, silk shirts, television sets and, in one case, a Bentley automobile.

The impact of China's progress on backward countries facing similar problems is bound to be considerable. China's leaders, needless to say, are conscious of this impact, just as they are conscious of their own growing military, economic and political strength, and are resolved to exploit both to the utmost. It is this that has led them to challenge Soviet leadership of the Communist movement and to make a determined bid for hegemony in Asia. This, and their certainty that doctrinally they are right and the Russians are wrong.

Short of war, it is hard to see what could bring the two former allies together again, though fresh attempts may be made to paper over the cracks. Khrushchev, it is true, has, after 15 years, come to terms with Tito—on Tito's terms. But that is quite a different thing from coming to terms with Mao on Mao's terms. For Mao is not only seeking to be independent of Russia and to evolve his own brand of Communism, but to dictate to Russia and to usurp her place as the Country of the Revolution—at any rate, where Asia and Africa are concerned.

What, under these conditions, should be the attitude of the Western powers toward China? One thing is abundantly clear: Communist China must be reckoned with. It is no good thinking it will just disappear. The Communist government of China is as firmly established as any in the world. The rulers of China are dedicated to world revolution, and are therefore hostile to the Western alliance and in particular to the United States, in their eyes the stronghold of capitalism and imperialism. Indeed, the alleged half-heartedness of Russian support for this cause is their chief bone of contention with the Soviet Union.

Should we end boycott?

In these circumstances is the U.S. policy of completely boycotting China—politically, economically and even journalistically—the right one? After Korea, such an attitude on the part of the United States Government is perfectly understandable. Nor can the devotion of the Chinese to the cause of world revolution, when carried to a pitch which shocks even the Russians, be expected to endear them to those against whom it is principally directed. But the question is: Does the present policy correspond to Western and to United States interests today? And I think the answer is: almost certainly not.

In the first place, however repugnant the Communist government of China may be to American opinion, it is unrealistic for the United States Government to maintain no relations and no contact with it. Recognition of a government does not, after all, imply approval of it. America has had relations with Soviet Russia for 30 years. At the present juncture in history, the absence of direct contact between two world powers is clearly fraught with danger.

Again, the recent intensification of the Sino-Soviet conflict is a factor to be taken into account. A united Communist bloc including both Russia and China, and comprising more than a third of the world's population, was and is a most disagreeable prospect for the West. If China's breach with Russia causes her to seek economic or other contacts with the West, it would be an error to reject any moves in this direction and thus push her back into Russia's arms.

The example of Russia has shown that even the most austere Communist regime is apt in the long run to make certain limited contacts with the outside world. Nor can there be any doubt about the long-term mellowing effect of these contacts on the regime itself. Most people agree that, at the moment, humanity's best chance of survival lies in the gradual evolution of the Soviet regime into something a little less difficult to live with. If, as seems possible, Russia's place as chief menace to world peace is in due course to be taken by the Chinese, the sooner an equivalent mellowing process starts in China, the better for everybody.

The outlook is not, it must be admitted, very promising. But the fact remains that few revolutionary movements keep their impetus forever, and history has shown that human nature, given the chance, can make hay of the most formidable political and ideological systems—especially those, like Communism, which take least account of it. Meanwhile, one thing is certain. For the West to stand aloof, deliberately to leave the Chinese to stew in their own juice or do anything to make them more self-contained, more out of touch, and more inward-looking than they are already, would be, both tactically and strategically, a grave mistake.

(For another China report, see next page.)

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By Stanley Karnow

THE GI WHO CHOSE COMMUNISM

Albert Belhomme, who defected in Korea, found the promised land was a prison.

Newly arrived in China in 1954, Belhomme (first row, extreme right) poses with other prisoners who had refused repatriation.

After almost 10 years in China, Belhomme enters free Hong Kong, accompanied by his Chinese wife and their three children.

On a scorching day last August a slight, wiry young man walked awkwardly across the border bridge from Communist China into the British colony of Hong Kong. With him came all he possessed—his Chinese wife and three small sons, two shoddy suitcases and the cheap clothes on his back. Deep within himself, Albert Constant Belhomme also bore the weight of disillusionment.

One of 21 U.S. Army turncoats who refused repatriation after the Korean war, Belhomme defected to Communism in hope of finding "peace and social justice." Instead, during nearly a decade in China, he found hunger, poverty and servitude. "All those years," he reflects, "I might just as well have been in pri- I made a terrible mistake and p tremendous price for it."

The chain of events that led Corporal Belhomme into China began at dusk of a frosty November day in 1950, on a bleak hill in central Korea.

"Suddenly all hell broke loose," recalls Belhomme. "Hordes of Chinese charged right up the hill, blazing away with everything they had. We knew we were surrounded. The lieutenant suggested surrender. Nobody objected. What else could we do?"

In the days that followed, the Chinese assembled about 1,000 captive GI's, and the march north began. Moving by night, in freezing cold, their ranks thinned as men died of wounds or hunger or sheer weariness. On Christmas Eve—six weeks after their capture—they paused for a month at a former mining area that the GI's called "death valley."

"We were packed into flimsy shacks and fed only a handful of corn a day," Belhomme recalls. "Everyone was covered with lice. We all had dysentery, and there was excrement everywhere. Sometimes thirty or forty men died in a day. Guys went out to sit in the afternoon sun, and when the sun went down they'd keep sitting there and die. The ground was too rocky or frozen to dig graves, so we laid the corpses in the deep snow."

When they finally reached a Yalu River backwater called Camp No. 3, Belhomme was subjected to a new kind of pressure. Discovering that he was born in Belgium, the Chinese exploited the fact. Sometimes they harassed him as a "reactionary"; sometimes they appointed him the leader in political discussions. Both tactics were designed to separate Belhomme from his fellow GI's.

Belhomme was an easy subject for tactics, for he had been a misfit since childhood. His parents separated before he was three, and he was reared by his father. He was 12 years old when the

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Holding his youngest son while his wife feeds the child, Belhomme hopes for a new life. "I made a terrible mistake and I paid a tremendous price."

Germans invaded Belgium. Soon afterward his father died. Learning that his mother was doing forced labor in Germany, Belhomme set out to find her. He crossed war-torn Europe alone, traced his mother to Berlin, and stayed with her until the war ended. Then they fled from the Russians back to Belgium in 1945.

A year later, Belhomme was uprooted again. His mother married an American GI, and they moved to Ashland, Pa. As much as he liked his new stepfather—a railroad worker named Theodore L. Siefert—young Belhomme was uncomfortable. He had been through only a few grades of grammar school, though he later scored 128 on an Army IQ test. His English was poor, but he felt too old to attend high school, and with no education he couldn't find work. "I wasn't a kid anymore, and I had to stop mooching off my stepfather," he says. "I figured the first thing to do was to become a citizen. The quickest way was to join the Army."

Leaving a girl friend behind—her name still tattooed on his forearm—Belhomme enlisted and was sent to Germany. But he was given a loyalty test, and as Belhomme now tells it, he was judged suspect for entering Germany during the war. "They shipped me back to the States with my records stamped ZONE OF THE INTERIOR ONLY. Then they broke their own rule and sent me to Korea. I guess I was kind of bitter."

Belhomme's bitterness grew more abrasive during his 38 months as a POW. He was fed Communist literature that inflated such American problems as racial discrimination and portrayed Russia as a center of progress. "I also felt adventurous," he says. "Hell, I didn't know I was doing anything illegal."

Outfitted in bulky civilian clothes, Belhomme and 20 other American defectors entrained for China in February, 1954. They traveled out of Korea, through industrial Manchuria, until they reached the small, dusty town of Taiyuan.

After six months of indoctrination, some of the Americans were sent to school in Peking, a few to farms. Belhomme and five others were assigned to a paper mill in Tsinan, the capital of Shantung province. "Nobody consulted me beforehand," Belhomme says. "I had no idea what I'd do in a paper mill, and anyway, where the hell was Tsinan?"

Belhomme and his fellow turncoats arrived in Tsinan in August of 1954. They were guided directly to the Shantung Paper Mill, a compound of brick and wood buildings, some dating back 50 years. One, who had worked in a brewery back home, went to the laboratory; others took lathes. Belhomme chose to be an electrician and was made an apprentice in the repair shop. He was given a small room in a factory office building.

Belhomme slowly acquainted himself with Tsinan, a drab, sprawling city of 900,000, with only a few paved streets. He began to explore its back alleys, and later he wandered into the surrounding countryside. To the north lay the Yellow River, which sometimes flooded the area for miles around. The land was sandy and poor beyond the river, but to the east and west of Tsinan the soil was fertile and prosperous. "You take even a tiny part of China, and the differences within it are enormous," explains Belhomme. "In one place the people seem happy, and just a few miles away they're poor, and those in one place haven't the slightest notion of how the others live."

The few Chinese Belhomme met—mostly workers in his factory—were curious about life outside China, and their ignorance was abysmal. They wanted to know how Americans dressed, what they ate, how knives and forks were used. "Do American women beat their laundry at the river?" one of them asked. He couldn't believe it when Belhomme told him about washing machines.

For Belhomme and the other turncoats, life in Tsinan was lonely. As they walked the streets, inquisitive Chinese stopped to stare at them. Children often jeered them with cries of "big nose" or "American devil."

The Americans' isolation and discomfort in Tsinan were aggravated by a lack of girls. Belhomme solved his problem by marriage. Through a worker in the factory he was introduced to Hsiu Ying, the pretty 18-year-old daughter of a local coolie. In March, 1956, they went to the town registry office, signed some documents, and summarily became man and wife. "I was able to live within my little family now," Belhomme says.

Belhomme and his wife were given a factory-owned dwelling. It was a bare room with a brick floor. Water came from a public spigot 100 yards away, and the toilet was a hole in the ground shared by several families. A few years later Belhomme graduated to an apartment of two

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Belhomme and a South Korean defector display comradeship in their prison camp.

At the height of the terror, Belhomme says, dozens committed suicide for fear of arrest.

tiny rooms, which could barely accommodate more than one bed. Belhomme's wife and children slept in the bed; he slept on boards laid across sawhorses.

Primitive as they were, conditions were improving in China back in 1955 and 1956, Belhomme recalls. People who had been eating rough grains like sorghum and millet began to use wheat flour for bread. Workers' salaries were raised, and there was money for luxuries like wristwatches and bicycles. A few women dared to wear colorful skirts instead of baggy slacks, and Belhomme remembers a factory hand who created a sensation by getting a permanent wave.

In those days the pace at the paper mill ran smoothly. Most of the factory's 1,200 workers reported at 6:45 A.M. They interrupted their jobs a couple of times to do calisthenics and have lunch. They finished by four P.M. After dinner there were often political sessions or technical classes. When he could avoid them, Belhomme went home and spent evenings reading Communist papers and Soviet novels, the only literature available.

Recalling those early years, Belhomme remembers mainly that he was bored. He asked to be sent to school, but his request was refused. He asked to be transferred, but the authorities claimed that they could not find a replacement for him.

Belhomme's acceptance of his fate resembled the passivity of the Chinese around him. "It's wrong to think that the Communists rule only by fear and terror," he explains. "They're far more clever. They deal with the Chinese people the way you feed a baby who won't eat a big bowl of cereal. You say, 'Just take one spoonful.' After that you give him another and another, and soon he's eaten it all. That's the way the Communists function—spoonful by spoonful."

For example, grain rationing was initiated in the mid-1950's in a seemingly reasonable, step-by-step manner. It was never called rationing but "planning." To dramatize waste, officials rummaged through workers' rooms and found crusts of stale bread. At factory meetings the old bread crusts were displayed on a table, and officials deplored squandering.

"A Party activist would stand up and declare that he required only a pound and a half of bread a day," Belhomme says. "Then everyone present would be asked to state his needs. There'd be some discussion, and finally an official would set a ration figure. You couldn't oppose it without losing face. Besides, there was always a comrade who could claim that he watched you in the canteen, and you ate too much anyway.

"So you went along with the ration. Then a few months later, at another meeting, the 'plan' would be reviewed. Officials would show some more crusts of bread and complain of waste, and you'd agree to reduce your ration. Everything in China is 'voluntary.'"

Early in 1958 the Chinese leaders began their "Great Leap Forward," a wild effort to transform China into a modern industrial state. Every day special meetings were held, and Communist officials exhorted workers to produce "more, faster, better and more economically."

A movement began to eliminate sparrows, mice, flies and other pests. Workers had to report every Sunday morning with matchboxes full of dead flies, which were solemnly counted. When they weren't swatting flies, people had to kill sparrows by keeping them flying until they dropped of exhaustion. Gongs and cymbals were beaten to frighten the birds, and some citizens were assigned to sit on rooftops to prevent the sparrows from perching. "We tied ropes to the tops of trees and shook the branches whenever the birds approached," recalls Belhomme. "In our factory compound alone, thousands of sparrows were killed. But the whole program backfired. With the sparrows gone, millions of strange little caterpillars appeared in the trees. Damn, they dropped into your hair and down your neck, and if you carried your soup from the kitchen to the canteen, you'd find a few caterpillars in the bowl."

Along with the campaign to wipe out pests was a movement "to weed out doubtful elements." The slightest suspicion was cause for arrest. In Belhomme's department, three men were taken away, accused of belonging to questionable organizations 10 years earlier.

The Communists went to elaborate lengths to organize trials in the factory auditorium. The defendant appeared with his elbows tied behind his back, and the only witnesses were those for the prosecution. They accused the defendant of "laziness" or "sabotaging production," and often spectators in the audience added nasty comments. "There was never any doubt about the outcome," says Belhomme, "because the paddy wagon was always waiting outside before the trial started."

Not even the Americans were immune to the drummed-up "wrath of the masses." Lowell Skinner, another former GI who returned to the U.S. last August, was accused of several "crimes." For instance, he was a proficient lathe operator who could break production records. But when the Chinese refused to reward him for extra output, Skinner slowed down. Communist officials called him a "capitalist-minded scoundrel." They also said he had associated with several "un-Chinese" Chinese, consorted with women and committed assorted other felonies.

About 100 workers assembled in the factory carpenters' shop, and they held an "accusation meeting." Skinner tried in vain to refute the charges. Without ever being convicted, he was hauled off to jail. Belhomme, who witnessed this kangaroo court, points out that Skinner made a serious mistake in trying to defend himself. "When the Communists accuse you, keep your mouth shut or plead guilty," he explains. "To them, denying the charges means you're not only guilty but you won't admit it, and that's even worse than the crime itself."

For political "criminals," conviction meant prison or labor camps, and in the early months of 1958 dozens of people in Tsinan committed suicide rather than face the Communist inquisition. At a railroad bridge that Belhomme crossed every morning on his way to work, "three people leaped in front of oncoming trains in one week alone."

As the hysteria of the Great Leap Forward gained momentum, the tempo of work was increased. For lack of wood pulp and old clothes, the machines were fed fiber roots, reeds and rice or wheat straw. Equipment that normally turned out 80 yards of paper per minute was speeded up to 150 yards per minute. "Then someone would suggest 200 or 220, and the machines would go faster," Belhomme recalls. "Soon the machines were vibrating so badly that even the factory buildings were shaking."

The waste was fantastic. Bearings burned out, and the expensive woolen belts that carried the paper got tangled and torn. An experienced technician who dared to complain was reduced to common labor. "The Communist Party hacks were in command," says Belhomme, "and they couldn't be contradicted."

The great steel craze

The production excitement was nothing compared to the steel-making campaign launched in September of 1958. "We were told that China could get rich quick if everyone concentrated on iron and steel," Belhomme says. "So we dropped everything else and built brick chimneys in the factory yard."

To provide raw materials for the amateur steel furnaces, radiators were ripped out of the factory buildings and melted down. Throughout Tsinan, Communist officials coerced citizens into contributing their pots and pans to the ovens.

To provide labor for the wild steel-making movement, peasants were promised high wages, and thousands of them abandoned their crops and poured in from the countryside. Women, Belhomme's wife among them, were put to work cracking chunks of ore and coal.

"The whole place was raving mad. Furnaces were burning everywhere, and at night the city glowed red. The streetlights had gone off to save electricity, and the bulbs in houses were a kind of dim yellow. People, machines, everything was being strained to the limit and cracking up. Workers who had to tend furnaces at night and go to the factory by day were having all sorts of accidents, smashing their hands or breaking their arms.

"But the drums and gongs went on beating, and at first people were really carried away. They felt proud that they could make iron. Besides, there were meals of dumplings and holiday dishes, and I guess the Chinese will do almost anything for good food. The trouble was, nothing human or mechanical could stand that terrible pace."

Ultimately the gigantic iron-and-steel campaign failed. Much of the metal produced was too hard and brittle to be turned into tools. The shock of the chaotic Great Leap was more than the primitive economy could stand. Factories had been disrupted, communications dislocated, crops neglected. On top of these man-made catastrophes came drought, floods and other natural calamities. A plague of shortages set in.

"When the production tempo slowed down," Belhomme says, "officials said we weren't working so hard and didn't need so much to eat. Food rations were cut. Soon all sorts of other things became scarce. Cloth, toothpaste, soap, pots and pans—nothing was available."

By early 1960, food rations were down to a subsistence level. An average worker received about a pound of rough millet, sorghum or sweet-potato flour a day, and little else. There was no meat, few vegetables, and just a bit of fish.

Inevitably a black market emerged. With produce stolen from their state-run "peoples' communes," peasants cautiously came into Tsinan at night to sell grain and vegetables. And as the food shortages grew more severe, profiteering middlemen took over, and prices soared. "I paid a whole day's wage to buy some apples for the kids," Belhomme recalls.

The "spontaneous tendency toward capitalism," as the Communists call it, hit Tsinan in a wave of utter economic confusion. Streets were crowded with enterprising middlemen or peasants peddling their products at outrageous prices. It was all illegal, but the police were helpless. The profiteers accumulated secondhand bicycles, clothes and wristwatches, and sold them to peasants who had reaped huge profits by selling food. Farmers splurged on lighter flints though they had no lighters and bought radios though their native villages lacked electricity. "I once glanced into a restaurant," Belhomme recalls, "and saw a peasant in old, patched clothes reach into his pocket and pull out a wad of dough that would've choked a horse."

The average citizens of Tsinan, however, were desperately hungry by the winter of 1960–61. They flocked to the countryside in search of wild edible greens, shrubs and reeds, and militia were posted in many areas to shoot at mobs raiding vegetable fields. Famine diseases like edema were widespread, Belhomme recalls, and at least half the workers in his factory were suffering from swollen wrists and ankles.

The crime rate increased radically. Tsinan abounded with thieves. In some rural areas, hungry peasants turned to banditry, robbing travelers and ambushing trucks. Hunger even led to cannibalism. "It was never mentioned in the newspapers," Belhomme relates, "but one morning in 1960, when things were really bad, posters were pasted up around town describing how a man had killed six children and ate or sold their flesh. Later that day we saw the man. With his hands tied behind him, he was driven through the streets on a truck. A loudspeaker announced his crime. Crowds followed behind to a hillside outside Tsinan. They made the man kneel down and shot him in the back of the head."

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Throughout this period, Belhomme and the other turncoats received extra rations and bonus salaries. But they were depressed and disgusted. On January 13, 1961, as he tells it, he announced to the Communist officials in his factory: "I want to go home. I'm sick and tired of China—I'm through."

With that, Belhomme walked out. At the beginning he sat idly at home, living on the subsidy he received from the Chinese Red Cross. But he grew bored. Having observed fishermen on the nearby river, he bought a net and imitated them. Soon he could handle the net so well that he caught 20 or 25 pounds of fish a day, selling them on the black market for more than he ever earned in the factory.

Belhomme stayed on strike for nine months. In September, 1961, he was taken to Peking to discuss his grievances with higher officials. He repeated that he wanted to leave China, but his request was still not granted.

By early 1962, conditions in Tsinan had clearly improved. Peasants had been given small private plots of land, and the supply of vegetables increased enough to drive prices down. At the same time, good grain harvests made more wheat available. There are still shortages of cloth, soap and other goods. "But the main thing these days," says Belhomme, "is that people aren't hungry."

Before the Chinese release an inmate from a concentration camp, they customarily give him a month of relaxation and good food to make him forget the rigors of incarceration. Last May, when they agreed to permit Belhomme and two other American turncoats to leave China, the Communists organized an extravagant two-month tour of the country.

The trip was impressive. The group visited a dozen cities and saw sights ranging from steel mills and model farms to Taoist temples. They went back to Taiyuan, where they had first landed in China nine years before, and Belhomme does not conceal his amazement. "It had been a dirty little place with narrow streets," he says. "Now it's a new city—wide boulevards, big buildings and a perimeter of factories apparently working well. I can't deny the progress."

But the final flourish of forced friendship and goodwill did little to heal the scars on Belhomme's memory. And now that he's hoping to start a new life in Belgium, he questions whether progress is worth the price that the Chinese people have been made to pay.

"I think Marx was sincere," he says, "but Communism in practice is all wrong. The kind of dictatorship and bureaucracy I saw in China is oppressive. Anywhere else you can blow your stack and tell the boss what you think, and the worst he can do is fire you. In China when I squawked, they called me names."

Belhomme left the Chinese themselves with no doubts about his feelings. At a farewell banquet in his honor, he was asked by Communist officials to summarize his experience. "When I came here it was pink," Belhomme said. "In nine years, the only thing you've accomplished is to bleach me." THE END

Now unable to enter U.S., Belhomme plans to take his family to his native Belgium.

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PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S SUMMING-UP

"On January 21, 1953, shortly after 7:30 A.M., I entered the Oval Room of the . . . White House, destined to be my office for the next eight years. . . . There had been dramatic events in my life before—but none surpassed, emotionally, crossing the threshold of an office of such awesome responsibility." Thus the 34th President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower, assumed the burden of the world's greatest elective office.

In recent years many top officials of the Eisenhower Administration have published their memoirs. Vice President Richard Nixon; Adm. Lewis Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission; Sherman Adams, assistant to the President; Frederic Morrow, administrative officer for special projects; Robert Gray, secretary to the Cabinet; speech writer Emmet J. Hughes and even a housekeeper at the White House have committed their recollections of the Eisenhower years to print. With the publication of *The White House Years: Mandate for Change 1953-1956*, President Eisenhower himself has his say.

The publication of the memoirs of a former President is an important event. "No individual," General Eisenhower says, "can be completely, fully prepared for undertaking the responsibilities of the presidency; possibly no one can even be fully aware of their weight and difficulty, except one who has borne them."

The first volume of General Eisenhower's memoirs covers the first term, from the inauguration to the decision after the heart attack to run again. (The second volume will appear in the fall of 1964.) These were momentous years, packed with events of crucial importance at home and abroad: the mission to Korea and the end of that frustrating war; crises in Suez, Iran, Indochina; the Rosenberg affair; President Eisenhower's "atoms for peace" speech at the U.N.; the Army-McCarthy imbroglio; the Dixon-Yates controversy; the Communist shelling of Quemoy and Matsu; the Geneva summit conference and President Eisenhower's "open skies" proposal; the heart attack and the decision to run again. General Eisenhower treats these subjects thoughtfully and carefully, compiling a complete record by which his Administration may be judged.

The narrative contains many fascinating nuggets. Among them: The first time it was suggested to General Eisenhower that he should become the presidential candidate was in North Africa as far back as 1943. A war correspondent, Virgil Pinkley, made the suggestion. General Eisenhower's response: "Virgil, you've been standing out in the sun too long." . . . After he was nominated for the presidency in 1952, General Eisenhower was asked by Republican leaders for his preference for the vice-presidential nomination. In his wallet General Eisenhower carried a list of acceptable Republicans. The first man on the list, Sen. Richard Nixon of California, was accepted. Now, for the first time General Eisenhower reveals the other names: Congressman Charles Halleck of Indiana, Congressman Walter Judd of Minnesota, Gov. Dan Thornton of Colorado and Gov. Arthur Langlie of Washington. . . . After his nomination, General Eisenhower watched his Democratic opponent, Adlai Stevenson, make his acceptance speech on TV. George Allen, a longtime friend, listened with General Eisenhower and remarked when the speech was done, "He's too accomplished an orator; he will be easy to beat."

After watching Richard Nixon's celebrated Checkers performance on TV, General Eisenhower turned to Chairman Arthur Summerfield, whose Republican National Committee had paid for the telecast, and said, "Well, Arthur, you sure got your money's worth." . . . When Supreme Court Justice Fred Vinson died, President Eisenhower seriously considered appointing John Foster Dulles to take his place, but Mr. Dulles preferred the State Department, and Gov. Earl Warren was appointed. . . . The Kennedys are not the first to bring culture to the White House. Risë Stevens, Gregor Piatigorsky, Artur Rubinstein and Marian Anderson were among those who entertained there in President Eisenhower's time. . . . Ike has always regretted his inability to master a foreign language. "I am of the opinion that those people who cannot carry a tune or readily remember one have difficulty in languages; it is rare that I can distinguish or identify even the simplest words spoken in another language," he says. . . . General Eisenhower's first impression of Nikita Khrushchev from the Geneva summit conference: "Rotund and amiable, but with a will of iron only slightly concealed."

Some of these events, which seemed so crucial only a few years back, have now receded far into history. The effort to end the Korean War, the solution of the Trieste dispute, the Bricker amendment—so much has happened in recent years that it seems a lifetime since these were vital concerns. But many of the problems of President Eisenhower's time are still very much with us. His analysis of the disastrous French defeat in Indochina makes one wonder whether history has moved as much in that part of the world. "I am convinced," General Eisenhower says of the situation in 1954, "that the French could not win the war because the internal political situation in Vietnam, weak and confused, badly weakened their military position." It sounds all too much like 1963.

General Eisenhower's account of the disarmament discussions with the Russians at the Geneva summit conference has a broken-record quality. The Russians proposed the establishment of fixed inspection points at railway junctions, on main highways and airfields to prevent surprise attack.

"I wasted little time in tearing down this house of cards," General Eisenhower says. He reminded the Russians that the same scheme had been tried in Korea. "The United Nations inspection team in Korea, tied down to fixed locations, was freely bypassed by the Communist air and ground forces; the Communists thus were able to dispose their units with impunity and strengthen their forces as well," he says.

For anyone who is interested in the great events of his time, this is a valuable book. It should be a revelation to those who like to think that President Eisenhower spent most of his time playing golf at Burning Tree Club.

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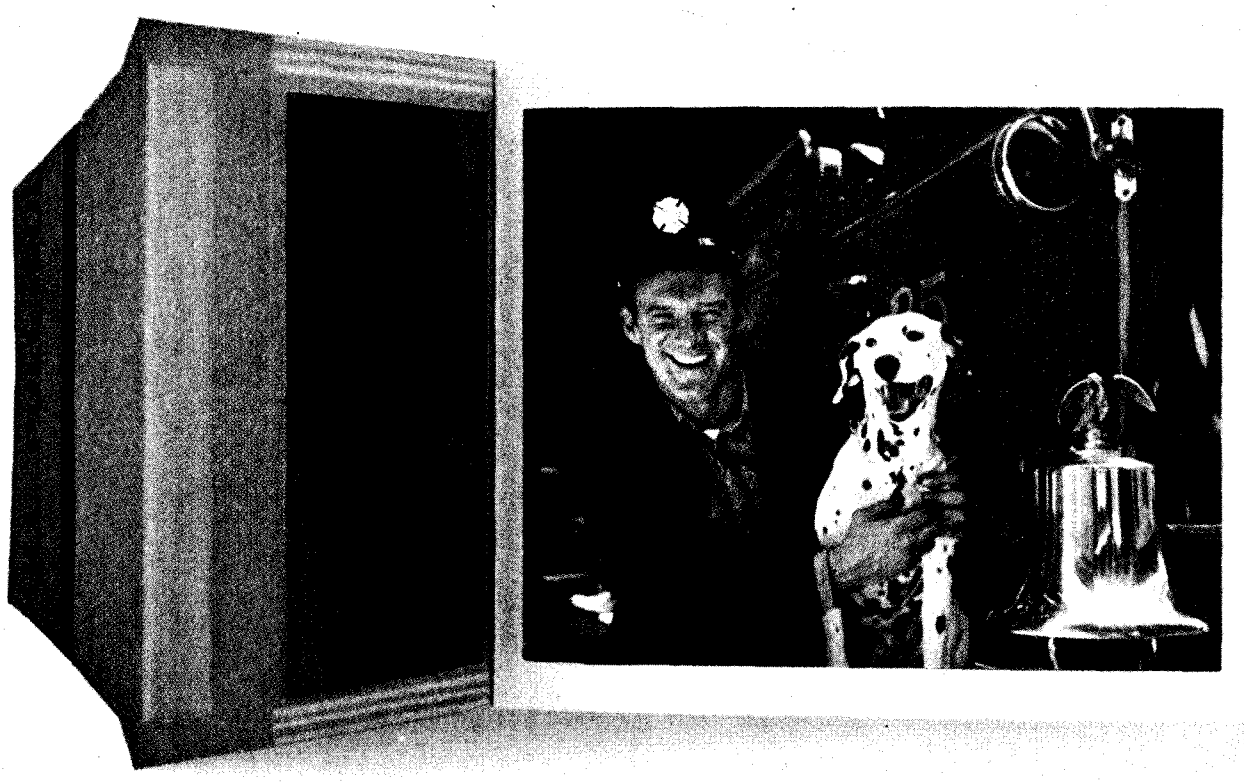
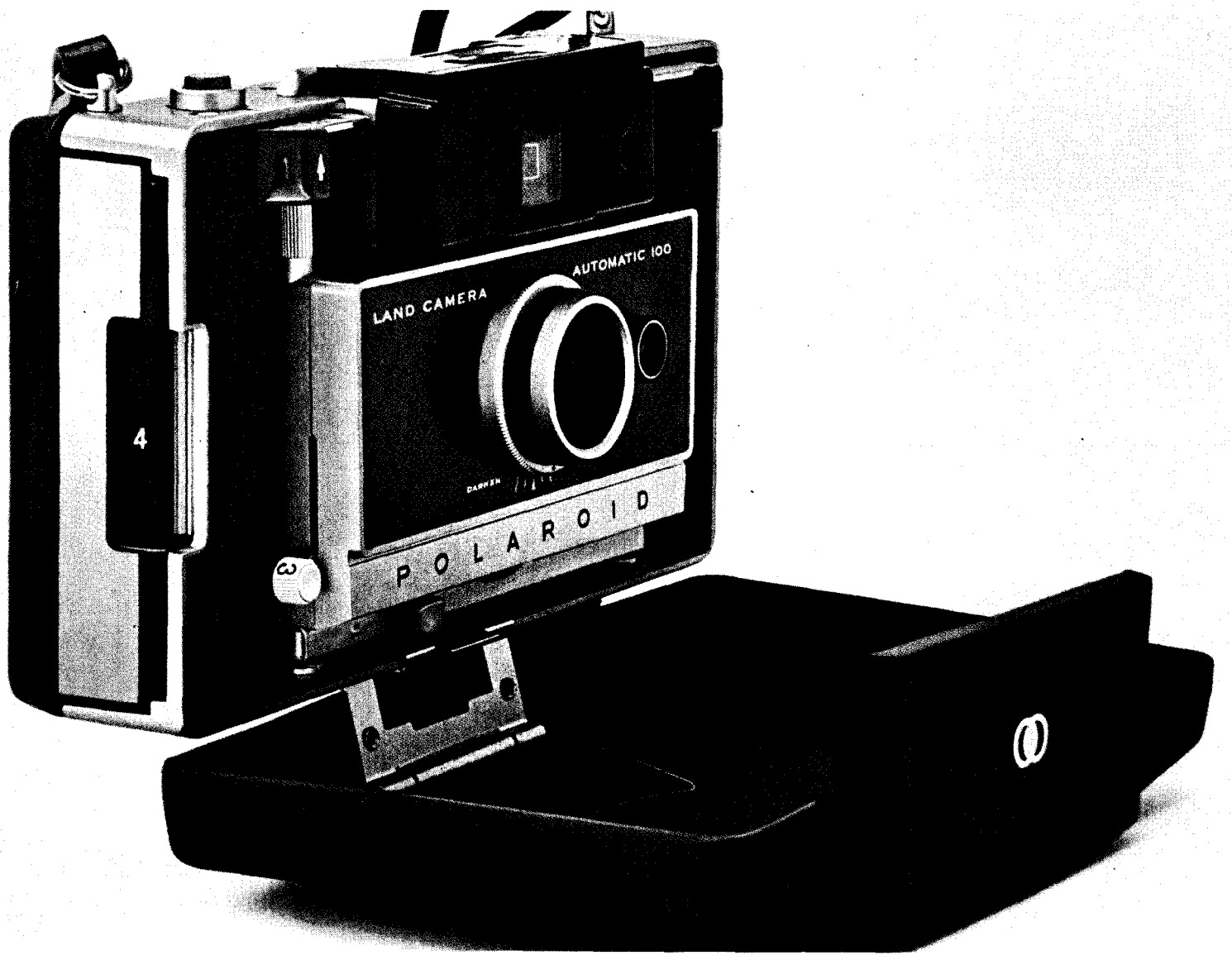


Color in 50 seconds is only half of it



The new Polaroid Color Pack Camera would be a camera to marvel at even if it didn't give you color prints in 50 seconds. It's surprisingly light and compact, even with the snap-off case. Loading takes 7 seconds by the clock. Both color film and 10-second black and white film come in flat plastic packs, 8 shots to a pack. The picture develops *outside* the camera so you can keep right on shooting.

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